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1934

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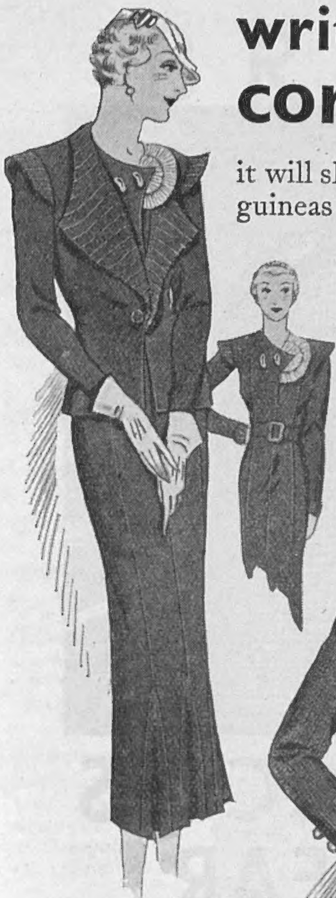

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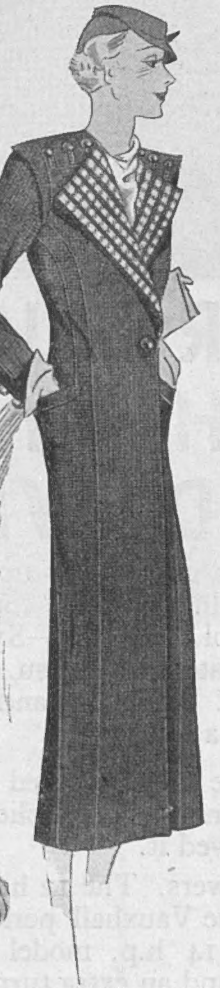
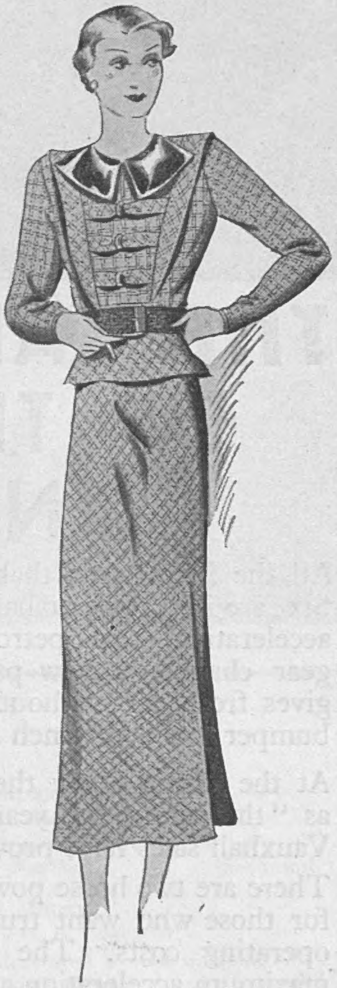


"some of these days" close basket-weave woollen coat with checked revers, and button trimming. lined art. crêpe. cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly



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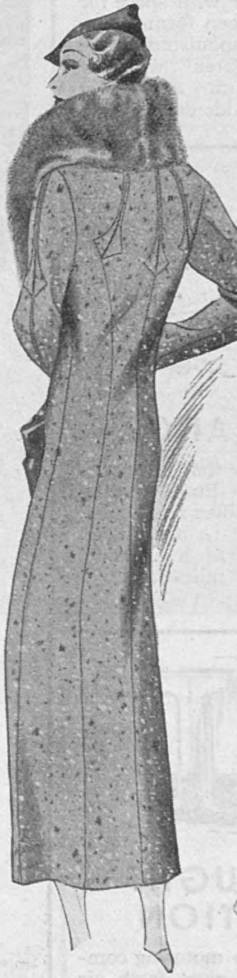

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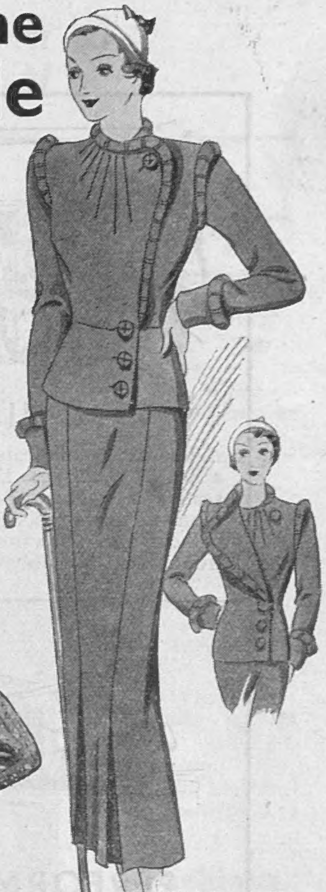
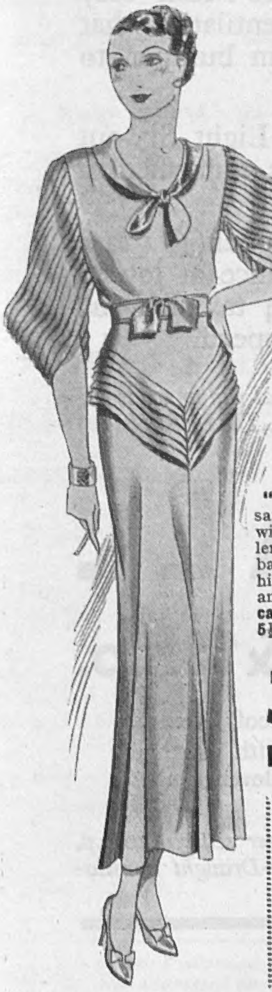


"who's who" stuffed self rouleaux trim the unlined jacket of this novelty weave woollen cardigan suit. cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



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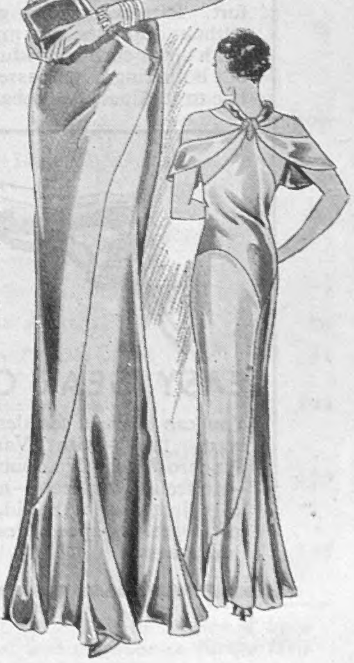

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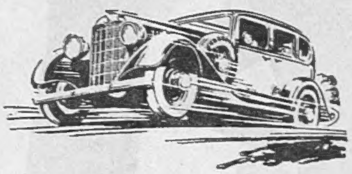

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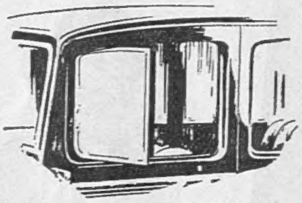

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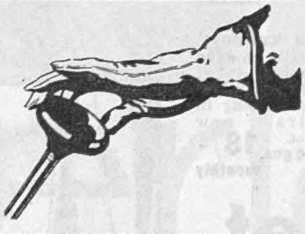

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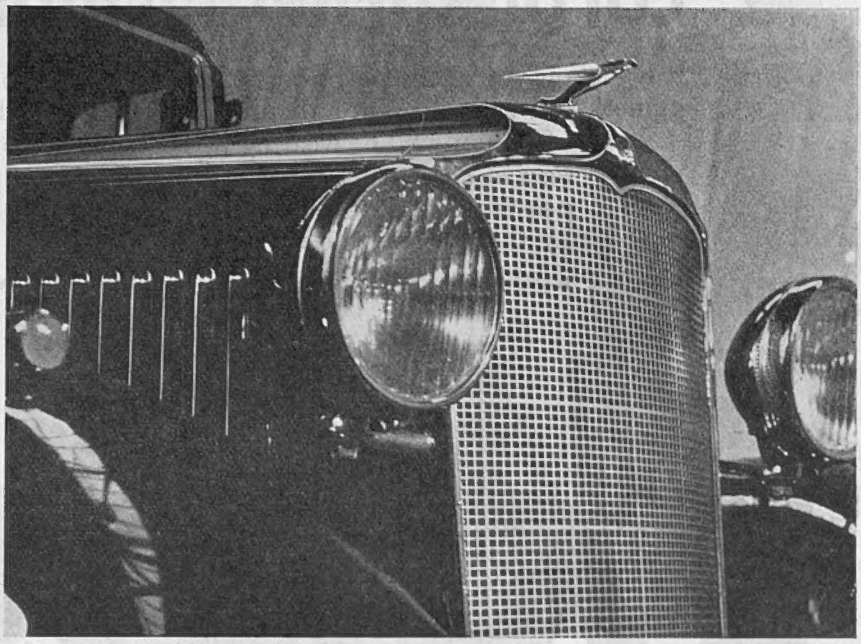

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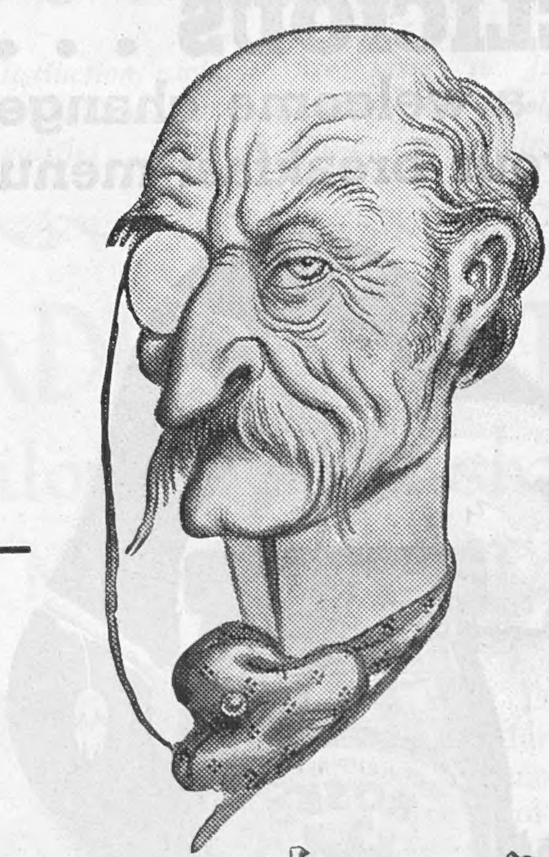

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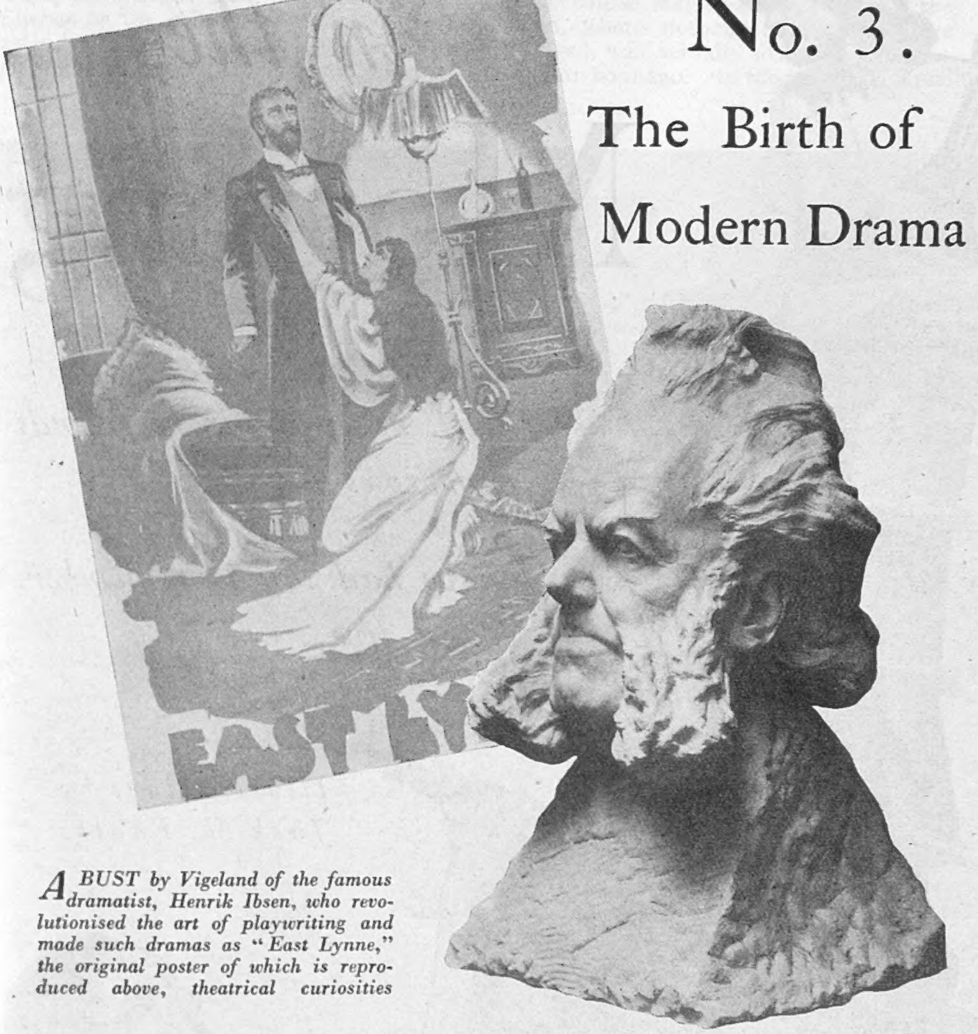
Fifty Years Ago

No. 3.

The Birth of Modern Drama

Dramatic Flashbacks on the Screen of History



A BUST by Vigeland of the famous dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, who revolutionised the art of playwriting and made such dramas as "East Lynne," the original poster of which is reproduced above, theatrical curiosities

WHEN George Augustus Sala, one of the most famous journalists of his day, sat in the stalls of the recently built Prince's Theatre (now known as the Prince of Wales's) on the evening of March 8th, 1884, for the purpose of criticising a drama called *Breaking a Butterfly,* he little realised that this adaptation was really of paramount importance, for otherwise he would not have dismissed the performance in a few contemptuous lines.

That performance was the first time a play by Henrik Ibsen—mangled, it is true, by the adapters—was seen on the English stage, and this Norwegian dramatist was the man who became destined to revolutionise the art of playwriting.

In 1884 the British drama was in the doldrums, only T. W. Robertson, with his teacup and saucer comedies—an antidote to the fustian drama—had made anything like a name for himself. Ibsen's work was hardly known to the general public in England, and it was some years later before the works of the Norwegian created the greatest theatrical controversy of the nineteenth century, when critics and playgoers alike ranged themselves among the Ibsenite and anti-Ibsenite forces to engage in furious dispute.

MARSHALLING the Ibsenite forces was William Archer, a dramatic critic of balanced judgment, who translated Ibsen's plays as a labour of love. In support was a young man making a name for himself in London, called Bernard Shaw.

The leader of the anti-Ibsenites was Clement Scott, another dramatic critic of somewhat emotional tendencies, whose judgment in those days carried great weight, and who delighted himself and his supporters by coining the word "Ibscenity."

THAT word explains in some measure the anger produced by the first unexpurgated appearance of Ibsen's work on the English stage. Mrs. Grundy's frills were ruffled, for this dramatist was not only an original craftsman who could tell a story with supreme economy of means, but was also instrumental, so far as the English stage was concerned, not only in improving the form, but broadening the outlook of drama.

No longer, after Ibsen had shown the way, did dramatists rely only on physical action to hold the attention of an audience, for they learnt from him that the drama of character, the interplay of temperaments and the postulating of social problems could be infinitely more enthralling than the exaggerated portrayal of the surface events of life.

The present generation may read Ibsen's plays to-day and wonder what was in them to rouse such controversy, but if they compare them with the works of English dramatists of his time they can but acknowledge that Ibsen pointed the way to a more intellectual drama, and that were it not for his example it is probable that the renascence of the English stage would have been still further delayed.

Shaw, Pinero, Granville Barker, Maugham, Galsworthy, and other famous dramatists owe a deep debt of gratitude to Henrik Ibsen, the man who started his career rolling pills as apprentice to an apothecary.

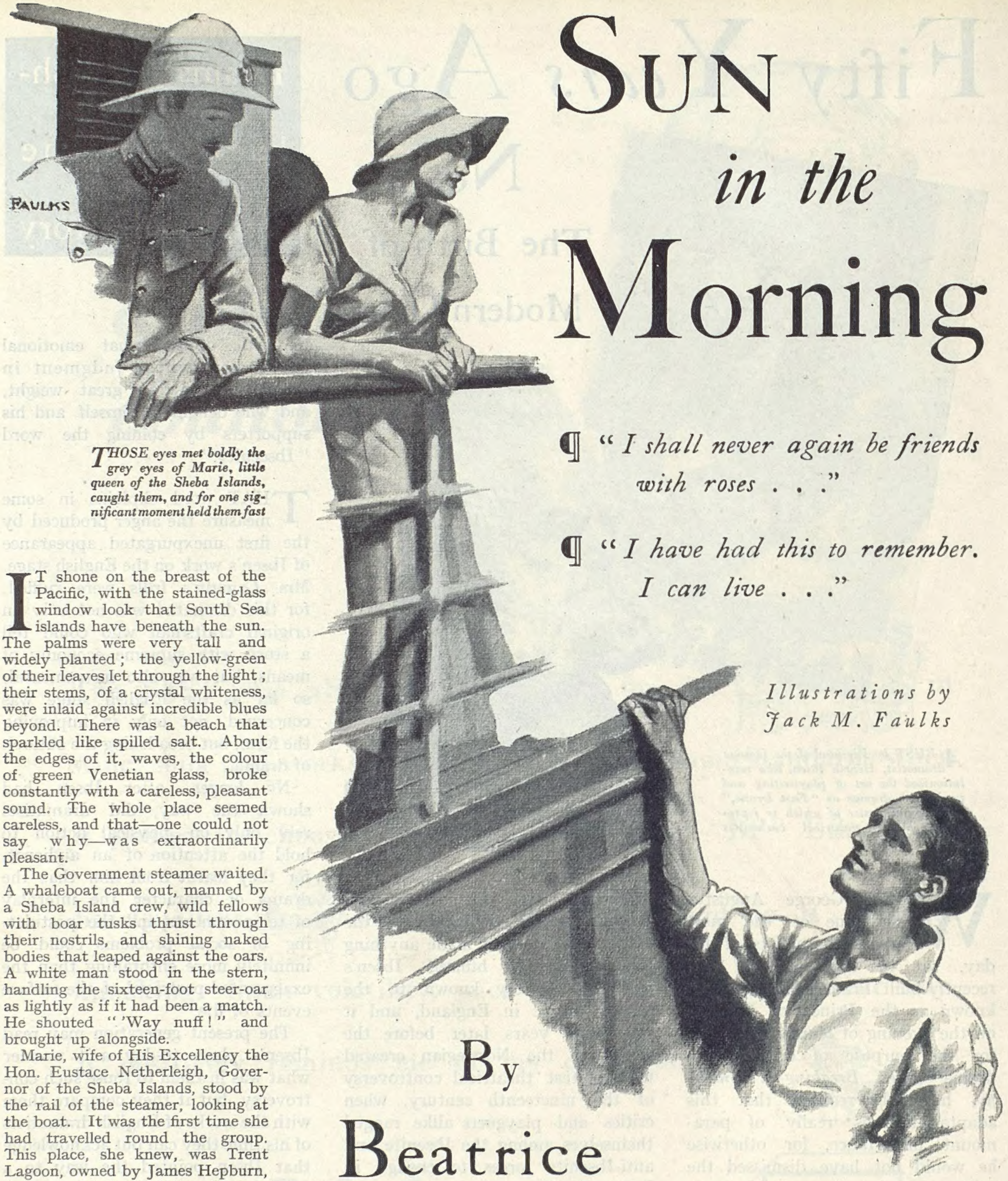
SUN in the Morning

¶ "*I shall never again be friends with roses . . .*"

¶ "*I have had this to remember. I can live . . .*"

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

By Beatrice Grimshaw



THOSE eyes met boldly the grey eyes of Marie, little queen of the Sheba Islands, caught them, and for one significant moment held them fast

IT shone on the breast of the Pacific, with the stained-glass window look that South Sea islands have beneath the sun. The palms were very tall and widely planted; the yellow-green of their leaves let through the light; their stems, of a crystal whiteness, were inlaid against incredible blues beyond. There was a beach that sparkled like spilled salt. About the edges of it, waves, the colour of green Venetian glass, broke constantly with a careless, pleasant sound. The whole place seemed careless, and that—one could not say why—was extraordinarily pleasant.

The Government steamer waited. A whaleboat came out, manned by a Sheba Island crew, wild fellows with boar tusks thrust through their nostrils, and shining naked bodies that leaped against the oars. A white man stood in the stern, handling the sixteen-foot steer-oar as lightly as if it had been a match. He shouted "'Way nuff!" and brought up alongside.

Marie, wife of His Excellency the Hon. Eustace Netherleigh, Governor of the Sheba Islands, stood by the rail of the steamer, looking at the boat. It was the first time she had travelled round the group. This place, she knew, was Trent Lagoon, owned by James Hepburn, a Scotsman who had once been in the Foreign Office, and had resigned (or been dismissed) and immediately gone adventuring in the South Seas. She knew that he was not in favour with her husband, although his name had never been excluded from the Government House list. She did not know why Eustace disliked him.

Curious, she scanned the face of Hepburn. Darkly tanned, heavily featured but handsome, surmounted by a commanding forehead, and crowned by a mass of thick black hair, it was a face to catch and hold attention, even without the intriguing disharmony of the blue, live eyes that—surely—ought to have been brown. Those eyes met boldly the grey eyes of Marie, little queen of the Sheba Islands, caught them, and for one significant moment held them fast. Then Hepburn, swinging his steer-oar, guided the boat a little nearer, held her steady while a mail bag was dropped in, and, without one more look up to the deck and to Marie, shouted, "Give way." The Sheba men sprang upon their oars. The boat was gone.

THE *Southern Star* up-anchored, steamed on her course. It grew dark; dinner was served in the little saloon, where glass and silver glittered on a white-clothed table, below a rack of loaded rifles. The Governor, a small spare figure, stood up at the end of the meal, and the Secretaries stood, and the A.D.C., and the Governor, in his thready voice, said, "Gentlemen, the King!" and they drank. It was all as it had been since they left the port of New Hythe a day or two before; it was all just like the life Marie had led since, six months past, she came to the Shebas as the chief lady of the Western Islands. Eustace did not look much like a king, with his mean figure and chicken neck; but a king, of sorts, he was, and in the Pacific only the High Commissioner, Governor of Fiji, stood above him. He would have Fiji yet, so he had told Marie. It was as if he had said to her, "We shall have heaven." But Marie did not think Fiji would be heavenly.

Now, as the *Southern Star* rolled along on her course, Marie was conscious that the cabin, where nothing seemed to have changed, was actually utterly different—since an hour ago. In the wine that shone in her glass, as she lifted it to drink to "The King"; in the dim jasper of the ports, now closed for night; in the shadows that swung with the swinging of the ship; about dark corners of the saloon, Marie, wife of His Excellency, saw only the face of the man called Hepburn, as he had stood in the whaleboat holding his steer-oar and looking up at her.

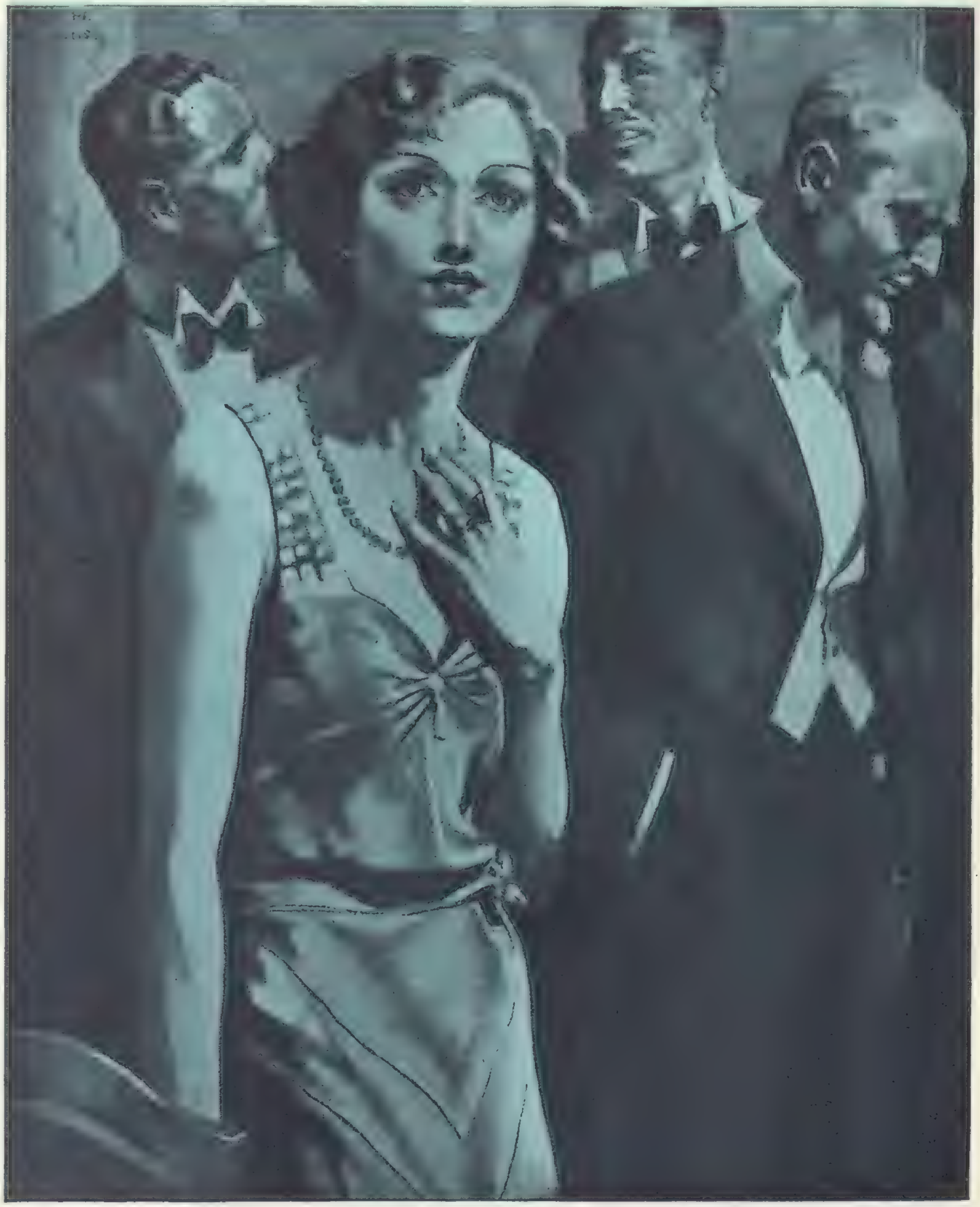
She had married Eustace, when she met him at home, on leave, for three

WHEN had the live velvet of any man's hand burned upon hers as thrillingly as "Bothwell's" was burning now?

A*

apparently sufficient reasons. First, a girl had to marry someone. Second, Eustace was sure to get on. Third, Marie did not think—after one or two trifling love affairs, of which she had tired the first—that she had it in her to care very seriously about anyone.

She had been doubtful for some time now of the validity of the first reason. The second stood. The third——



MARIE, suddenly alone, saw him her husband. Both men were woman, not very young, very lovely,

It took her the rest of the voyage, and a day or so after, to realise that the third reason was dead—dead and buried, with a sixteen-foot steer-oar marking its grave.

There was a dance at Government House, after the return of the *Southern Star*. Everyone who was anybody and many who were nobody fox-trotted and two-stepped in the big ballroom under the chandeliers wreathed with bougainvillæa and trailing bamboo, past the imposing pillars that matched the pillars on the terrace outside, and, like those other pillars and the magnificent steps, were nothing but painted wood. New Hythe made the best show possible, but it wasn't Suva.

The brass band, savagely played by Sheba Islanders, swept the ballroom with floods of raging sound; from the terrace outside violent scents of tuberose tree, datura, pawpaw and stephanotis blew in. Sound and scent alike expressed the something furious that lurks in the life of the Shebas, home of hurricanes, head-hunters and volcanoes, that wars with the drugged sweetness of other sides of island life, breaks into the organ music of the reefs, shakes a sinister hand across the sunsets of sapphire and jargon that make an enchanted world of the day's last moments on the beaches of the innumerable isles.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Hon. Eustace Netherleigh approved of neither aspect of the Sheba world. He distrusted, on principle, the spirit of the South Seas; he objected to all violence save the necessary and laudable violence of war.

Both sides of the Sheba shield were shown in these omnium-gatherum dances; he wished they could have been avoided. But dances were duty, and he danced well, coldly, efficiently, with the right people, trying not to know that there were strange stories footing it beside him dressed in drill and broadcloth and crêpe-de-Chine; not to see that Marie was giving more than one dance to a man who shouldn't even have been introduced to her. . . He must speak about it later on. Gently, of course; one didn't want to hurt Marie. There was only one woman for him; he could, and did, clasp half the pretty of girls of New Hythe to his breast in the course of what he called contemptuously "these modern dances" without experiencing a pulse-beat of feeling for any one of them. Marie, with the sea-grey eyes and dusky, waving hair, was his one woman of all the world.

Yes, a one-woman man, His Excellency. And the woman dancing with "Black Bothwell," of Trent Lagoon, so-called because of his dark colouring and his historic name, was just beginning to realise that she was not a one-man woman. Or, if she was, that the man was, emphatically, the wrong one.

When had one floated over any dance floor in such a dream of gold? When had the live velvet of any man's hand burned upon hers as thrillingly as "Bothwell's" was burning now? Velvet on steel, a hand that could fence, could fight, could paint, play the violin (so she had heard), could swing the massive steer-oar (she had seen) as light as it guided herself along the ballroom floor. Had she ever taken such close account of any face as of this one, the level lines of it, straight-ruled eyebrows, straight mouth, sensuous but hard; deep eyelids, running in a line almost level across those blue, amazing eyes that surely should have been black. She had caught every detail in her first glance from the ship's deck; now she had read the lesson over again and found that she had it by heart. A gipsy fellow. A man outside the common world of society, of planters, of trade; a man who owed allegiance to nobody but himself. Who made a slender living from his palms, found his own excitement in sword-fishing and shark-hunting about Trent Atoll, ran his own native labour force and his own launch, had his own few friends and troubled about the port, the main island, the society of New Romney not at all . . . so it was said.

standing, flushed, perplexed, beside looking at the same object. A very distinguished . . . . .

Nevertheless—nevertheless——

Here he was, in worn but well-cut evening clothes, in the Governor's house, dancing with the first lady of the islands. Why?

Marie, brought up in an old-world manse of the Highlands, Edwardian in outlook though Georgian in birth, would not admit to herself why. She did not believe in love at first sight. In violent love of any kind.

Yet, all round her, bathed in the perfumed heat of the Sheba night, clothed in georgette, in crêpe-de-Chine, in black cloth and in white drill, slid and stepped the wildest of romances, strangest of stories. Like the furiously scented papaya palms outside the windows—those magic trees that sprang from seed to fruit within ten months—the flower of love, in the Shebas, driven by the something violent that underlay all Sheba life, blossomed almost while you looked at it, came to fruit. . . .

Ah, you would have to ask the dancers about that, and they would not tell you, or, if they did, they would not tell the truth.

The music stopped. Hepburn released his partner. They stood for a moment by one of the long windows, cooling themselves. Eustace, some way off, was escorting an uninteresting matron to the refreshment buffet.

Marie realised that she and Hepburn had hardly spoken to each other yet. Her small feet pressed the floor uneasily. There were things she wanted to ask him—she wanted to know——

He was answering her, before she had asked.

"You saw my home the other day. I hope you liked it. It cost a good deal."

Odd thing to say! But she had wanted to know about his home. Cost? The price of Atoll Islands in that group was nothing amazing, and the copra couldn't be very valuable.

"It cost," he went on, quietly fanning her, "a pack of relations and a career. Because—" it was as if he had guessed that she wanted to ask, to know things, and that the time must be short—only until His Excellency returned to the ballroom, probably—"because they couldn't see eye to eye with me about a very important matter."

She had heard rumours . . . But those things were always said about a bachelor.

"A question," he said, "of sun in the morning."

"Sun in the morning?" Almost she understood. He saw it, and there passed a sudden lightning from his blue eyes to her grey eyes—gipsy eyes, both pairs of them, for not all gipsy eyes are black and brown.

He went on. "You see. Unless you're one of the country-house set—and that's pretty small—you've got to live without sun in the morning. Best part of the day, best thing in the day. Means freedom. But no! Nine o'clock, or maybe earlier, sitting down to a desk. Always. Looking through windows. When you get the sun it's sort of second-hand. Done with. And that goes on. The principle of it, I mean. It's symbolical, sort of. If you want money and a career of any kind and to please the damn relations, you pay the morning sun away. All your life. Oh yes, the Services maybe, and people who've kept their houses and money—yes, but the big bulk of everyone else, especially now, when things are hard—they can't have any. All the morning sun for the rich—and the rips."

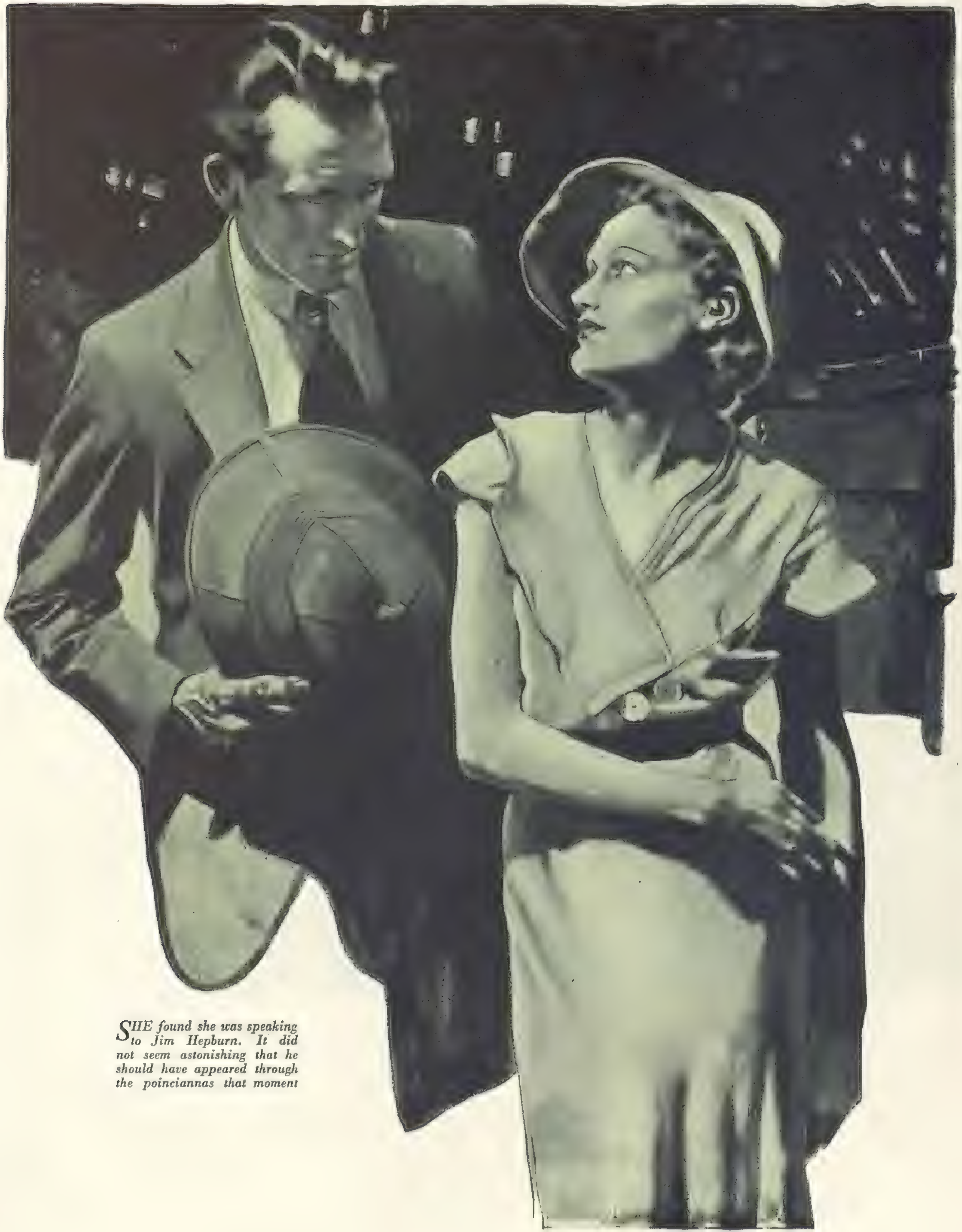
He fanned her so hard that the carved ivory fan-sticks were bent and shaken.

"So—I'm reckoned one of the rips. No future, no career, no job. Sunk my life insurance to buy Trent. Trent keeps me in food and clothes. Never would do more. I'm supposed to be like my ancestor, a bad lot——"

"Was Bothwell really—— ?"

"Oh yes. A far out ancestor. He'd a way of getting things he wanted, no matter what he paid for them. He liked to be free, and didn't care what it cost. Will you have another turn ?"

She knew it would have been better not, but she slipped into his hold again and let him ably swing her, as he had swung his mighty steer-oar, through opposing billows of other dancers. She was penetrated with the novelty, the keen romance of what he had told her. It touched a thousand people she had known; it touched, in some degree, herself. Always her mornings were taken up with one duty or another; never could she afford to spend the glorious hours between eight and eleven simply living. . . . Best thing in the day



SHE found she was speaking to Jim Hepburn. It did not seem astonishing that he should have appeared through the poinciannas that moment

—yes. And a symbol of many other things as well. Of freedom. Of leisure, owned by so few. Of the sharp tang of savage life that lay always upon your lips in the Shebas, as salt lies on the lips of ocean dwellers.

It came to her, dancing there in Hepburn's arms, that this man who strongly held and guided her body, as he had already taken hold of her mind, was in his way a discoverer, a pioneer. His sense of values was " different " ; but hadn't it a base in fact ? Didn't civilisation make many men—most—pay far too much for what they did not truly need ? Still, there was one question—

As if he had been following her thought, Hepburn steered her once more to the open window, stopped dancing, and went on : " There's a difficulty, of course. Brown women—have you ever noticed their hands ? Little pretty hands, you wouldn't believe how dainty, but God ! they can hold like the suckers of a devil-fish—drag down. Always drag down. And a man never comes up. As for white women——"

He paused. The band roared like a battling dinosaur ; it bumped and boomed, and the bumps went down your spine. Eustace had come back. He was looking, with a sort of ghost-seeing expression, at one of the doors.

Hepburn went on, as one who sees a speedy end to opportunity—" I dare say you've heard things. I can't explain. Maybe I shan't have another chance of talking to you. But I had to tell you. Look here, there's only a minute—I must say it. I loved you the moment I saw you, and I shan't change. Don't think I don't know what you're like ; I do. There's nothing but death could bring us together, but if death ever does——"

The voice of His Excellency, calm, iced, came through the sudden ending of the band. " Gross negligence, Mr. Timson. Not now. Later you can explain."

Timson was the head secretary, in charge of invitations and the general conduct of the dance. Marie, suddenly alone, saw him standing flushed, perplexed, beside her husband. Both men were looking at the same object. A woman, not very young, very lovely, very distinguished. With red hair (" Henna " something whispered to Marie). With an oval face and a vermilion mouth, and a neck too long, too thin, but poised like a tulip-stem. " A woman like a tulip," someone was saying. Yes. One of those slender, distinguished blooms all red and gold. A woman in a gold dress staring at her.

Instantly, a mass of loose links that had been tumbling about in Marie's mind, sprang together and became a chain. Talk about this Hepburn . . . Talk about a Lady Carol Longbridge, who had run away from her husband. Someone had said " She just turned up there, and what was he going to do ? " Someone who had answered, " I believe she said she would follow him in a white petticoat to the end of the world." And the first again, " She must have been understudying Mary Stuart and his ancestor ; but my belief is that she wouldn't know what a petticoat was, if you put it in her soup."

The vision of the unknown woman, incredibly slender, amazingly expressed by her slip of a gold gown that looked like gold paint upon her trailing limbs, struck Marie as a sudden ray through a window previously unsuspected. Nothing but Eustace's intemperate temperance in the matter of gossip would have kept her ignorant of that, it seemed, everybody knew. Lady Carol Longbridge, whose husband hadn't divorced her, after all (" for spite " they said), and Hepburn of the Lagoon.

" ' These are the ones,' " quoted Marie nervously to herself, trying to laugh it off. Of course ! Of course !

She saw that Lady Carol was staring openly at her. She knew, exactly as if she had read it all in a book, that the woman had come to the Government House ball, without an invitation, just to see for herself what she, Marie, was like. And she knew why.

That day on the island steamer, when Hepburn had fallen in love with her at first sight—impossible Lady Carol should not have guessed. Perhaps he had talked in his sleep. Perhaps his insistence on going to the dance was the first hint she had had. At any rate, here she was, defying all conventions, dancing now with the tradesmen and ship people of the town (for no Government official dared to approach her, under the Governor's coldly angry eyes), dancing really too well, laughing, entirely at her ease, but always throwing a glance over her shoulder or her partner's shoulder, every now and then towards the little lady who stood somewhat apart from the glare of the electric lights, with Eustace's family diamonds shining upon her neck and arms, and

" The shadow of a monarch's crown . . . softened in her hair."

A shadow indeed, to the thought of Hepburn, who saw it plainly that night ; who knew, better than most men, how far that shadow stretched . . .

He had left the ballroom, dismayed, as far as it was possible for him to feel dismay, by Lady Carol's impulsive action in following him. He knew that she would do what she liked, dance as long as she chose, and later order him to take her back to Trent Lagoon in his own launch that she had seized upon, earlier in the day, leaving him to come in the whaleboat.

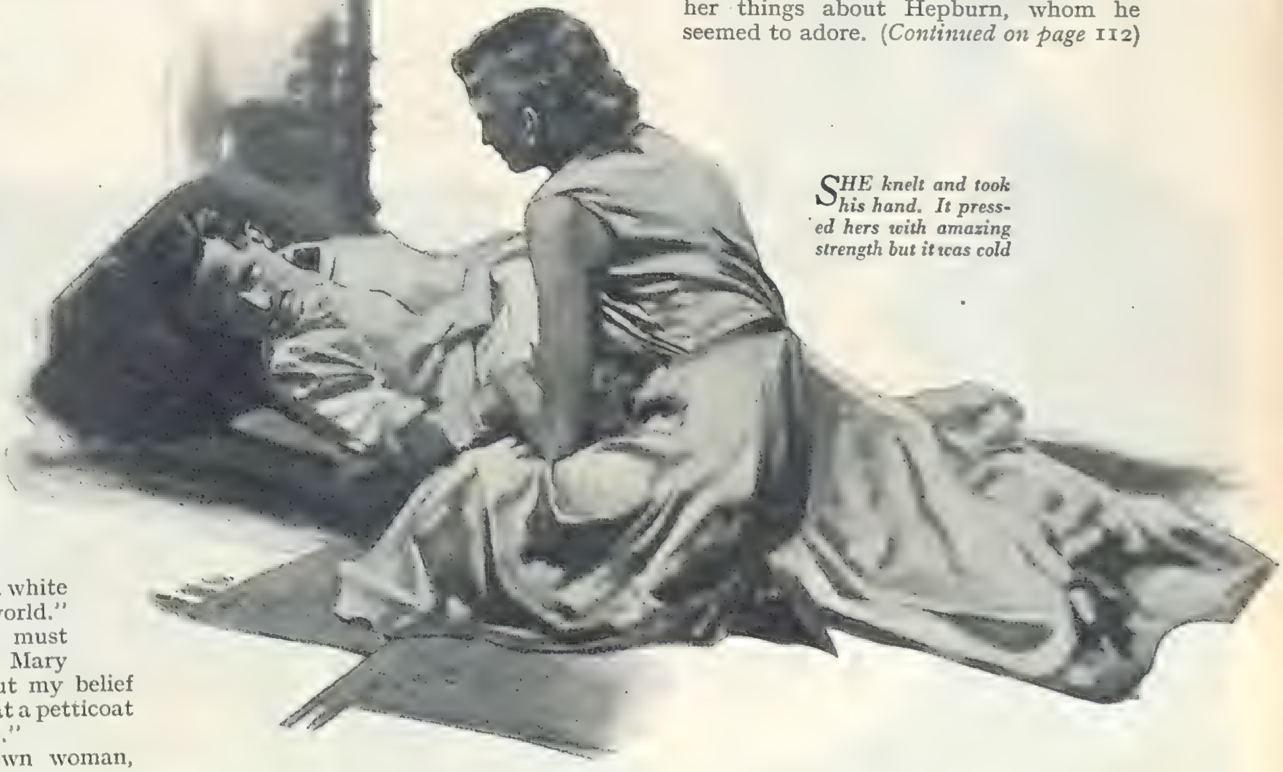
She would scold him all the way home ; she would probably have hysterics. She would say things against Marie, and he would have to set his teeth and remain silent lest, speaking, he should say too much. Because, after all, she had thrown her cap over the windmills for his sake ; she had " followed him to the end of the world in a white petticoat." Not unasked, as people said, but with very little asking.

" A woman like a tulip." That was what someone had said. Yes, Carol was like a tulip. And Marie was like a carnation, a rich dusky flower full of intriguing perfume, instinct with charm. She had a " widow's peak " on her forehead ; it grew low and silky, over her sweet eyes. Of what did it remind one ? Of what did Marie, altogether, remind him, Jim Hepburn, standing there on the terrace of the house that was the palace of the King's man, Eustace Netherleigh ?

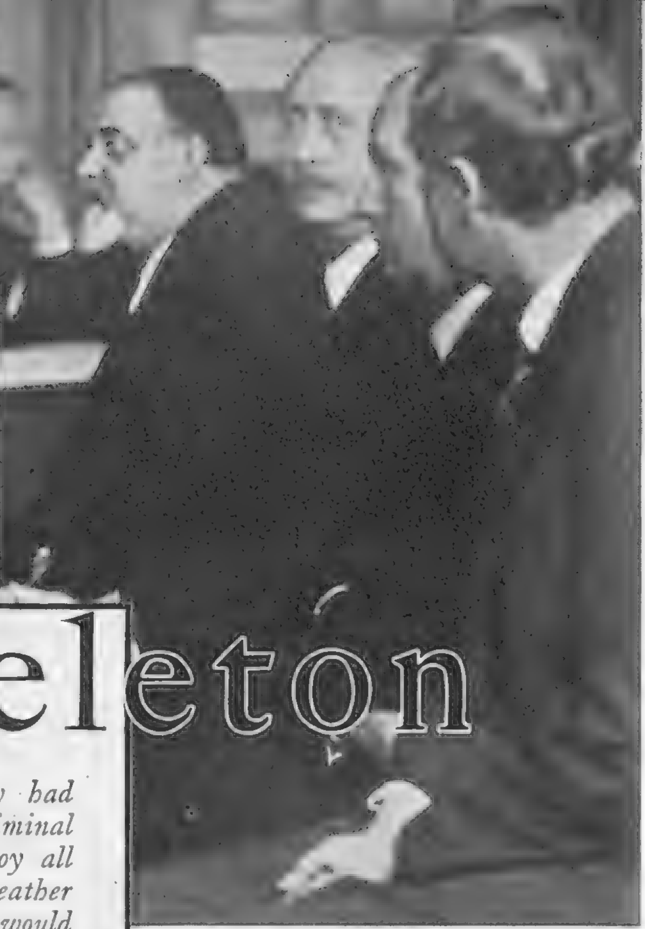
The gods alone knew what ancestral memories flitted, ghostlike, through Hepburn's mind in the few moments that passed before he straightened himself up, struck his hand upon the false marble of the balustrade and said aloud to the night wind and the bending papaya trees : " Marie—Marie Stuart . . ."

A planter from " outside," who had been dancing vigorously all night, was Marie's next partner. Wicks was his name. She might have thought him pleasant, at any other time ; he was well educated and well mannered ; a tall, fair Queenslander, from the land of topaz and corn. But to her he was nothing more than a shadow, until he began to speak of Hepburn. Then, he suddenly became a human being ; she realised him, and knew that Hepburn had notable friends.

For Wicks, tactfully, quietly, in the pauses of the dance, was trying to tell her things about Hepburn, whom he seemed to adore. (*Continued on page* 112)



SHE knelt and took his hand. It pressed hers with amazing strength but it was cold



The Skeleton

IF their Crimes had not been found out . . . IF they had been able to cover up their forgeries and other criminal actions . . . IF they had been able to redeem and destroy all traces of their nefarious undertakings and eventually weather the storm . . . What a different story Financial History would have to tell. This, in short, is the idea underlying this short series by Mr. Thompson. Subsequent articles will tell of Lowenstein, Hatry and others, and of their imagined continued existence as great Financial Wizards after the successful covering up of their guilty secrets.

—EDITOR.

Top:
A VIEW of the house at Kalmar, Sweden, where Ivar Kreuger was born

Left:
IVAR KREUGER, who committed suicide in Paris on March 12th, 1932

Below:
THE courtyard of Ivar Kreuger's headquarters at Stockholm

ON trial, Carl Lange, Sven Huldt, Viktor Holm, Anton Wendler. Four directors of one of Kreuger's companies being tried at Stockholm

Beginning a New Short Series by C. Patrick Thompson

AT six o'clock the man in bed in the top-floor apartment at No. 13, Villagatan, awoke. The pale, square face, with its curiously high cheek-bones, twitched; the lids lifted from the grey, penetrating, sunk-in eyes. Ivar Kreuger rose to a new day.

Going into the Italian marble bathroom, he carefully weighed himself. For twenty years he had performed this daily rite, and regulated his diet accordingly. He had never played any game, never had time for exercise beyond a quick walk; and he dreaded fat. It impaired efficiency, slowed a man down.

His car sped him through the Stock-

in their Cupboard

No. 1

IVAR KREUGER

The World Match King

IN Sweden sumptuous elegance was the keynote of life in the boom period of Ivar Kreuger

holm streets to the four-story marble palace on the Vastra Tradgardsgaten, headquarters of his world trust of matches and communications. It glided through the fretted iron gates into the columned courtyard where the bronze Diana stood poised over a fountain. In the privacy of this silent and lovely space, the magnate stepped out and entered the quiet building. He went up in the lift to the second floor, entered a huge tapestry-hung room, seated himself at an immense bare desk, reached with his left hand into the illuminated niche where stood a battery of telephones and a block of press buttons.

A secretary entered with the daily report of match production, sales and conditions in 60 countries—a report compiled from the cabled dispatch of a satrap in each country. Ivar took up the telephone and spoke quickly and briefly to London, New York, Berlin, Paris and Tokyo.

Back in 1932, he had sat thus at the nerve-centre of what was then the world's biggest and strongest trust, a titan combine operating through 250 subsidiaries in 45 countries, and producing more than three-fourths of all the world's matches. Now, twelve years later, the mighty edifice was complete. He was master of a world match trust built on the base of Swedish Match and Kreuger and Toll. He was also executive head of a linked-up world telephone-and-telegraph monopoly built on the Ericsson-I.T.T. base. Tremendous conquests, which had taken a lot out of him. The first fifteen years had been the worst. He had been compelled to adventure as dangerously as Cæsar before he seized Rome, as Napoleon before he grabbed France, as Hitler before he captured Germany. If he had been caught in mid-career, and all had been exposed . . . phew!

He glanced at the date. March 13, 1944. Yes, on this day, twelve years ago, he had confronted the biggest crisis of his career. Those old Paris memories! They seemed to belong to another life.

He rose and went out, past the illuminated clock with its world map face and a time-hand for every capital, on and up to the fourth floor. At the end of a long corridor he opened a door and entered his silence room. Here, none but he ever entered. His privacy was impregnable. He sat down at the writing desk. It was at this desk, thirteen years before, when pressures began to get fierce, that he had forged those Italian bonds, twenty-five million pounds' worth of them, in the silence of the night, while his aides thought he was wrestling with the huge and intricate problems of his world trust.

What a chance he had taken!

Memories flashed up, sharp and vivid; and, with a feeling of amazement, he contemplated the gigantic panorama of his life. Childhood memories of his father's little match factory and his home in Kalmar. Youth memories in the engineer shops in Stockholm University. To America, with £20 in his pocket. Odd jobs, and then his first engineering work. Bridge-building in Mexico, skyscraper construction in New York. The new steel and concrete methods he had learned. More building jobs, South America, Germany, Belgium, France. The meeting with Kahn, of Kahn Iron, and the decision to carry the new reinforced concrete methods to Sweden. The meeting with young Engineer Paul Toll at the Kahn office in London. Stockholm, and the founding of the building firm of Kreuger and Toll on the small capital his father put up. That first two-room office! What a forest had sprouted from that seed! Paul was a drag—so conservative. But he, Ivar, a good contact man, inspiring confidence by his cultivated stillness, he had pulled in orders so fast that inside two years Kreuger and Toll was the biggest building firm in Sweden. Yes, at 33, he was successful, rich, high in the favour of the bankers who financed his business deals and made money out of them.

In a way, his father had started him off in the match business. Price-cutting and insensate competition had ruined the little family business. Father had suggested that Ivar take an interest. Of course, he saw at once that the only hope lay in a merger. His banker friends found the money. He got all the match factories in. Only the big Jonkoping combine stood out. But at last it, too, consented to sell out to him.

It was in the last months of 1917 that he formed the Swedish Match Company, using the American-type vertical trust organisation he understood so well. They thought he had done wonders for a young man of 37, to control the whole match industry of Sweden. But he had really only just started.

Control of Swedish production was not enough. Competition remained outside. The Russians and the Japs were fighting him in every market. After the Great War, he fought this competition by buying up competing foreign factories. Sweden, like America, had war-profiteered; the banks were stuffed with money awaiting profitable employment. He borrowed from the syndicate which had confidence in him. (*Continued on page 110*)

I Re-discover

NRA
WE DO OUR PART
ASSOCIATION
UNEMPLOYE
SINGLE WOME
JOBS OR CAS
RELIEF

AMERI

By the Marquess

TWO facts stand out when you visit America. The first is that the American as a whole is much more tolerant, a better listener and more modest than he has been at any time since the war.

The second is that he is not quite as likely to get impossibly drunk on the slightest excuse as he has been since January 16th, 1920, when the 18th Amendment came into force.

We all remember the bad old days of the 'twenties when nothing outside America was good enough for its average citizen. True, we used to meet mostly the tourist who is admittedly the most unpleasant export of any nation.

But even the tourist in his herd-instinctive and bourgeois way reflects the mentality of those from whom he has escaped for a while.

We credit the Irishman with being inconsistent, the Scotsman with being mean and the Frenchman with waving his arms about, and ourselves with being hypocrites. During the 'twenties we credited the American with being a boastful, noisy braggart. Many a semi-truth is spoken in jest.

In those days, when no American cook or butler would have been seen dead in a Ford car, they allowed other nations nothing. French cooking? "Well, you just ought to see the corn-beef hash our Southern cook makes!" Oxford Colleges? "Why, at Yale . . .!"

We have all winced at it in our time.

I remember distinctly arguing with a man on a train from Washington to New York in 1924. He solemnly contended that a pseudo-Elizabethan mansion he just erected as a country house was purer Elizabethan than Knebworth.

And yet, throughout it all, the average American was not subconsciously sure that he was right. The very fact that he never ceased to boost up "God's own country" against all-comers savours of deep-seated inferiority complex.

Outwardly he saw every visible sign of what he deemed to be progress and super-civilisation, while deep down a little bird kept whispering to him that there must be something more to it than freezing-machines, mechanical carpet cleaners, ferro-concrete and radios bought on the "never-never" system.

He had exactly the same complex about his country as the American working-people had about themselves at that time. You do not continually remind people that you are as good as

A colyumist's note-book glimpsed.

Arrival: Statue of Liberty looks darned silly, thought it was bigger . . . . and what price that down-town sky-line now all sky-scrapers are up-town . . . . Radio in taxis, that's new . . . . What, pleasantness from a customs man . . . . The place has gone crazy . . . . The Waldorf Astoria: everything from film developing to a dentist . . . . Electric shock every time you touch a door handle . . . . Elevator takes 35 seconds for 42 stories . . . . Oh, that telephone patter: "Waldorf Astoria, good morning Lord Donegall . . . . You're welcome . . . . Ringing Murray Hill 5-5600 . . . . You're welcome . . . . Here's Murray Hill 5-5600, Lord Donegall . . . . You're welcome . . . ." Aw nuts! Can't I say thank you without all that . . . . Free theatre programmes—that's nice . . . . 50 cents a day for hotel-provided radio set . . . . choice of six stations . . . . Don't they know any tune except "Did you ever see a dream walking?" . . . . Sick of it . . . .

Across the Continent. New York—Los Angeles . . . 20 hours . . . . two-engined monoplane . . . . 155 cruising speed . . . . tuppence a mile . . . . That green-uniformed "hostess" is a blonde eyefull . . . . Maybe air-transport co. employs Ziegfeld's ghost to pick 'em . . . . Stuck in snow-storm at Cleveland . . . . Blonde Eyefull deals out free sleepers and tickets for the "Limited" Chicagowards . . . . "Round trip?" . . . . Well, Abyssinia, as Mae West says . . . . The 'plane hostess' slogan is good: Come up and see us . . . . any time!

Omaha . . . . ugh! . . . . Lincoln (Neb.) ugh! . . . . Don't blame those covered-wagons for moving farther West . . . . even at 12 hours to our 3 air-minutes . . . . Tea Pot Dome . . . . so that little mole-hill caused all the trouble . . . . Free magazines, cellophane-wrapped food, cigarettes ministered by yet another Blonde Eyefull . . . . Night descends . . . . Beacon searchlights air-raidlike every ten miles over Rockies

America —and find another New World

Association Unemployed Single Women ??
HOW LONG MUST WE BE N. YORK'S FORGOTTEN MEN?
WORKERS

C A N A . . .

. . . . looms Los Angeles twinkling sixty miles and sliced by a gash of red neon—the main street—world's longest city . . . .

Hollywood: No such place . . . . Just a comprehensive term for film-land dotted all over Los Angeles suburbia . . . . Ten days to meet Garbo? . . . . She can do without . . . . Gosh, they work: Made-up ready by nine . . . . rarely in for dinner . . . . Can't find one of those orgies anywhere . . . . All too darned tired . . . . Residential Beverley Hills (nowhere near studios) is pretty . . . . flat-roofed white "stellaria" . . . . Local Rotten Row is Rodeo . . . . runs down centre Beverley Hills main avenue . . . . Can't walk a step without tripping over an all-British star . . . . Be a Crown Colony soon . . . . Fox's outside "lots"—fantastic . . . . Trafalgar Square, just dismantled . . . . Berkeley Square, life-size . . . . Shanghai water-front . . . . Montmartre . . . . New England village . . . . Titanic . . . . French Cathedral . . . . Racketeering on stars . . . . Just try and get into a Beverley Hills house after dark . . . . They scrutinise minutely for would-be blackmailing "mothers," "husbands"—and girls, themselves . . . . Sadness of tea-shops . . . . every waitress a disappointed Dietrich . . . . Hearst's Ranch . . . . perched mediævalesque castle . . . . when you get there through barrage of roaming bears, dromedaries, buffalo and all . . . .

Random Shots: Cell ear-phones at Sing-Sing . . . . Broadway's mass-produced high-class cabarets for low-class people . . . . the best for a dollar fifty . . . . Stretcher casualties at Yale-Princeton football-game unmentioned in press . . . . no-one cares . . . . Incongruous: whole crowd rises at interesting play-moments . . . . then none of the 100,000 can see anything! . . . . Fancy calling black-coffee a "demy-tas" (French origin, I guess) . . . .

You'd think tuppence would get you washed-and-brushed-up in N.Y., wouldn't you . . . . Well, they just don't exist . . . . (Ask me another!)

of Donegall

they are unless there is a doubt about the matter. Carry the matter a little further and you will see the reason for the appalling manners of the boom-time American working-class; naturally, everybody likes a tip, but acceptance might be construed as menial. You therefore compromise by pretending that the tip is part of legitimate payment, in which case there is no need to say thank you. Nor did they.

Any foreigner can get a good cross-section of a nation's momentary mentality by observing the questions put to him by reporters.

In 1924 I found it politic to utter pæans of praise in favour of everything American—girls, cars, buildings, plays, etc. The thicker you laid it on, the more columns of favourable publicity you were awarded.

It is no use trying that game now. On arrival in New York recently I wrote a little piece to be broadcast on Thanksgiving Day.

"This won't do," said the station editor, "can't you give 'em h—— about something?"

"Surely," I replied, and proceeded to be fairly rude over the air. I am told that my broadcast was quite a success.

Similarly, when travelling across the Continent by aeroplane in 20 hours from New York to Los Angeles, you find the reporters changed. The representative of the *Omaha Mercury*—or whatever organ that delectable township boasts—will not be satisfied with a panegyric about his home-town. "Have you heard what we've done about wages in our smelting works? Yes? Well, would they do it like that in England?" I found everywhere a seemingly real interest in obtaining English approval and a desire for constructive criticism.

It was universally the same. The pilots on the air-line wanted to know how it was possible that we, with the normal cross-Channel weather, managed to run the service with such clockwork regularity. I feel that had it been a few years ago, the pilots of this particular line would not have thought they had anything to learn. The line is, indeed, efficiency to the *n*th degree.

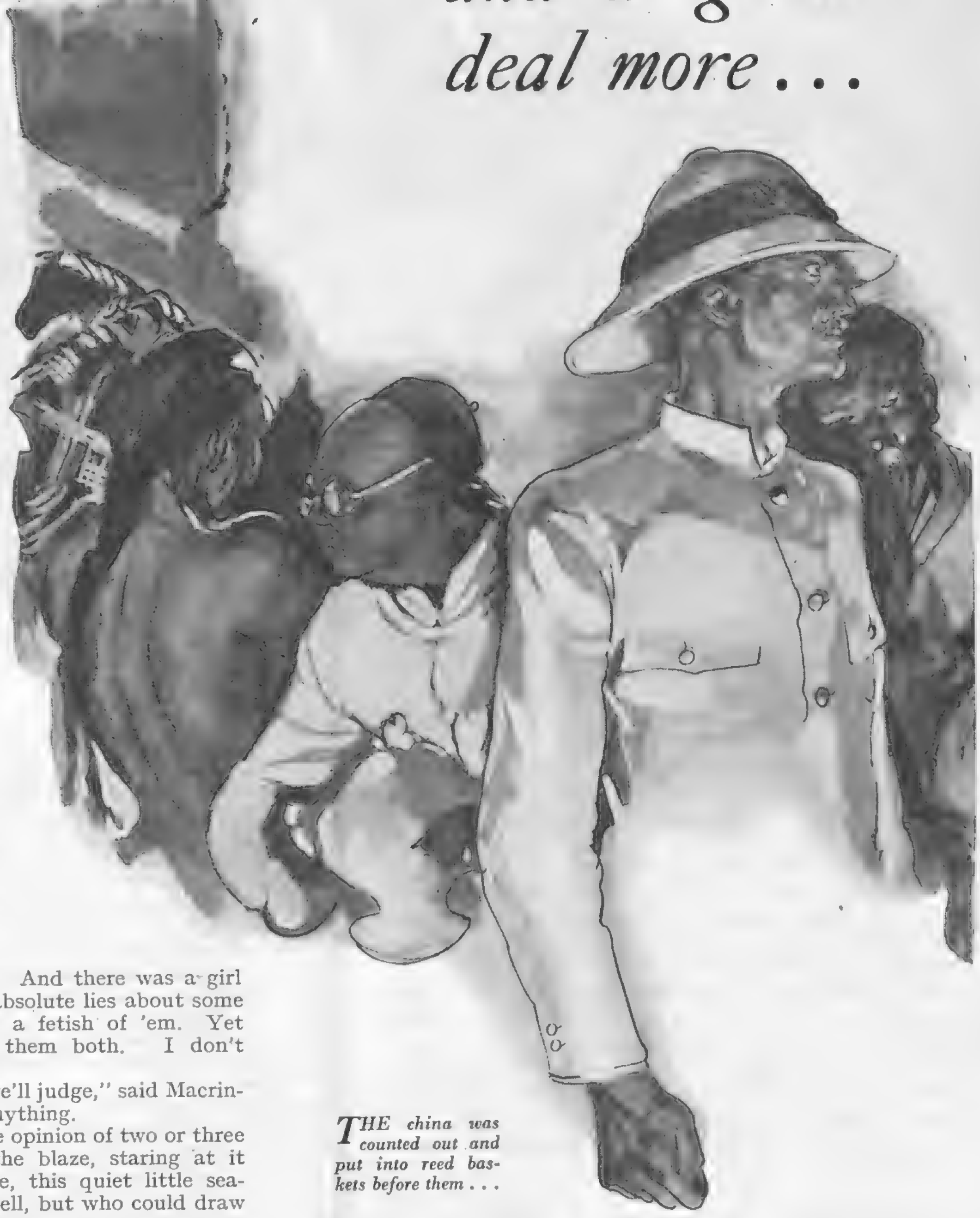
The cause of all this is, of course, the depression combined with Roosevelt. They wallowed in the depths of pessimism—a breed of pessimism of which the English nation is not capable—for some time.

Finally, Roosevelt raised their morale by talking a lot and being busy about everything, with the result that they emerged thoroughly chastened and the better for being stood in the corner.

(*Continued on page* 106)

A Queer Island Story about Priceless Porcelain—and Pride—and a great deal more . . .

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



THE china was counted out and put into reed baskets before them . . .

ROUND Macrinnon's open fireplace the thick blue haze of tobacco smoke mixed comfortably with the scented peat smoke. Outside his shooting-lodge wind buffeted and moaned across the bogs and through the stunted pines; but about the fire the men, slippered and unbuttoned after their long day's stalk, were just rousing up to argument now that the evening was half spent.

There was usually argument near Macrinnon. At present, his keen Scottish eyes gleaming, he was asserting that heirlooms, the tangible things a man inherits from his ancestors, play as great a part in his development as any blood heredity.

" You can't convince me," he said, " that I would be the same man if I hadn't all my life seen those family portraits on the walls and that claymore over the door which a Macrinnon wore at Flodden. Nor that Creagh would be the same man if his ayah hadn't given him Indian toys to play with or if Woodhall wasn't stuffed with Indian truck. Or—— "

" Oh, I grant you all that," said a quiet voice from the shadows. " The worship of heirlooms, tangible or otherwise, can often upset a man's life—or a woman's. I knew a man who committed a great crime as much through pride in his family name as anything. And there was a girl who hypnotised herself into believing absolute lies about some stuff she set up as heirlooms. Made a fetish of 'em. Yet perhaps there was some excuse for them both. I don't know . . ."

" All right, Poole. You tell us and we'll judge," said Macrinnon, who was always ready to judge anything.

" And that would only alter it by the opinion of two or three men." Poole stretched his feet to the blaze, staring at it reflectively. He was always reflective, this quiet little seafaring man whom no one knew very well, but who could draw a straight bead when he chose.

" I'll tell you," he said at last. " Seeing that there are no ladies present."

" My dear chap! Women don't care what you tell 'em in these days."

" I care. It's a story I wouldn't tell before ladies."

The younger men laughed, which did not seem to disturb Poole. Perhaps the life he lived, running his little trading schooner about the Dutch Indies for half a lifetime, had enabled his mind to keep just those heirlooms which Macrinnon was talking about. At any rate, he repeated: " I wouldn't tell it before ladies," and then slipped quietly, but with a curious vividness, into his narrative, so that in a few minutes the smell of peat and drying Harris tweed and good Glenlivet, the chuckle and mutter of wind across the moss-hags seemed wiped out before a wide clear vision of hot blue seas, of wet hot winds heavy with scent in the cutter's yards, of brown shining natives trotting along white shell roads under a burning sun.

THERE'S a small group of islands lying off the coast of Borneo, said Poole. The Loengayer Group, and not very well known even now. When I was first there . . . it's about forty years ago that I'm telling you of . . . they were hardly known at all, though they're rich enough in magnesia and other elements, and they grow rubber, too, but mostly rattan.

I used to load rattan there—at Djoe. But if Burton, who was the only white man in the Group, had chosen to think about it he could have made a fortune out of magnesia.

I was very keen then, as men are in their early twenties, and I used to talk to him about it every time I came up. But I couldn't get him to do anything. He said he had all the money he wanted. First and last man I ever knew to say that. And there was no one else. Natives never settle to anything, of course, and the Dutch Comptroller was a Eurasian. You know what they are. Talk a lot. Rush about a lot, and end by taking a couple of native wives and lying about with bare feet on dirty verandahs.

Burton didn't talk or rush about. I think he was the stillest man I ever came across. That's the notion I got of him when I first came up the beach at Maloppi where his trading-station

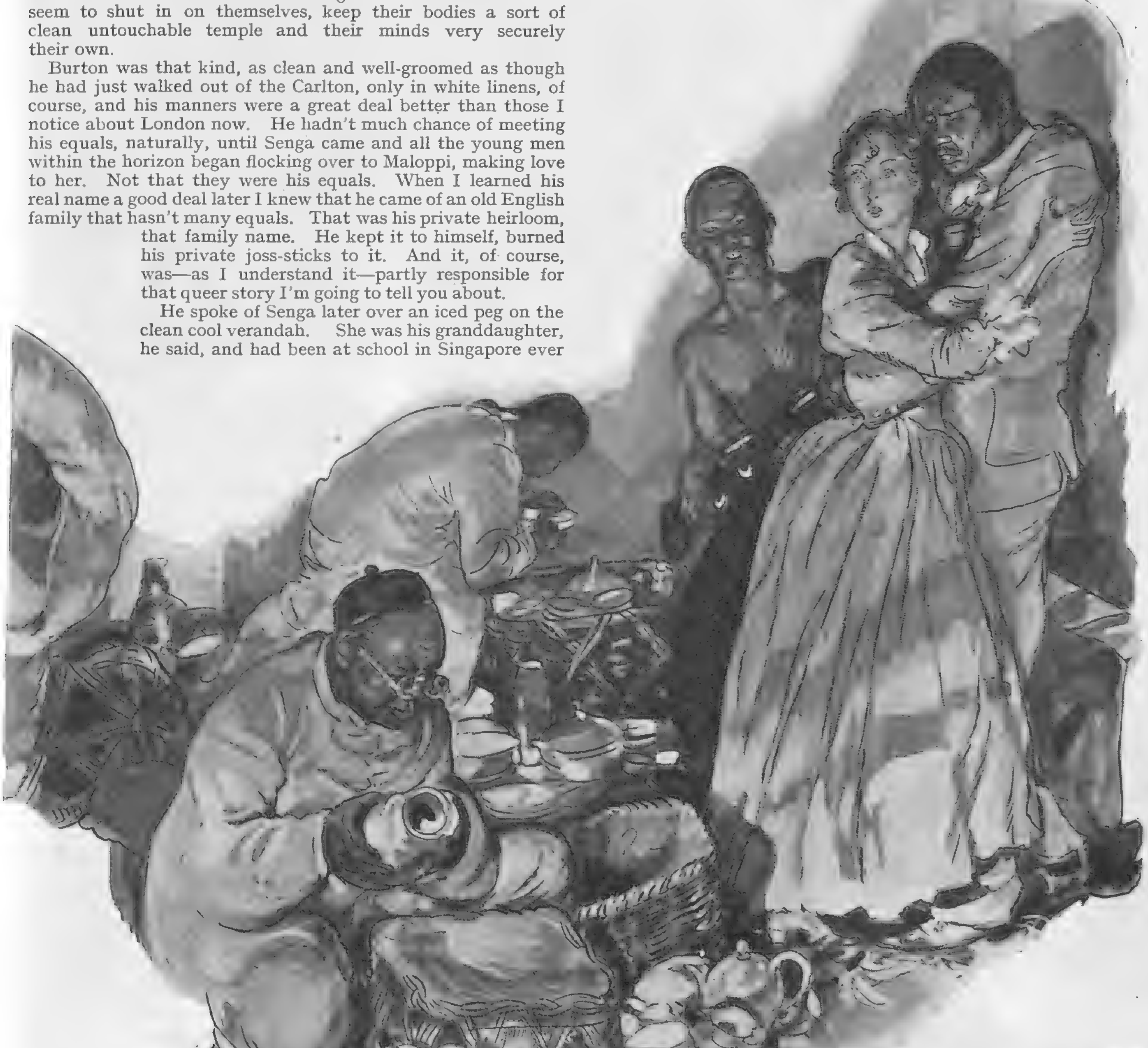
Blood Money

By G. B. Lancaster

was on Djoe Island, and found him in the compound beyond his neat little bungalow with its garden full of marguerites, superintending his boys tying up rattan in bundles for me to take away. He was possibly seventy then, but he didn't look near it. White men in the Islands mostly run to two types, you know. The loose red-faced drinking sort and the others who seem to shut in on themselves, keep their bodies a sort of clean untouchable temple and their minds very securely their own.

Burton was that kind, as clean and well-groomed as though he had just walked out of the Carlton, only in white linens, of course, and his manners were a great deal better than those I notice about London now. He hadn't much chance of meeting his equals, naturally, until Senga came and all the young men within the horizon began flocking over to Maloppi, making love to her. Not that they were his equals. When I learned his real name a good deal later I knew that he came of an old English family that hasn't many equals. That was his private heirloom, that family name. He kept it to himself, burned his private joss-sticks to it. And it, of course, was—as I understand it—partly responsible for that queer story I'm going to tell you about.

He spoke of Senga later over an iced peg on the clean cool verandah. She was his granddaughter, he said, and had been at school in Singapore ever since her parents were drowned when she was quite a kid. Now she was sixteen and coming home to live with him.



"She loves the Island life," he said. "And I always promised to let her come back when she was sixteen. I expect her next week. You'll find her photograph on the north wall in the sitting-room."

I went in and looked at it to please him, for though he sat so still, smoking and staring down on the empty lagoon, I could see that he was burning up with pride and anxiety about her and he wanted to know what I, a young man with some knowledge of women, would think. Well—to get through with that, I found her charming, and when she came I fell in love as other men did. I made one of the crowd. . . .

But at the time I was more interested with something else which I found in the sitting-room. There were shelves and shelves of the most wonderful china I ever saw in my life, and I saw some in those days, for china used to be the barter among the early merchants for slaves, and the islands were full of it. But the Chinese merchants don't part with china like Burton's for nothing. There it blossomed on the whitewashed wall; transparent crimsons, fragile egg-blues, catsuma bowls and vases picked out in gold-leaf, fantastic birds and landscapes in greens and clean russets and fawns that an artist would go crazy over. There was one set of little handleless cups with flat saucers that looked like pure flame, and long oval dishes with a white glaze that I'd never seen before.

Oh, it was lovely stuff. Colour, glaze, design, everything marked it as the choice of the connoisseur and the work of artists. I can tell you I began to feel curious. The Chinese merchants who had had that china wouldn't sell it for money. Money couldn't buy it. Only human flesh would buy it, and it would have to be mighty good at that. In what had this courteous, still-eyed old English gentleman been trafficking that he'd got hold of gems like these? I can tell you I wanted to know.

I went back and said the right things about Senga. And then, casually as I could:

"I see you're a collector. Got hold of some nice china in there."

The eagerness with which he spoke of Senga was replaced by that guarded look I had noticed there before.

"I collected once," he said. But he didn't follow it up, and next time I came by, Senga was there; and, being young and quite ready to be amorous, I would probably have thought no more of the china if she hadn't made such a fuss over it.

"Our heirlooms," she called it, proud as a little peacock. "Mr. Poole, have you seen our heirlooms? Do you know anyone who has better china than ours?"

"No. Nor half as good, Senga," I told her, and would have praised it till kingdom come just to see her blue eyes light up and her pink cheeks flush as she went on touching piece after piece with the tip of a delicate finger. You could see how in this crude island life it was her fetish, her link with the outer world of wealth and standing.

"It makes me certain that my people must have been really somebodies," she told me once. "Oh, don't think me a snob, but you know one must have a background, specially here. Pater" (she called Burton Pater) "only teases me when I ask, but I'm certain it must have come from some stately old English mansion, aren't you? It never came out of a cottage, and so we couldn't have, either. Don't you call that a very neat deduction?"

"You came out of a fairy-tale," I said, being then just in the thick of my foolishness. But she laughed at that. She was hearing the same and more every day already, for she had just that faint wild fragrance of allure which English girls so seldom have and native girls so often. I never guessed then, any more than I guessed about the china. Nobody could. It was too impossible, and yet it's quite true that most men do impossible things at least once in their lives. We all have our moments.

Burton came into the doorway. He always gave me the impression that he had been in any place for at least an hour, waiting, still as a Chinese god, for developments. I think that was the most vital feeling I had of him. Watching and waiting. Senga ran to him and rubbed her soft cheek against his grey whisker, and, young fool that I was, I suddenly hated him. That china was blood-money. Barter for tears and blood and human flesh, and here he was being kissed by this innocent child.

"Come to supper, Pater," she said. "To-night we'll eat off the elephant-plates and drink from the flame-cups."

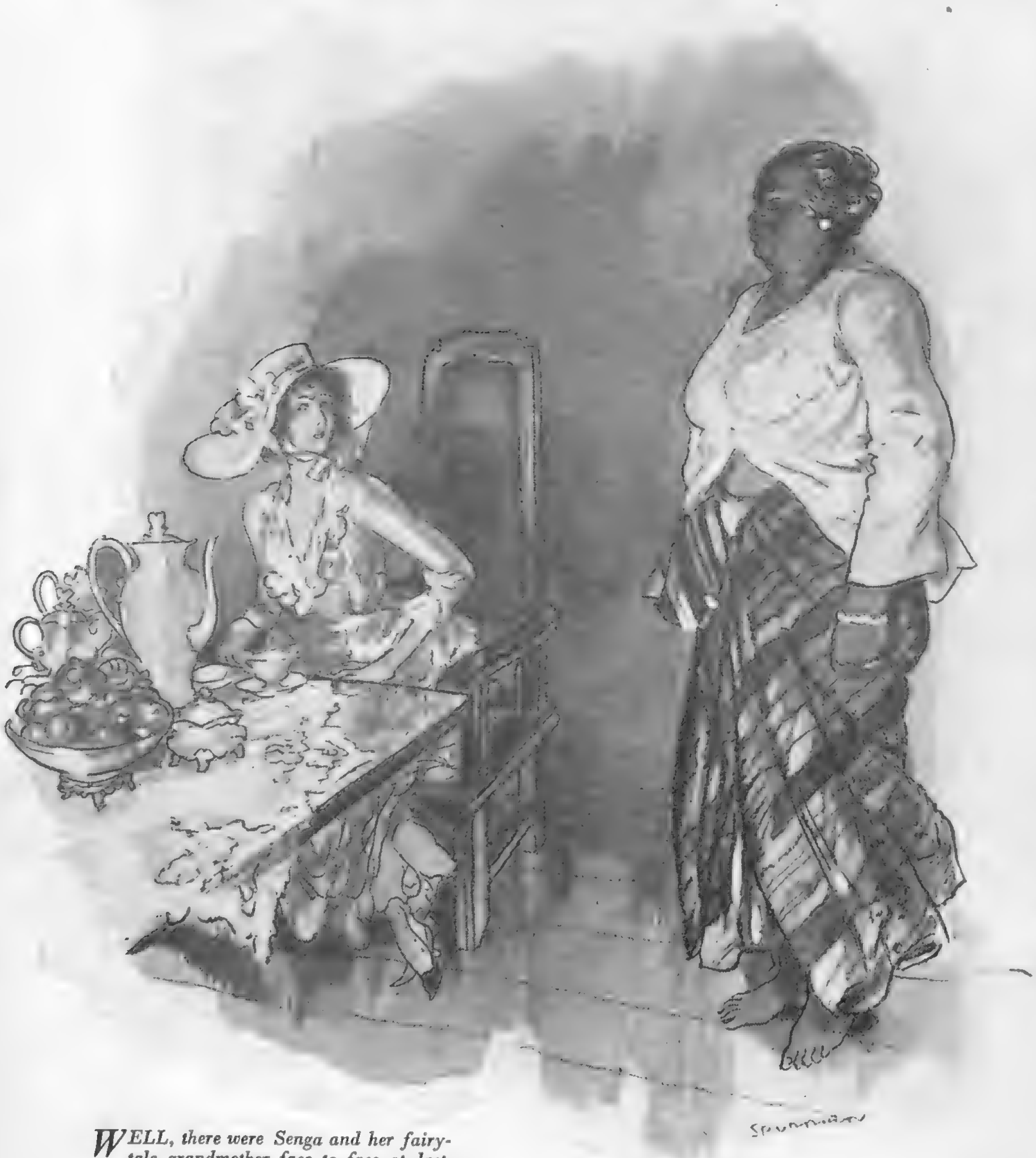
She had all a good housewife's instinct for utility, you see. China was made to use, and used it would be. But she never let the native servants touch it. Always set it out and washed it herself.

"I expect my grandmother had these out whenever she gave a party," she said, appealing across the white napery and the glowing china to Burton. "It's the most wonderful of all, isn't it. Do you think it's Crown Derby?"

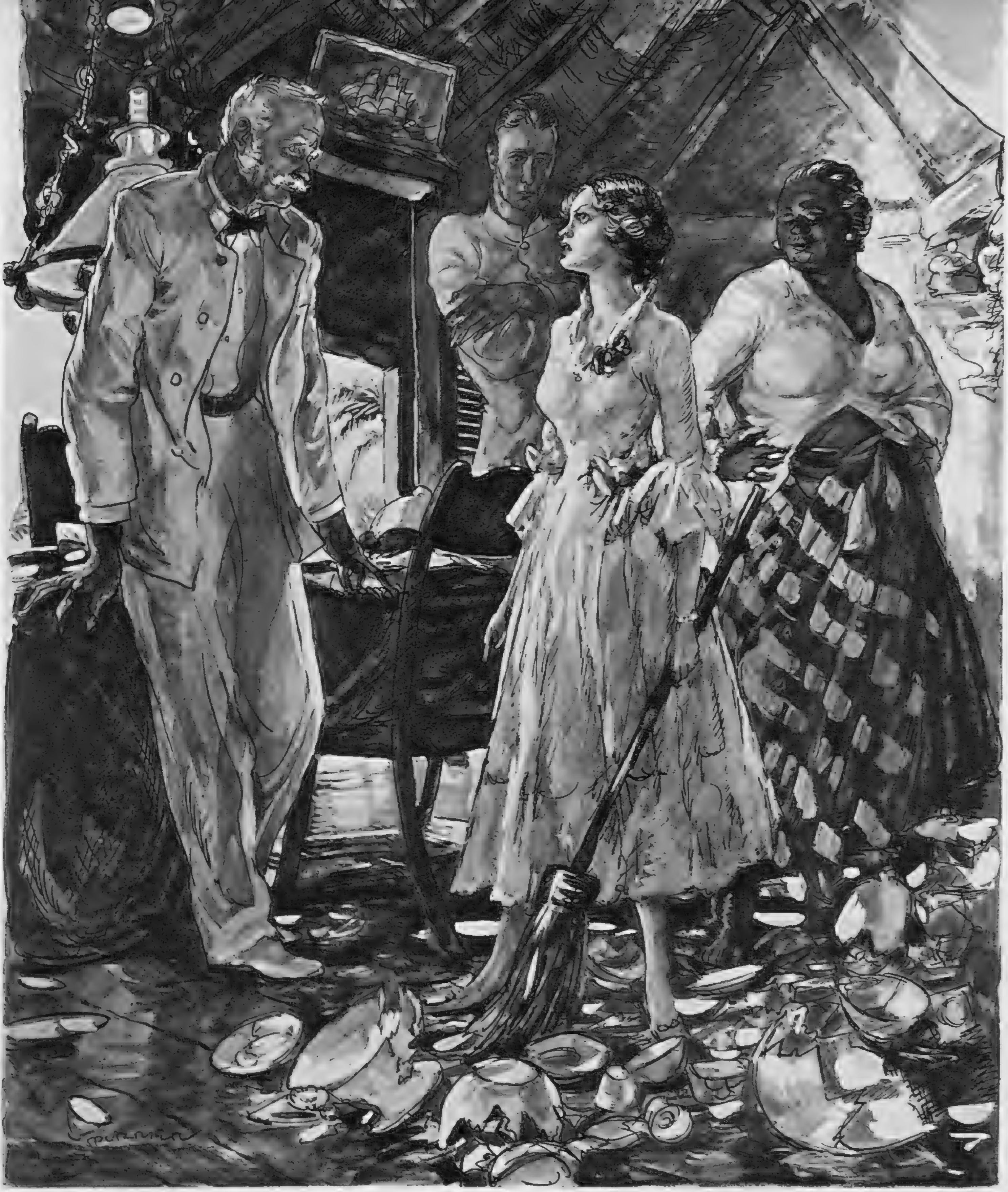
She knew no more of china than a chicken, really, but she had heard the name somewhere. Burton began to say something, and then he caught my eye and knew that I knew what kind of china it was. He did not show funk. He simply stared with those still blue eyes of his as though daring me to say anything. And I—being head-over in love with Senga—I took the hint. But I wondered if he felt as I did, that he drank blood and supped tears when he had a meal off that china. If I had only known! But, of course, I couldn't have guessed.

All the Loengayer Group is lonely, with its long reefs of pink coral and its wide lagoons and the dense jungles clothing the steep sides of extinct volcanoes on many of the smaller islands. The little thatched villages back along native tracks—which each man had to remake as he passed or they would have been choked up in a week—were almost unknown to us who came off the sea. But Senga used to penetrate them, looking for those fragile orchids that cling to huge breadfruits and never know brighter light than these deeply-shadowed places, ahd sometimes she let me go with her. I remember her specially that day we found the tombs, for she had been kind to me, she who was too full of monkey-mischief and youth to ever be very kind.

Well, she'd heard of the tombs and of how no native would go near them.



WELL, there were Senga and her fairy-tale grandmother face to face at last, and on the table the "heirloom china" . . .



"THIS is the end," she said to Burton. "Either that woman goes out of this house to-day or I go"

They lay not far off, by the beach, under tall, rustling coconut-palms etched against the blue sky, and shrouded round with the slender bamboo and a perfect wealth of flame-trees and frangipannis as big as oaks and dripping with scent and flowers. It was as pretty a place as I ever saw, and Senga suited it well. We sat on a tomb while I told her again that I adored her; but she never would listen to that talk long. She would go poking around the tombs, which were built high and broad of rough slabs of stone with monkeys or crocodiles or some other animal fashioned rudely on the tops. About three hundred years old, I judged them; and the grass round their bases was as thick as velvet, except in one place where crushed shell had made a track leading down into a vault. The stones were sagging at the entrance, but Senga would go in. Nothing frightened her. So I followed, keeping a sharp eye for snakes.

There was nothing much in the vault. Someone had once used it as a sleeping-place, for there were piles of bamboo-peelings in a corner and the rotting remains of native cloth and a few drinking-vessels. Then Senga gave a cry and pounced on a shining thing half-hid in the crumbling batik. And when she pulled it out I 'm blest if it wasn't a small square-sided Satsuma vase, a perfect ivory-white with raised gold tracery. It was lovelier than anything in the bungalow, but she annexed it at once in the way women will.

"Oh, I wonder who stole this from our heirlooms?" she cried.

I said nothing. I knew now that it was in this secret place Burton had given delivery of his human barter and received his blood-money. The coincidence was too great for anything else. There was no china like his—and like this—in all the Dutch Indies. I felt suddenly icy cold although the sweat stood on me.

"Let 's get out of this place. It isn't healthy," I said. (*Continued on page 82*)

The March of Time

ВТОРАЯ ПЯТИЛЕТКА

RUSSIA'S second pyatiletka (Five-Year Plan to you), whose great complicated wheels have just been officially set into motion, has about it the vast dramatic quality that is so irresistible in the films of America's Gold-Rush Days, the days of the 'Forty-Niners and "The Covered Wagon."

Only in Russia it is the East, instead of the Great Wild West, that is being opened up. From the Ural Mountains eastward, including Siberia and Soviet Central Asia, there has already started the greatest march of civilisation since the pioneers of '49 pushed their way into the new country west of the Mississippi River.

But now the covered "wagons" are motor-cars, trucks, tractors, and the trek is not into an unknown, hazardous land, but into a part of Russia that for years has been simply neglected but that is definitely developable into a vast industrial centre. All that has been needed are sufficient organisation and sufficient credit; and now both have been found in the Five-Year Plan.

Aside from its dramatic interest, there is in the second pyatiletka pause for tremendous interest to our export markets. Just consider a few figures:

Consumer's manufactured goods will increase 308%; food industries, 306%; motor-cars, 837%; tractors, 323%; machine building, 227%; coal, 235%; oil, 213%; steel, 35%.

The annual production of goods under the project will total £10,000,000,000.

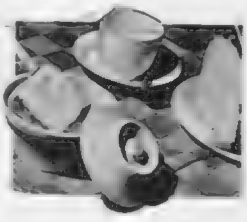
What interests me is what share of all this England will profit by.

I find that in 1913, the last normal year under the old Tsarist régime, the total imports into Russia were £137,403,400. Of this amount, £17,301,100 came from England. Under the Second Five-Year Plan, £160,000,000 is the proposed total amount of import per year by 1937; while England's share of this may be gleaned from the total purchases Russia made here last year, which was £31,171,300.

From these figures I make two conclusions: (1) that Russia is not very much increasing her total world imports under the Second Five-Year Plan from the time of the Tsars; and (2) that though this is true, England's share of those imports into Russia is almost double.

The Personal Equation—

There is an interesting personal reason behind the very slight increase in world imports under Soviet rule as opposed to the old Tsarist days. Imports are regulated a good deal by exports—and to-day Soviet Russia exports very little more than in 1913, despite her tremendous development. This is because the standard of living has so gone up in Russia to-day that she consumes what formerly she exported. For example, eggs, butter and sugar were never consumed by the peasants at all (in the case of sugar, only 7 lb. per person in 1913, while eggs and butter were nil), but were all sold to the export trade. Now it is figured that every Russian peasant eats at least ¼ lb. of butter per week, two eggs each week, and 28 lb. of sugar each year. For comparison, the average Englishman consumes between 40 and 50 lb. of sugar per year.



Russians get more butter

It is a cold testament of the progress the Bolshies are making.

DIGNITY v. ENTERTAINMENT

LADIES and Gentlemen! Consider two programmes—our own B.B.C. and America on the same recent night.

The B.B.C. gave us at 7.10 a most valuable hour when the whole family is listening to the radio, a lovely little garden talk; at 7.30, a lecture on the British Empire; at 8, the B.B.C. orchestra for an hour; at 9, the news which we had all read several hours before and in a more interesting way; at 9.20 an Inquiry into the Unknown; at 9.35 one solid hour of string quintet music (lovely, but one hour of it!); at 10.40, Passages from "Paradise Lost"; and at last, at 10.45, the only top-notch talent of any kind that evening, Harry Roy or Ambrose or Roy Fox or Henry Hall, as the case happened to be; but naturally only one of these per evening.

The same evening in America you could have your choice of Bing Crosby, Russ Colombo, the Philadelphia Symphony, Paul Whiteman's Band to dance to, also Jack Denny's and Eddie Duchin's (I personally regard them as the finest two in the world); Phil Baker, an international entertainer and amazing accordionist; Maude Adams, the stage star; the Mills Brothers; the famous Goldberg Sketch; while on other nights there ran Amos and Andy at the same time; Greta Keller, who made a hit here, you will remember; and for the handling of news a half-dozen commentators whose point of view towards the news they told gave a sudden new, exciting and incisive meaning to everything you had read during the day.

Bing Crosby. Listen to him

Why Don't We?—

Now, I do not beg carelessly for us to adopt the American system of having advertisers sponsor or pay for the air-talent. But I do think that we should study their technique, not only in obtaining talent that is right for the radio, but in placing them in good sequence, in avoiding long breaks of silence as we now endure, and from which I always flee to the first foreign station, there perhaps to forget the rest of the evening's programme here, and to inject more life particularly into the news.

"News needs the handling of experts," a high official of the B.B.C. told me. "We have four men handling it here at not over £400 a year."

The news-commentators in America earn as much as £5000 a year. And they are worth every penny of it.

What do I care to hear the bald announcement that there is to be another conference in Geneva to-morrow, unless some man with an alive point of view tells me in terse, dramatic picture-words—for on the wireless your ears have to do what your eyes do in life—the exact meaning of that conference, or at least his interpretation of it.

Vernon Bartlett is the only news reporter of the air here who does it.

The most ironic touch about the news situation at the B.B.C. is the sad fact that the very best commentator of all in America is, alas, an Englishman. His name is Boake Carter. I wish the B.B.C. would give him a contract for five years.

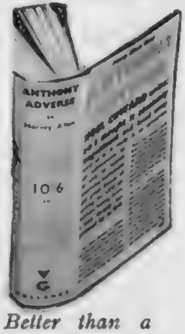
ESCAPE

THE escape complex—by which it is, I believe, generally understood that we mean the desire to escape from the reality of life into a vague dream-world of reverie and romance—which alert psychologists tell us is ever on the increase in our over-civilised and over-mechanised age, finds a marvellous medium in a book which has now passed its 400,000 mark in America and here.

I refer, of course, to *Anthony Adverse.*

1278 pages—every passage practically guaranteed to give you the escape of a world cruise (and much less expensive) or your money back. If you think of your troubles once while travelling half-way around the world for 150 years in this book of Hervey Allen's that everyone is talking about, it is because you have not been paying attention.

What interests me about *Anthony Adverse* here is the perfect example, the perfect proof, it offers of our modern trend in writing, particularly a in plsy and the films.



Better than a World Cruise

You will see what I mean, and understand its success the easier, if you just consider the great successes of the year: Christina of Sweden with the divine Garbo; Catherine the Great with Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior (and what a part Anthony Adverse would be for him—watch this!); Henry VIII. with Charles Laughton; the next probably Hepburn vehicle, Mary of Scotland (currently the biggest New York legitimate hit) and Joan of Arc; while in the theatre we have Richard of Bordeaux, The Rose Without a Thorn, even Conversation Piece, with its international characters highly romanticized.

Anthony Adverse, however, is the first big book of the year on this new *escape motif*; that is, on this romantic, pageantry-like pattern.

There is a crying need in the world to-day for romance. We are all fed up with the super-realistic and super-sordid school of thought.

Consider, too, the tremendously increased and increasing internationalism of the general public.

Love, Poison and Travel—

Add, too, the love of learning history in simple, dramatic pictures. For *Anthony Adverse* is one of the most erudite books that could be written, in spite of its fantastic conception. You have it in vivid, swashbuckling pictures, in the old Dumas school, of Leghorn, West Indies, Africa, Spain, England, France, and various parts of America.

"Tell me a story that will tell of kings, intrigues, love, poison, counterfeiting, war, slaves, travels, and the high seas, and I shall listen all night without stop," one might well say, thinking of *Anthony Adverse.*

To which list of its merits I should like to add, too, "And it requires absolutely no thought."

I said at the beginning that Escape is the great complex to-day. Escape from Reality. But what I often think it really is, when I read such a book as *Anthony Adverse* and regard its phenomenal success, is Escape from Thought.

If there is one thing people to-day do not want to do it is to think. They have had to think too much in the past few complex years of war, depression, and psycho-analysis!

POSTSCRIPT TO SPEED

At a luncheon the other day there came up the subject of the Ministry of Transport's new rulings, new signs, and new proposals to impose a thirty-mile speed limit in the cities in a desperate attempt of the Government to reduce the yearly traffic toll.

"An interesting experiment was recently made in Helsingfors," said the Finnish Minister, who was sitting opposite me. "Motor-car horns were abolished in town in a drive against noise. But," he added, "what is particularly interesting is that the moment horns were abolished, motor accidents decreased!"

At first I did not get the idea. But on second thought it sounds most reasonable. I know that once or twice when my own horn has gone wrong, I have driven specially slow and carefully. My sense of responsibility has been awakened infinitely more than if I had had a horn. For then I should only glance at the Ministry of Transport's warning, and "step on it" blithely at forty, implicit in my faith that it is the other man's job to get out of my way so long as I toot!

And Post-Mortem—

To the Christmas train smash at Lagny, near Paris, with a loss of 199 lives; to the Registrar's report of 6000 deaths during the past year due to motoring; to the 20 deaths in the three airplane-radio pylon crashes in the last two months; and to the 53 deaths in R.A.F. for the last year—to this record of death summed from separate news items during the past few weeks, and attributable almost entirely to the present mania for speed, add the following headlines that appeared quite innocently at the same time and, ironically enough, in the same newspapers:

1. Bid for Fastest Trains in World.
2. Amy Mollison's Plans to Win New Speed Records in Spring.
3. Three Nations in New Motor-Car Trade War.

Death takes a holiday while the manufacturers of speedcraft blow their trumpets.

Speed belongs in the exclusive control of such specialists as Sir Malcolm Campbell or Mr. Jack Field, who is planning to establish a new world's record in the rebuilt Silver Bullet of the late Kaye Don where it is undertaken not for the thrill which the amateur seeks, but for study of fuel consumption, tyre pressure, springing, comfort, safety—but most of all for making the motorcar a more economical means of transport.

For the average motorist to buy a motor car because its manufacturer advertises it will do a "guaranteed ninety" is simply like allowing a sufferer from delusions of grandeur, or paranoia as it is technically called, to roam the highways not only unguarded, but actually cheered on by a thrill-seeking populace.

Amy. Where's her speed getting her?

A friend of mine recently went insane. I realised it when I saw him driving around and around Hyde Park in an open Rolls Royce, with chauffeur and footman, and the entire tonneau filled with flowers which he stopped to give to passers-by every few minutes. It was very amusing—but I realised how serious it was when the florists bill and the Rolls bill came in. They were addressed to me!

It 's like that with speed, terribly amusing till it suddenly hits us.

SHOBIZ[1]

The month of March in the theatre always means two things to me: (1) the triumphant march of the season's real winners; (2) the hasty retreat of all the stragglers.

Winners, by the hard-boiled facts of box-office receipts rather than by the word of critics or publicists, are: ***Richard of Bordeaux***, ***Ten-Minute Alibi***, ***Christopher Bean***, ***Escape Me Never***, ***Reunion in Vienna***, ***Afterwards***, ***Laburnum Grove***, and of course, we may count upon it, ***Conversation Piece***, among the straight plays. ***Nice Goings On*** is the only successful farce. In the musical comedies, count for winners ***Gay Divorce*** and ***Mr. Whittington***.

The rest, no matter what you may have heard, have lost money.

But there is an amusing and unpublished story of how a dark horse came in first; this is the comedy, ***Christopher Bean***.

Gilbert Miller fought tooth and nail against producing, because he had found that in America it dangerously lacked comedy. However, a complicated arrangement with Associated Theatre Properties forced him to put it on. Clutching his pocket-book with a long face, he watched Emlyn Williams adapt it.

"No comedy! Oh, there 's no comedy in it!" he groaned.

When it came on it was the funniest show in town, and has been the biggest money-maker of the season!

Some say the horses are easier picking!

Talent at Last—

"She 's a genius."

"She 's not."

Bergner is the subject, and the scene is almost any dinner-party of people who have seen or heard about the German actress who has set us aflame for two months now in the ordinary, mechanical play, ***Escape Me Never***.

But here are two stories that will help you to judge for yourself:

In ***Strange Interlude*** in Berlin (the story is from her producer there), Bergner was supposed to wail and cry on the announcement of her father's death. One night she could not. "He 's dead," came the gloomy, O'Neillian announcement (someone 's always dying in Eugene O'Neill's plays). Bergner gasped, but not a tear came. The cast stood aghast. "My father is dead," she repeated, stalling for time; then, with a flash of inspiration, added: "And I cannot shed a tear. How awful! Isn't it true in life we cry over the most trivial things, while when we lose our dearest there are no tears to tell our grief . . . ?"

Elizabeth Bergner. She pulled off his moustache

You will be interested to hear, you critics of acting, it was far more moving than when she had cried as she was supposed to!

But the funnier story is of another play in Berlin where her leading man wore a false moustache.

"I can't bear that ridiculous thing!" she cried as he came on. "It 's false, and you know it, and take it right off!"

Whereupon she gave one mighty tug and off it came!

To the furious director afterwards she explained blithely that she hated moustaches, and it was the only way to stop him wearing it.

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[1] Show Business.

DOLLARS—LARGE AND SMALL

A rich friend of mine—rich enough to drop £45,000 in a revue and still go to America—asked me last week, just before boarding the Aquitania, whether he should change his money into dollars here or wait till he got to New York.

It is a question every traveller asks.

"The dollar may fall to $6 to the £," one of the most knowing foreign editors told me, "and I think it will take five years to stabilise the dollar."

But travellers' cheques are small beer.

Roosevelt, to take a magnum of champagne, is as you know, now entering the second month of his Congress-approved spending in the Grand Manner. I only hope it isn't going to be in the Grand Manner of Potemkin, who was Russia's Ace Spender in the Court of Catherine the Great. Potemkin used to build cardboard villages to show Catherine how prosperous Russia was.

Roosevelt. He spends $31,179 a minute

But I don't think America will ever see a Revolution.

It is difficult to grasp the significance of $6,000,000,000, which is what Roosevelt plans to spend by June 30th. But it becomes startlingly clear when you reduce it to Dollars Per Minute, which I have just done. It works out at $31,179 each minute of the day and night for another three months!

Ho-hum . . . the minutes I 've spent window-shopping in Bond Street.

Real Drama of it, though, is, even more than the spending of it, Roosevelt's courage to propose such a huge amount, practically single-handed, to the tight-fisted American people.

"I propose to increase the debt to $32,000,000,000 by 1935," he said, which would certainly have made me look at the stars if I had heard him. "But after 1935 you will find, if our plans go right, that the Budget will be balanced, trade will be safely regulated, the dollar sound . . . and a greater chance for human happiness."

Such a vast gamble sets us all guessing. It enthralls us. But does it ever occur to us, with no mean debt of our own, just what it would mean to each individual if it came off as Roosevelt expects it to?

It would mean that by 1935 the public debt would fall to only $260 per capita, as opposed to $870 per capita that we in England must pay for our own public debt.

I think that is worth fighting for.

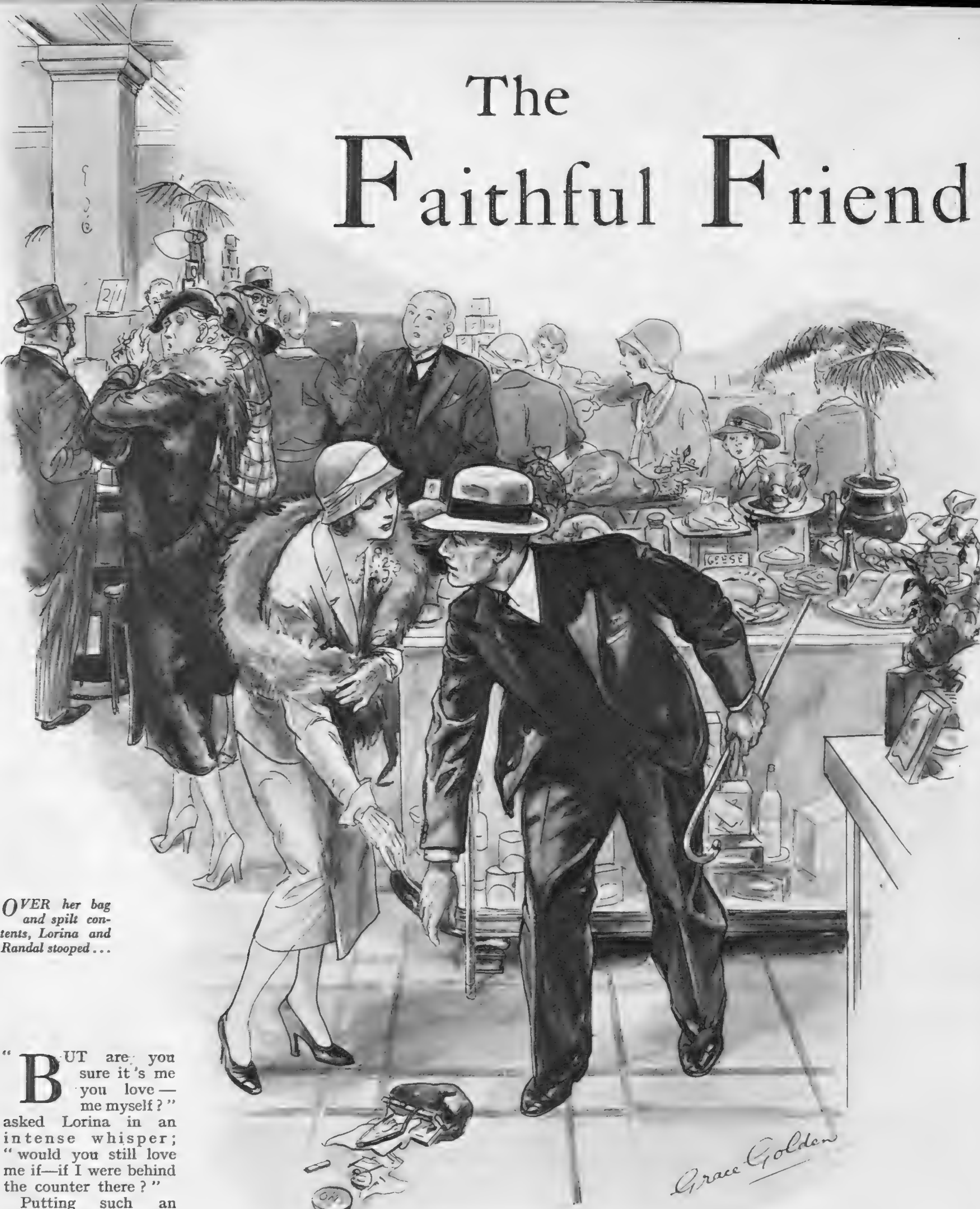
Boom and Crash—

The end of Prohibition has brought about, to a large extent, the end of the Depression in America; but a curious effect of Repeal is, I think, the death toll to radio which it is bringing.

Drinking and radio, both based on people's need for entertainment, work nevertheless in the opposite ways: drinking takes people out—which is just what radio does not want. Radio wants people to stay home. Consider these figures and you 'll think the same as I: 1933 showed $7,500,000 less revenue from radio advertising than in 1932. And still more paradoxical is the fact that radio was the one industry which boomed all through the Depression!

By Wilson McCarty

The Faithful Friend



OVER her bag and spilt contents, Lorina and Randal stooped . . .

"BUT are you sure it's me you love—me myself?" asked Lorina in an intense whisper; "would you still love me if—if I were behind the counter there?"

Putting such an exasperating question obviously stamped Lorina Darrell as a sterling fool, and she hadn't even the common-sense of the silversmith who puts his hall-mark in an unobtrusive place.

For the peccant young wife of a rising barrister and budding politician to put such an interrogatory in the thronged provision department of a Kensington store would mar her perfection even in the eyes of a blinder lover than Randal Young.

Before him cod seemed to gape in more chapfallen dismay, and behind him glazed boars' heads grimaced more sardonically; lobsters seemed more red and shame-faced; and, as he glanced again apprehensively over his shoulder, a sniggering calf's head seemed to be biting harder on the lemon between its teeth.

"If you were singing in the gutter it would be just the same," he managed to declare.

Lorina, closing her eyes and sighing in ecstasy, stepped back a pace and was violently jostled by a puce-faced Kensington aboriginal, feminine and typically ruthless, who, having elbowed Lorna's vanity bag out of her grasp, sailed on triumphantly to lunch.

Over her bag and spilt contents, Lorina and Randal stooped, and she said to him "Then, it's—yes?" And he said to her "To-night, then. Wayside, Church Lane, Stockley-on-Thames. I shan't live till you come. I mean I shall, of course—only, you know what I'm driving at."

"He leaves at eight," said she. "I'll start d'rectly he's gone."

Three minutes later Lorina left to step into her car and be driven back to her mausoleum in Palace Gardens, while Randal shopped and then climbed to the top of an eastward-bound bus.

Cash does make a difference—even to the most constant cavalier!

By George Froxfield

Entering his club had lately resembled running the blockade, for there were dues unpaid and sundry creditors of his among its members; but to-day Randal nonchalantly sauntered in, reinforced by the certainty that to-morrow Lorina and he would have cast the die, crossed the Rubicon, burnt their boats and be heading for the haven of the Divorce Court.

No man, thought Randal, is fool enough to deny a pretty woman with an income of fifteen thousand a year the right to ask a myriad exasperating questions.

Randal lunched, then made himself and a newspaper comfortable in the deepest, softest armchair in the smoking-room, having first taken his customary precaution and turned the back of the chair to the room.

The newspaper seemed to him to be padded out with uninteresting information about fishy financiers in the soup, the Irish in their sempiternal stew and "blah" in general.

He dozed and awoke to:

"Ah, but then the oddest conditions are sometimes imposed on bequests. For example, a client of mine, an extremely wealthy man who had made a fortune out of converting every imaginable waste product into fertiliser—"

The word fertiliser echoed in Randal's mind like a bugle winding an alarum. Lorina, before her marriage to promising but penniless Ivor Darrell, had been Lorina Fawcett, only niece of Andrew Fawcett of Fawcett's Famous Fertiliser. Her fifteen-thousand a year was derived from the proceeds of the sale of the fertiliser business to a syndicate.

"My client," startled Randal overheard, "was a rigid Methodist, a martinet of the Victorian school, a cantankerous old bachelor, who vehemently discountenanced all the modern matrimonial laxity. Well, he left his niece a capital sum bringing her in nearly fifteen-thousand a year, settled it on her for life with the usual remainders—but one most unusual proviso:"

It certainly must be old Fawcett who was being spoken of and Lorina was undoubtedly the niece, so Randal stealthily twisted round and peered over the back of his chair.

Kenneth Fawcett, a distant relation of Lorina's (she had pointed him out one day at the Academy), a junior partner in Fawcett, Crabbe and Whitehead, the solicitors, was speaking to a bored young man. Randal ducked, opened his mouth and breathed shallowly lest a word should be lost.

"If the niece is ever involved as the guilty party in a divorce suit," Kenneth Fawcett went on, "her life interest ceases, her children (if any) inherit and in the event of her being childless the money falls into the residue and—well, various charities benefit."

Icy fingers seemed to slide between Randal's ribs and squeeze his sinking heart. Various charities benefit! Her life interest ceases! The guilty party in a divorce suit!

"Doesn't the damsel know her danger?" the bored young man asked.

"Most certainly she does. It's plainly expressed in the will. Anybody who cares to go to Somerset House and spend a shilling can read the proviso for himself."

Echoing in the vault-like void of Randal's mind keened Lorina's exasperating question:

"But are you sure it's me you love—me, myself; would you still love me if I were behind the counter there?"

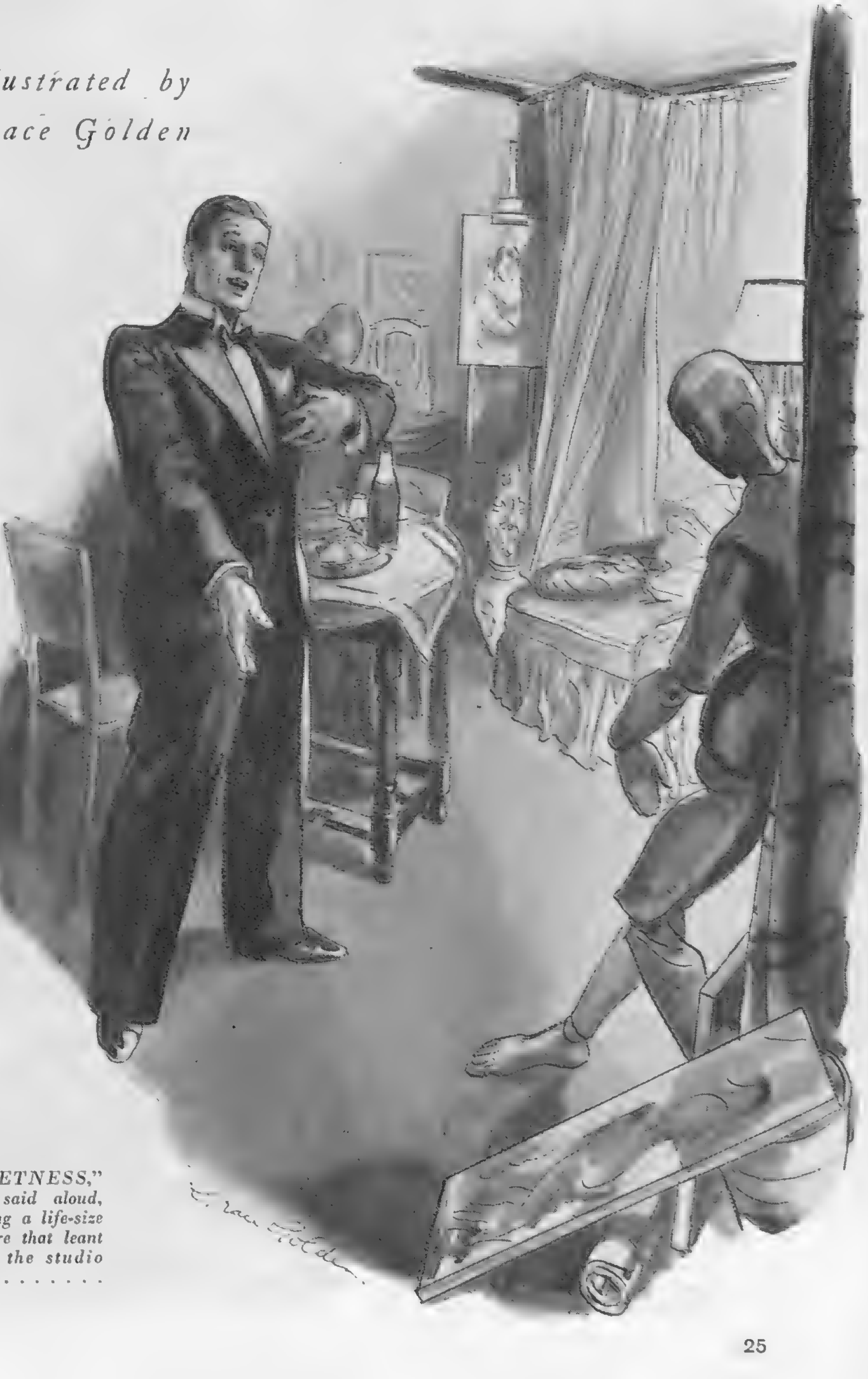
Not sickly sentiment. Nor mere rhetoric. A plain question with a very ugly underlying meaning.

"Another brandy?" suggested Kenneth. "No? Then shall we get back to work? The fact is, you never know with testators; the young lady you speak of may have inherited a fortune but until I've perused the will you'd be well advised to . . ."

Kenneth and his client passed out of earshot.

Randal sat up. Lorina was lovely and a darling and he was

Illustrated by
Grace Golden



"SWEETNESS," *he said aloud, addressing a life-size lay figure that leant against the studio wall . . . .*

frightfully fond of her, frightfully, but—well, since he had prematurely come down from Oxford it had been tough enough trying to keep even his own lonely head above water. The proviso turned Lorina into a millstone.

Did Lorina think he knew about the proviso? If not why hadn't she enlightened him? Reticence on such a life and death point was indecent, was really criminal...

Suddenly an idea—a possible explanation—struck him; suddenly he realised that though coincidence may have the very devil of a long arm, to-day's happenings were a shade too miraculously apposite.

In the forenoon a man arranges to elope with a rich woman; at two-thirty he discovers that in the events about to happen she won't be able to buy a brassière. Too fishy to be credible. Lorina, he thought, had meant to tell him about the proviso and had funked breaking the ghastly news. Lorina had arranged the whole affair with the cousinly and convenient Kenneth. The wily lawyer had dogged him to the club and had staged the whole overhearing act...

That was it. Of course that was it...

But that being it made the hole he was in no easier to remain in or to climb out of. He had imagined drifting about the Riviera with Lorina till the decree was made absolute, then marriage, a return to England and a life of ease and luxury... It wasn't as though he were one of those money-earning men. He wasn't. He was a spender.

It was desperately serious...

And then he asked himself if it were likely that Lorina would let out to staid Kenneth that she was eloping. Likely? No. Then was it possible? On the contrary it was preposterous.

In a manner of speaking, he didn't believe Lorina had even let out that fact to herself. She had drifted—and she was such a fool—lovely, amusing, but not wise, most certainly not wise... No, the explanation was incredible—was no explanation at all.

A second idea drove those fingers from his heart which thereupon rose and dilated and smote his ribs in exultation.

It was all a lie. There was no such proviso. Somehow Ivor had discovered what was afoot. He had consulted Kenneth Fawcett—the family lawyer. Wily Fawcett had laid this trap. You couldn't even accuse the fox of lying for Kenneth hadn't definitely said that he referred to old Andrew Fawcett. That was it! Ivor and Kenneth had planned for him to overhear and expected him to sheer off immediately...

But wouldn't Ivor's first reaction have been to come and—slosh him? It was exactly what you'd expect of the atavistic swine. Yes. A snag that...

Well then, amended Randal, somebody else had got wind of his and Lorina's arrangements. Ivor's old mother or his prude of a sister, Nancy. That was more likely. That was most likely. Lorina was such a fool: she had confided in some sieve and Ivor's sister had been sprintled and got busy with Kenneth.

They thought he'd bunk instanter! Lord, what an innocent they must have thought him!

He leant back smiling...

But what had solicitor Fawcett said? Something about anybody being able to see the will at Somerset House. That didn't sound as though the thing was a lie. The proviso must be in the will or—

No! It was bluff.

Fawcett had counted on his announcement carrying conviction. The will contained no such proviso. It was all a put-up job...

Was it, though? Best make sure. Somerset House. It was worth a bob's worth of taxi.

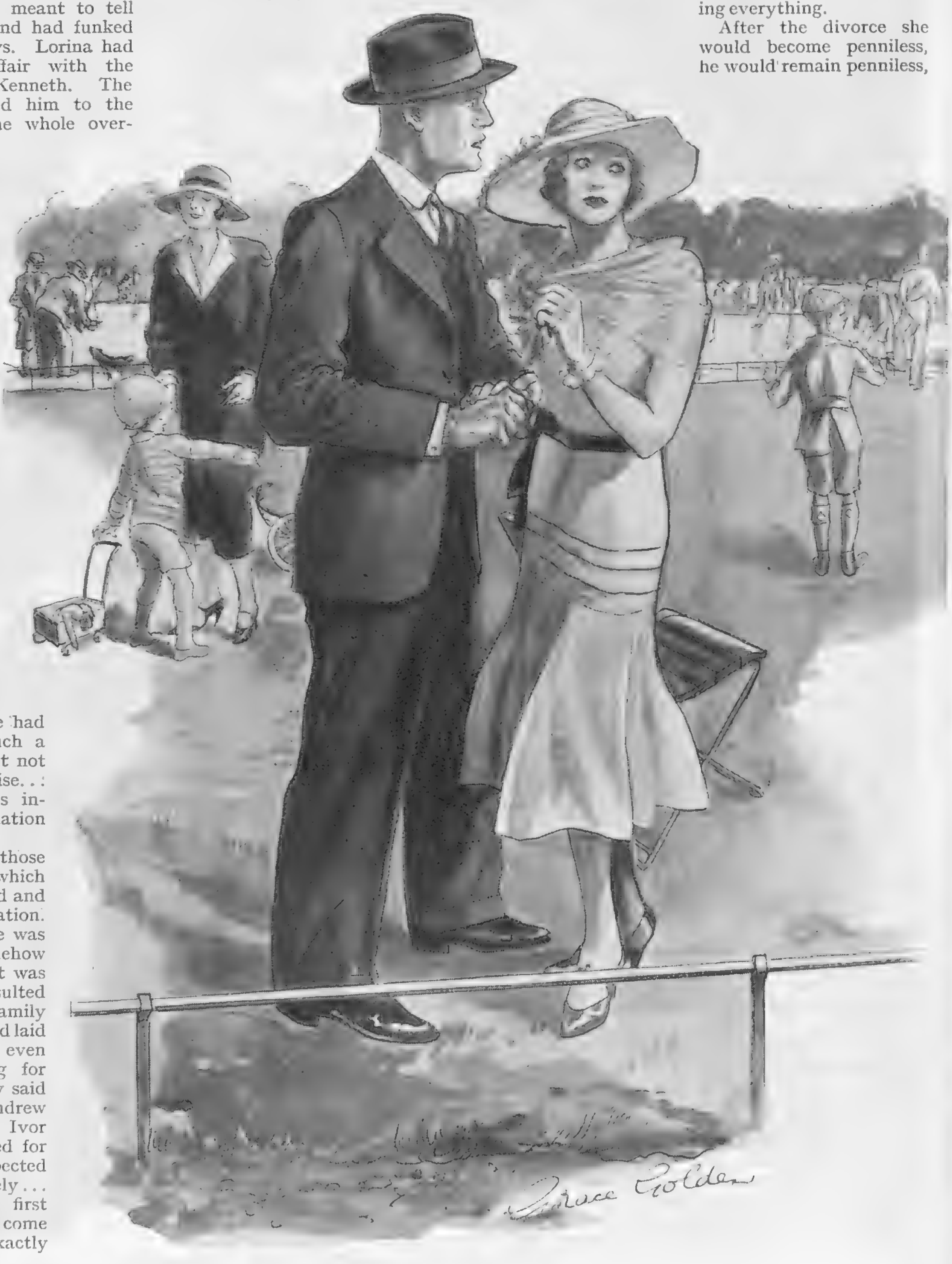
Randal presently sat at a table under the eagle-eye of an official and perused the last will and testament of Andrew Morgan Fawcett...

The proviso was there all right—or rather all wrong.

This was terrible, thought Randal, making for the Strand, and realised that the adjective had become blunted by misuse. It was terrific, horrific, shattering...

If only he had had a little time. But within a few hours he would be at Wayside, the studio-bungalow he had borrowed from an artist friend, and Lorina would be there, too, and the proviso would be stalking abroad, wrecking everything.

After the divorce she would become penniless, he would remain penniless,



and they would starve in the gutter . . .

On the top of a bus being driven westward towards his rooms he wondered what Solomon or Machiavelli would have done now at this eleventh hour . . .

A man might disappear—loss of memory and all that. A man might be taken suddenly ill. A man might suddenly veer round and say, " Darling, I've been thinking so incessantly. Till now I realise that I've been thinking only of myself. But now I've thought of you and all the harm I'm doing you, the contempt of your friends . . . "

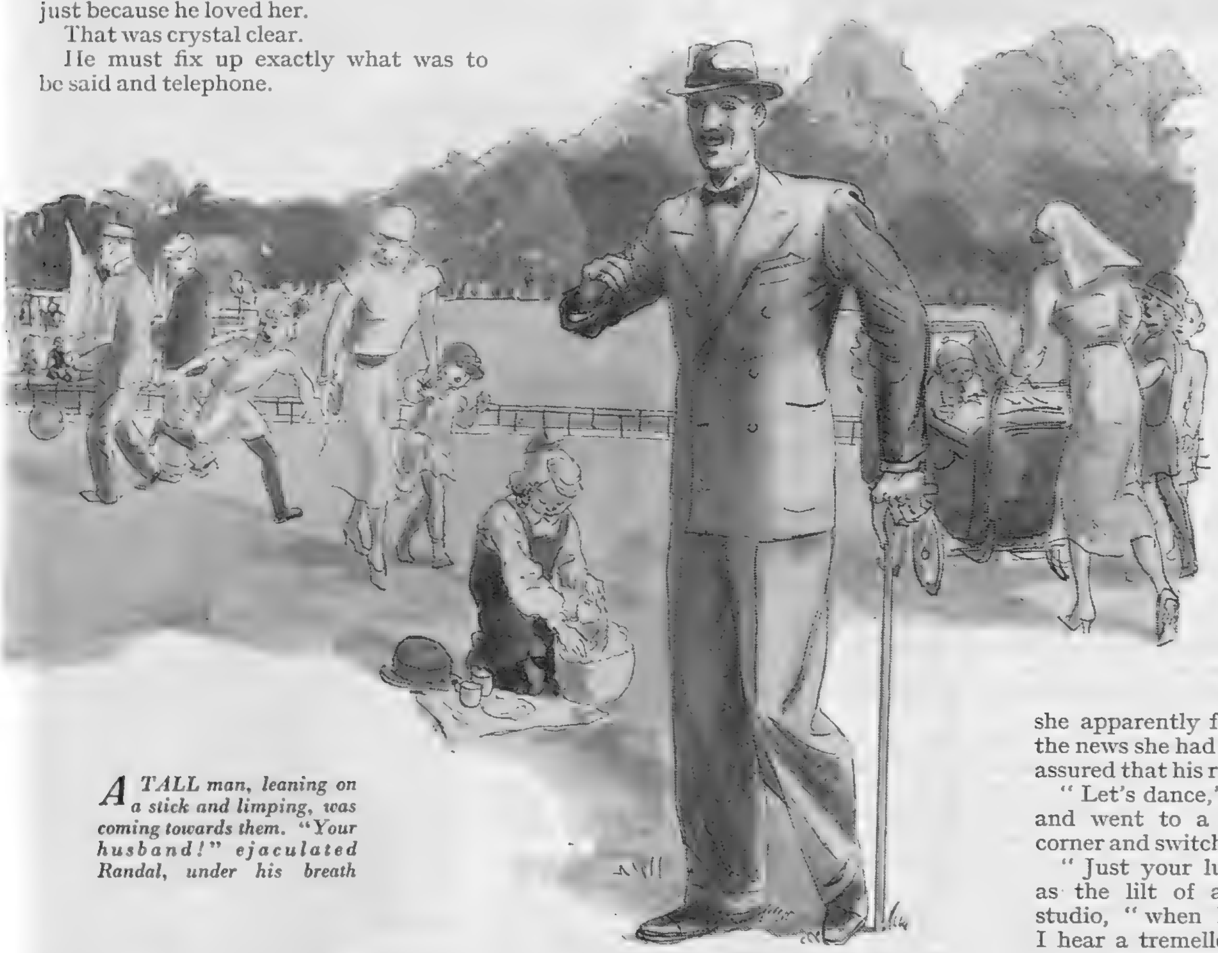
Tosh ! Unutterable twaddle !

He could be frank and tell her that he had known nothing about that proviso, that circumstances alter cases, that he was a pauper, that he couldn't wreck her life . . .

Her life ! Yes. A good line that. Of course it would be damnably selfish of any man to let her lose all that money just because he loved her.

That was crystal clear.

He must fix up exactly what was to be said and telephone.



A TALL man, leaning on a stick and limping, was coming towards them. "Your husband!" ejaculated Randal, under his breath

But Lorina was out when he rang up the Palace Gardens house and her butler had no idea where she was or when she was expected home.

Well, reflected Randal, Ivor was motoring off that night to week-end and to speak in the constituency he was nursing. There would be nothing in Lorina supping at Wayside. They would motor back and no one be any the wiser. Only, of course, the supper would be dull because Lorina was so archaic and seemed to think even kisses scarlet sins while she still lived under her husband's roof (which, by the way, had been bought with her money).

Randal had borrowed a little two-seater. In it he drove to Stockley, parked it in the tumble-down garage, opened up the bungalow and began to unpack the sumptuous picnic basket that he had put down that morning to a friend's account at the Kensington stores.

" Sweetness," he said aloud, addressing a life-size lay figure that leant against the studio wall, " I never meant to touch a ha'penny of your money. You know that, Lorina. I've stood alone so far ; I meant to go on that way. But I thought you'd be beyond privation, the loathsome pinching and screwing. Otherwise I'd never have been so unutterably selfish—such a loathsome edge in swines—as to ask you to come to me. Lorina—"

He seized the lay figure's hand and it toppled forward into his arms.

" Hoy ! " he ejaculated, and caught up a coverlet from the divan and draped it about the insensitive shoulders. "Look here, we aren't going bathing ! "

The sound of a taxi's ill-used engines resounded, the scream of brakes and hiss of tyres, Lorina's " thank you," the driver's " thank *you*, Miss," the tinkling of the rising flag and Lorina's footsteps on the garden path.

" Darling ! '" she exclaimed as the taxi drove away and Randal opened the door.

Clasped, she whispered " At last ! " and " I've longed so long for this " and " Hold me tight—tighter " and a dozen other clichés.

With Lorina in his arms, Randal discovered that he was flesh and blood beside nerve, neck and cheek. The appeal of Lorina's loveliness, silky brown hair in soft waves, glowing brown eyes, hot soft lips, cool pink and white cheeks, her clinging hands and arms, made him reluctant to ring down the curtain by blurting out the speech he had rehearsed with the lay figure. It would keep.

" Who's that ? " whispered Lorina, in startled tones, catching sight of the draped figure on the divan.

" Your understudy," he answered. " I was telling her how I loved you and would love you always."

" A lay figure ! " she exclaimed sauntering in and laughing in relief," What an enchanting room ! And—supper ! Champagne ; lobster ; paté ; caviare ! A banquet ! "

Suddenly she frowned, her smiling face growing set and her lips drooping.

" You're—well-off, aren't you, Rannie?"

He had, he realised, always tried to give her that impression.

" Suppose I wasn't," he said. " Would you love me, me, myself, if I were behind a counter somewhere ? "

" I never even remember money," she answered.

Well, for years she had never had any reason to.

" There's something I've suddenly wondered if you know about," she added. " Most people know. At the time everybody knew, but we hadn't met then. If you don't know, you ought to know—while there's time. You see, I——"

" Tell me after supper," he broke in. " It sounds as though a blow were coming. Let me face it—fed. Please, sweetness. Let's sup like two happy children without one care in the world.

Then he would let her break her news, he determined, and he would react as already planned and together — but at arm's length — they would go back to sanity and Palace Gardens . . .

SO they supped quite merrily, for she apparently forgot the importance of the news she had to break, and he was now assured that his retreat was secure.

" Let's dance," she suggested, later on, and went to a radio-gramophone in a corner and switched it on.

" Just your luck, sweetness," said he as the lilt of a dance-band filled the studio, " when I switch on at random I hear a tremellose soprano or the price of hoggets and shearlings."

When the band stopped he drew her to the divan, tossed the sprawling lay figure heels over head over the back of it and sitting down beside her, said :

" What's made you even lovelier ? I didn't know it was possible."

He had taken her in his arms and his lips were pressing hers, when he heard, unheeding, " Before the last general news I have an S O S."

" Darling," began Lorina, twisting her face aside, " I want to tell you about——"

" Will Mrs. Lorina Darrell," the announcer said and the last two words seemed to explode in that room like a mine, " go at once to St. Peter's Hospital, Burden Heath, where her husband, Mr. Ivor Darrell, lies dangerously ill as the result of a motor accident ? "

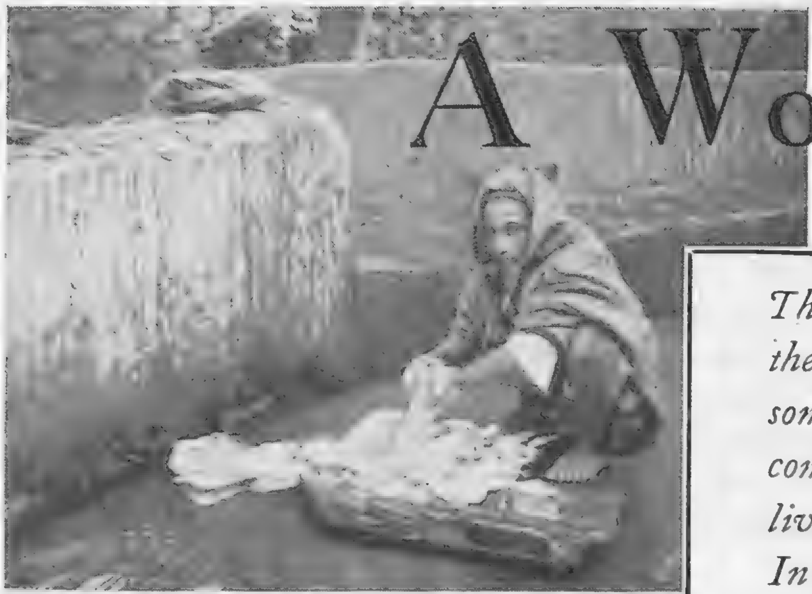
Lorina, having clung to Randal staring at the pedestal receiver as though it were some frightful Frankenstein that had stalked in, ejaculated, after a

(*Continued on page* 161)

A Woman *in the*

The writer of the following article is the wife of a young Englishman who some time ago gave up security and comfort in London to seek an adventurous living amongst the Arabs of Morocco. In this article she gives us some fascinating glimpses of life in the Land of Sand and Desert and Thirst and Bedouins and Foreign Legions . .

Editor



THIS Arab must do his own washing as his wife has left him

A PORTRAIT of Prudence O'Shea taken at Oran

A TONSORIAL artist of the desert. A barber at work at Ain Sefra

THE most southerly barracks, with the exception of Colomb Bechar, the French have built in the Saharan zone, called Ain Sefra, meaning Yellow Spring, is backed on the south by the *Djebel Mekter*, a peak in the Atlas range, and set in a ring of golden-red dunes. The *Bureau Arabe* is its administrative head-quarters, built, like the barracks, in Moorish design in pink plaster and stone. Behind lie the Village Nègre and the deserted Ksar (old Arab village), with its fortified walls crumbling to oblivion, and the drifting sand always threatening the effacement of man-made effort. It is a land without a written history. The heat is an inferno. Siroccos blow, eating crops and killing animals. Water fails when the springs dry up. Grass is a thin brown rope after the brief spring has passed. Sauterellas—a kind of locust—come and devastate what the heat and sirocco have left. It is the land of illusion. Not far away stretches a lake—*Eau de Mensonge*. . . . Lying Water. For there is no lake; it is a mirage.

Most of the year the river bed is dried up and misty with rose oleanders, but in winter sudden floods race down the mountain sides and inundate the village. All the same it is a famous sheep-rearing region, and there we settled, my husband and I, with our flock.

Cemented and colour-washed, our house was four-roomed made of dried mud-bricks. The walls absorbed the heat all day long and released it at night, so that, sitting by the garden wall, our arms got sometimes burned after sunset. Occasionally we slept on mattresses stuffed with alfa-grass upon the roof, reaching it by an outside ladder. The nights were indescribably beautiful: stars shooting across the sky into oblivion; lights trembling on mountain-sides where the bergers guarded their sheep; and as the moon mounted we heard the drowsy chant intoned to the Prophet by our Arab neighbours who lived in squalid mud huts along the river bank, generations of whose women for centuries have squatted on stones washing linen and fleece, and where girls over ten, having reached the age of marriage, have stood in the water drying the henna on their hair and nails in the sunlight.

Our garden, watered by *rigoles*, was tended by Arabs, and our crops included tomatoes, figs, peas, onions, pimentos, etc. Legionnaires, when off duty, are allowed to work for civilians and our outbuildings were generally built by them. We had two wells.

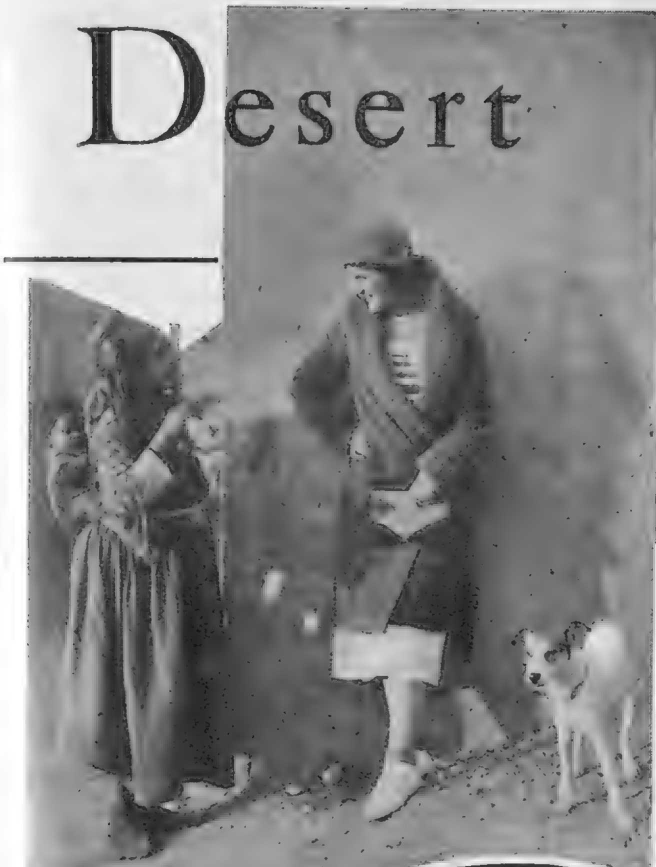
Our work and washing were done unwillingly by Arab women, to whom ironing was unknown. Cooking was performed over two spirit stoves with an Arab charcoal fire for boiling always burning outside in the sand. Most of our dishes were composed of eggs, tinned sardines, and moufflon flesh which the nomads shot in the mountains and surreptitiously sold to us. We could get chickens—horribly skinny creatures. We ate Arab bread so dried that frequently the crusts lacerated my hands. We drank coffee and the eternal green tea of the Arabs, sweetened to syrup and flavoured with mint.

For coolness we wore a shirt and shorts, unlike the Arabs who, as it grows hotter, wear more clothes, and looser, made of white wool, to keep the heat out. For neighbours we had those few wives of the officers at the barracks who would consent to accompany their husbands to such an uncomfortable post.

The big man of the district, apart from the Commandant at the barracks and the Chef at the *Bureau Arabe*, was the Bach-Agha, or head Kaid of the entire Sud-Oranaise region, Sidi Mouley, descendant of the great saint Sidi Ahmed Ben Youssef de Miliana. The commerce of the district was almost entirely in the hands of Spaniards, Jews and Arabs.

On Fridays came the Arabs from the ravines beyond the dunes, from the scattered oases along the river to sell sheep, fodder, meat shot in the hills, fruit, vegetables, and every conceivable thing. Boys came down from the mountains bearing loads of dead wood which the French Government allows them to chop and sell. In the *boutiques* tea was dispensed among privileged visitors by the host with grave, sacerdotal gestures. The native women dress as gaily as birds and show one eye beneath the veil with infinite more allure than the unveiled show two. The *Pères Blancs*, white robed, are busy about their affairs, buying wood for their carpentering, and cycling across the *Place Lyautey* on " bone-shakers." From

Desert



A BUTCHER'S shop on a market day at Ain Sefra

THE author speaking to a Sudanese woman. Notice how the mother is carrying her child

BELOW: The house in which the author lived at Ain Sefra

By Prudence O'Shea

A KAID. A rich man and a great dandy. The horse is typical of the short "bled" breed

the cafés one always hears the shrill sound of a gramophone playing the eternal tango. Everywhere are Arabs, some of them magnificent in appearance with immense racial pride; some very rich men, counting in flocks and property. The Legionnaires stroll about and play bagatelle under the café awning. Standing about everywhere are patient donkeys, the twin of Man, so a Marabout told me; for they both go round and round, eyes on the same horizon, following the same path. The Marabout said that Man, being stupid, cannot read a lesson from the donkey, but the donkey has learned from Man and no longer resists his fate.

Sidi Mustapha, youngest son of the Bach-Agha, handsome as an eagle and dressed in immaculate white, told me as he sipped his fruit drink that he would never shoot a gazelle again; for the one he wounded had turned its reproachful eyes towards him, tears streaming down its gentle face, and in dying had seemed to forgive him.

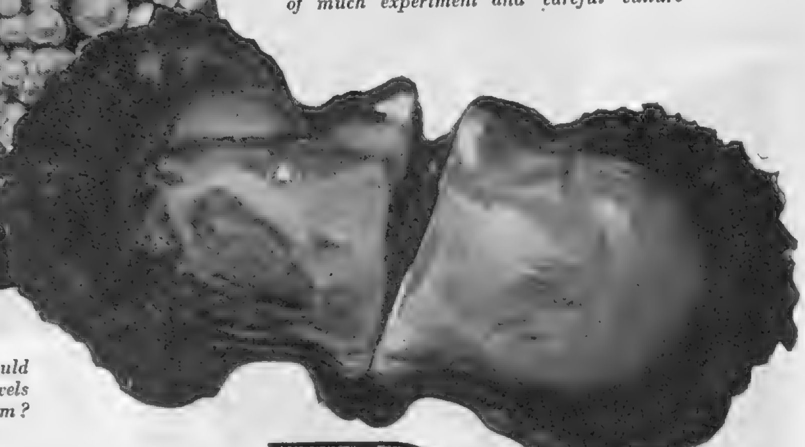
Sidi Mustapha knew Paris, was a fine scholar, possessing charming manners and the gift of sincerity. He told me that he did not wish to marry more than one wife for all his traditional reverence for the Koran. Neither did he wish his Faith to conquer the world. "For after the conquest comes defeat." Strength, he said, came out of fight and persecution.

He lived in the long white house in its purple mist of Judas trees, dattiers and pomegranates, which squatted secretively along the *Defile des Pistachios*. There were no windows facing the street, but behind the gates was a square courtyard filled with the sound of running water and a trellised vine for shade. There the Bach-Agha lived with his wives, his two bearded sons and their wives, and Mustapha. All had separate ménages, the men never seeing the face of women other than their own. Mustapha himself had not seen the face of any of his father's women save that of his mother.

The Spanish wife of Abd-el-Krim invited me to her house. Though childless, she yet remained his only wife. Dressed in the cheap European clothes sent for from Algiers or Oran, she was of course never veiled, though she had embraced the Islamic faith on her marriage. It was a good faith, she told me, as an enormous Sudanese brought in tea while we lay on our mattresses on the floor, facing rug-hung walls. The five tenets of the faith were good habits to form: pray, give to those who need, make sacrifices for your Belief, be temperate, be clean. All religions founded on a practical need were good. Birth control was the unforgiveable sin among Arab women, who loved their seclusion and found in submissiveness a great sensual charm. She herself had experienced it. As she spoke she offered honey cakes to a high-stepping gazelle, nervous and a great

(*Continued on page 90*)

WHAT woman could see these lovely jewels without coveting them?



HERE is an opened oyster with a perfect pearl embedded in its flesh, the result of much experiment and careful culture

PEA

THE girl divers wear glass masks to protect their eyes and use wooden tubs in which to collect the baby oysters when little more than specks

A New Industry which had a very long ago and which deals unobtainable save by the few, but

By Madge

IT is many years—many, many hundreds of years—since the fashion of wearing pearls became a convention among women. We nowadays, with our lives simplified, or should I say complicated ? by the manifold inventions of science, take for granted the perfection expressed in such an ornament—we realise its worth, the amount of money required to obtain it, but how many of us realise all the processes and efforts which have been necessary to achieve such a seemingly simple jewel?

Let us for a moment consider the question. We know that a pearl is the only jewel which requires no cutting, shaping or treating, as do other stones before they can exhibit their charms, and we all know that they are found in the Orient. We also know that they are expensive, often fabulously so. Some famous pearls of history have been worth a king's ransom, that commodity no longer current in the twentieth century, others have found a permanent niche in all history books, such as that which Cleopatra melted in a glass of wine in order that her sumptuous banquet should exceed in costly splendour all that Roman Antony could devise to dazzle Egypt.

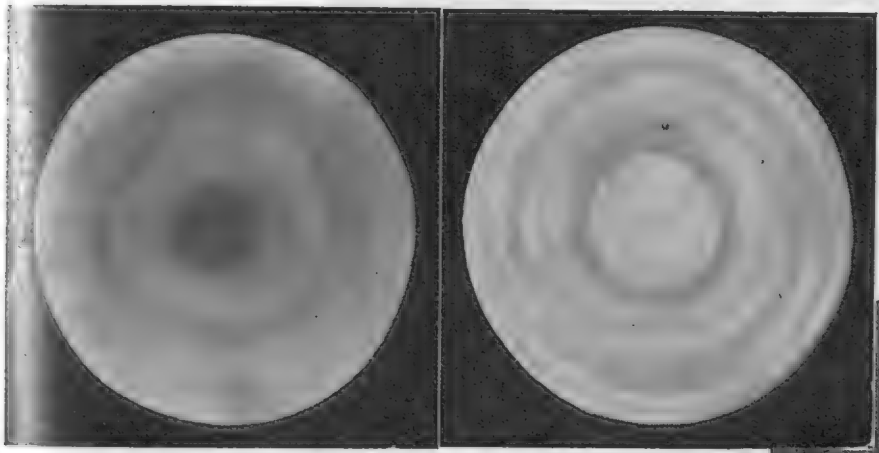
Pearls are expensive because they are rare, and they are rare because thousands and thousands of oysters have to be brought up from the bed of the ocean and opened before one pearl, let alone a perfect pearl, is found. A pearl is caused by a tiny particle of sand, grit or other foreign matter becoming embedded in the oyster's flesh. This the oyster, if it cannot expel, to allay the irritation, covers with layer upon layer of nacreous substance, and in the course of years this becomes a pearl. Often the pearl when it is found is irregular in shape, is attached to the bottom of the shell or is imperfect in other ways. Consider all the million to one chances against ever finding a pearl at all, let alone a perfect pearl, even after the divers have, at the hazard of their lives, brought up the oysters from the depths of the sea—and then you will realise why until lately pearls were of a price far beyond the means of most mortals.

I say until lately advisedly, and for this reason: About forty years ago there lived in the far Orient on the edge of a bay washed by a peaceful sea, a young man of vision. He had heard some fisherman tell of a great oyster in which had been found a miniature statue of Buddha, put there by a superstitious priest to avert some evil many years ago, and that when found this statue was entirely covered with a nacreous surface similar to that of a pearl. He realised that a pearl, in spite of all the legends which had been woven about its origin, was in reality a growth which had been caused by some extraneous matter within the oyster. Gone were all the tales of how oysters rose to the surface to imbibe the dew and how in the course of time these were transformed into pearls, gone the belief that the tears of nymphs were caught and thus kept for all time, but the tale which has resulted is just as curious.

This young man decided to intervene and to achieve by organisation what nature achieved by chance. Knowing that the pearl was formed around a tiny speck of matter, he decided to introduce a grain into the formed oyster. But a pearl is not formed in a day, a month, or even a year. Time passed, and at last the young man and his wife opened the oysters into which the specks of matter had been introduced. Some contained pearls, some didn't, and some had half-formed or imperfect pearls. Many oysters had died or were diseased. The experiment seemed a failure. But, undeterred, he tried again,

THE oysters are kept in cages in order to protect them from marauders and are regularly examined in order to be sure that they are healthy

RLS...



ON the left is shown a cross section of a wild oyster with a tiny speck of irregularly shaped grit as its nucleus, on the right is a culture pearl which has grown around a tiny atom of nacre

Romantic beginning not in a Commodity hitherto now within the reach of all

Garland

and with the knowledge of experience he learnt how to care for the oysters, how to create nurseries where they could be reared in suitable conditions, for the oyster is a fragile growth and easily susceptible to cold, to germs and to many ills. Furthermore, it is often the food of sea monsters, sharks and other large fish prey upon it and the wild oyster's chance of survival is a slender one.

As experience grew it was found expedient not to introduce the irritant matter into fully grown oysters, which might or might not be perfectly healthy, but to pick the oysters from their beds when they were little more than unformed matter and to rear them in perfect conditions. When at the end of three years they were fully formed and proved to be absolutely healthy, they were very carefully opened, a tiny speck of matter was introduced and then they were returned to their beds. There they were left for another five to ten years, during which time the growth of a pearl, or the non-existence of a pearl, cannot be ascertained. The full period must elapse before the shell can be opened and the results known. Years and years of anxious waiting.

Now, however, this method of cultivating pearls, similar to that employed in forcing plants or breeding selected stock, though other means are used, has been perfected. The baby oysters, little more than specks, are picked and placed in cages, these are then attached to a raft from where they can be easily hauled up and inspected. For three years they remain in their nurseries, in calm warm water, watched over and protected by their cages from marauding sharks. Then comes the delicate operation already mentioned. First every oyster undergoes a rigorous examination in order to see that it is healthy. Then the irritant is inserted. Instead of the chance grain of sand or speck of shell oddly shaped and irregular, a tiny atom of nacreous matter, hardly larger than a pin's head, is introduced, the oyster is replaced in its cage and the long period of probation begins.

In spite of every precaution, of every care, not every oyster will form a pearl, and only very few of these will be perfectly shaped, yet the percentage is immeasurably higher than with wild oysters, when such an impossible number of propitious circumstances must combine in order to produce a pearl.

These culture pearls, to give them their correct name, are therefore no different in texture, weight or appearance from what we used to term " real " pearls and now know as " wild " pearls. They are both pearls, and that is all.

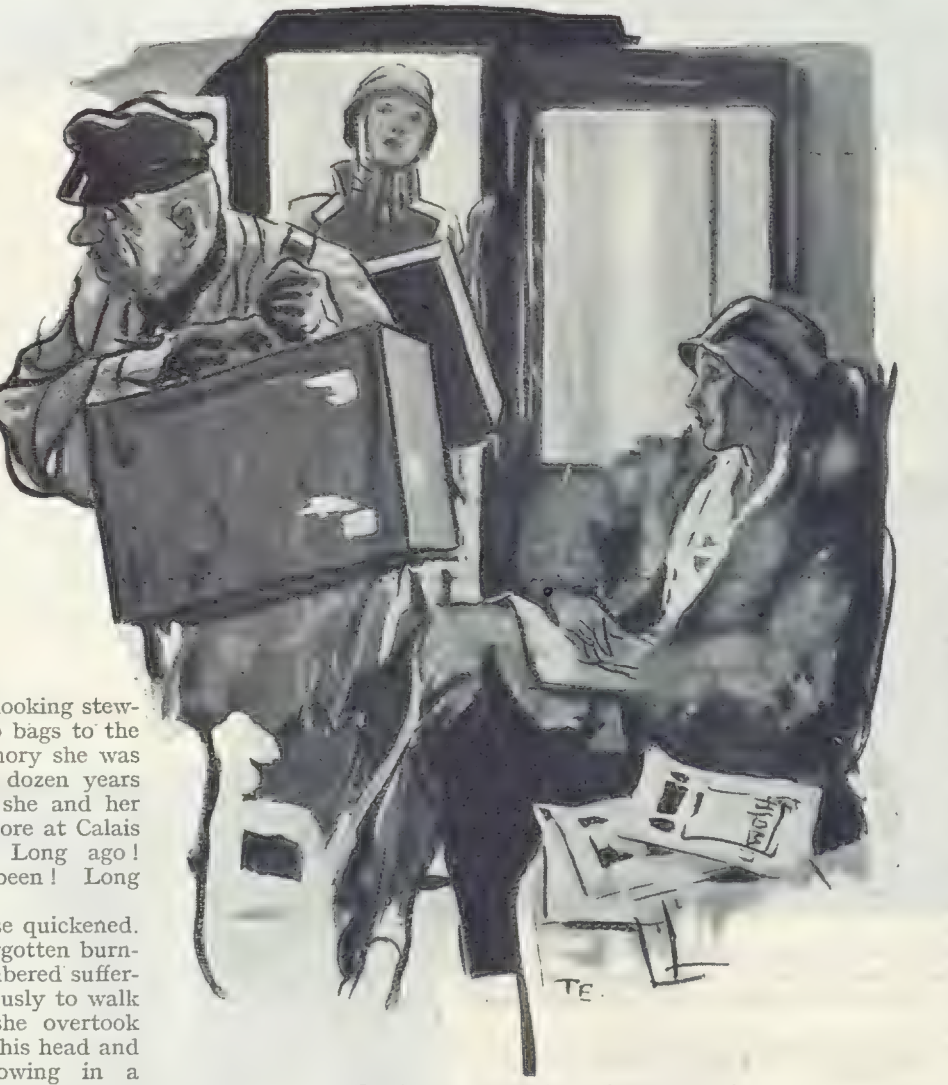
Most of the work is done by women, who, curiously enough, are said to withstand the constant immersion better than men; certainly they look a hardy race. The diving required is, of course, not comparable with the deep sea diving which is necessary for wild pearls; they merely dive in shallow water to (*Continued on page* 104)

MISS MARGARET LINDSAY wearing a charming necklace of cultured pearls

Love, *Marriage*, Divorce—

it's *all* a *Question* of

Imperfect Sympathies



SHE was roused by a bustling at the narrow doorway of the compartment . . .

A BRILLIANT winter day, fleecy waters, a blue sky. The steamer had crossed the Channel in perfect style, and had berthed quickly, without mishap. The wind was strong and cold, driving all smoke frantically ahead, terribly penetrating. And Rhoda Pemberley, who had been under the particular care of the Purser, was going south in luxury.

At the moment she was walking in the bitter wind upon the Calais quays, watching the other passengers struggling and running like disordered ants of large size. Before her a good-looking steward was carrying her two bags to the Blue Train; but in memory she was recalling another day, a dozen years earlier than this, when she and her husband had stepped ashore at Calais on their honeymoon. Long ago! What a mistake it had been! Long ago—where was he now?

For a moment her pulse quickened. Faint waves of old, unforgotten burning indignation, of remembered suffering, caused her unconsciously to walk more quickly, so that she overtook the steward. He turned his head and smiled—white teeth showing in a brown face that was as pleasant as any she had ever seen. She smiled back. Memory disappeared. She saw the enormous blue coaches, smelt the warmth of the train, climbed up the steps, squeezed into the narrow corridor, was at the door of her compartment. And then she gave a sigh, a shiver at the instant release from winter. What a twisted moustache the chocolate-uniformed train attendant had! She was already in the south, it seemed. Palms, sunshine, the lopped plane trees, flashed before her, with that sense of well-ordered ease that marked the social life of the rich. . . . What business had she in such luxury? It was all new, new, new to her. And she was old, unaccustomed to it, unfitted for it.

Rhoda laughed. Nobody need ever be old. As you passed the first stages of youth you grew less fierce, less proud, less resentful of the observant criticism of others. That was all. But what a relief it was! She sat in the corner of the compartment. And felt lonely!

"Oh dear, oh dear! I oughtn't to have come alone!" she thought. "I ought to have had a husband, or at least a friend, with me."

She was roused by a bustling at the narrow doorway of the compartment. A French blue-bloused porter, with bags, a tall thin girl in a warm travelling overcoat, but without furs, fair-haired, slow-moving. . . . The porter was gone. The girl was looking at Rhoda; her eyes had flicked away. Rhoda, having taken off her hat, was sitting quietly in her corner with papers and magazines, and looked both comfortable and pleasing. But the girl, once that first glance had been given, had apparently no interest in her. Indeed, for a time Rhoda did not again see the stranger's face, for after touching a small dressing-case in the rack, the girl went out again into the corridor, still coated and hatted, and Rhoda was aware only of her shoulder.

Was she alone? Apparently so. She seemed to be watching, half-hiding. Endless time passed. Men in uniform strolled about below the carriage window, enjoyed little dramatic dialogues together, shook hands in the foreign way (was it only strange because they did not look at one another when they clasped hands?), separated. There was a slight commotion, which must be a prelude to movement. A very faint jerk. The train was *en route*.

Some time elapsed before the girl re-entered the compartment. When she came in, she kept her face averted from Rhoda. It was very pale, as became her fairness. Even when she sat down, she looked away; and Rhoda idly took up a magazine, to indicate that she was not a garrulous bore. All the same, she was interested and curious. She wondered what this tall, rather beautiful girl with the white face, averted eyes, air of constraint and almost of desperation, was doing by herself upon this long journey. Ordinarily, wouldn't she wish, at the outset, to be agreeable to another woman, a travelling companion?

Rhoda's attention was diverted to the outer scene—always fascinating to her eye and mind. She saw the buildings of Calais; those old buildings that looked as if they were unoccupied, and as if they had all been set up at the same time. She saw the green of the country, so much browner than the English green, and so oddly less kempt. She saw——. Good heavens! the girl (reflected in the window-pane) was dabbing her eyes swiftly with a handkerchief. Her teeth were clenched.

A look of suffering was upon her face. Slowly Rhoda turned her eyes from the window and the reflection, and fixed them upon her magazine. No prying, only an intense awareness of the child opposite.

She pretended to read. The words wavered a little. She glanced out of the window at a passing station, strange, to English notions, quite deserted. . . .

" Damn ! " whispered a voice. It was very low. The girl opposite, handkerchief in hand, jumped to her feet so as to turn her back to Rhoda.

" Look here," said Rhoda, " if you want to cry, *cry*. I've cried myself often enough."

A smothered voice answered her.

" I . . . don't . . . *want* to cry. Nothing . . . to cry about."

Nevertheless, the girl sat down again, and wiped her eyes and blew her nose. She looked indignantly, suspiciously, at Rhoda, but was still lovely, in spite of a beginning pinkness and swollenness of eye.

" I don't know how far you're going," Rhoda said peaceably. " I'm going to Cannes. It's a long way. We're bound to be shut up together for hours and hours."

" I *know*," said the girl in a hopeless voice, that was still full of unshed tears. She might have indicated by those words others which she did not use, namely : " That's the devil of it ! "

" Well, don't quarrel with me," answered Rhoda. " All I mean is that we're boxed together. One can hide a weep for one minute or even two, but for twenty-four hours it's not so easy. If you know I'm not unfriendly, you can carry on."

" Oh, don't be so unctuous ! " cried the girl. " That's what I *hate*."

" I won't say another word," Rhoda told her. " I'll read my magazine."

" You'll only watch me," said the girl.

" Indeed I shan't ! I've got far better things to do. I can think about my own troubles, for instance."

By Frank Swinnerton

Illustrated by
Treyer Evans

" You've got no troubles," retorted the girl sullenly. " Nor have I. I'm *perfectly* happy."

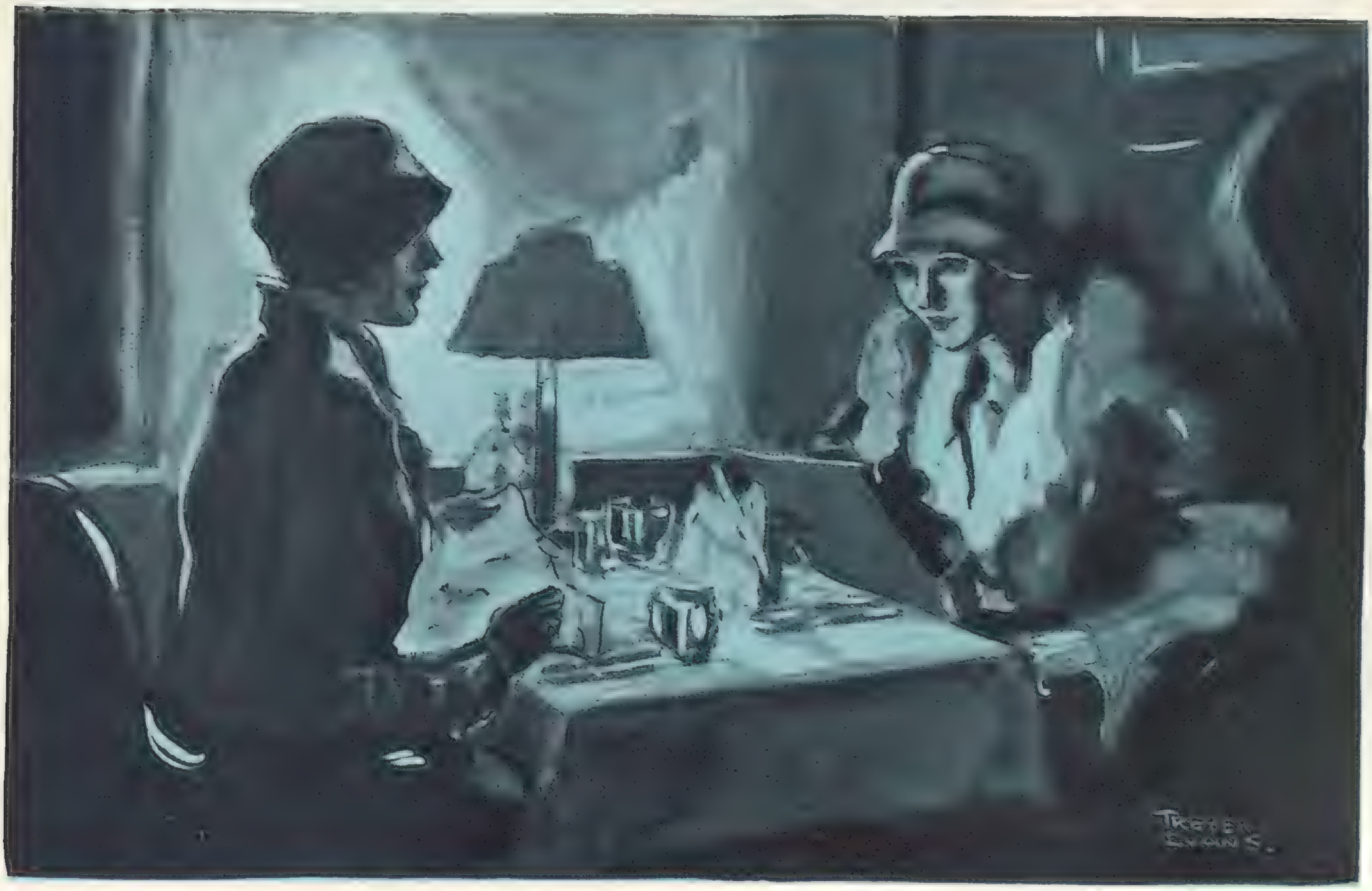
" I'm sure you are," agreed Rhoda, yawning and picking up her magazine.

" Only I happen to have burnt my boats," said her companion in a defiant voice. Rhoda took no notice. There was a long silence. The train proceeded in lithe jolts, well-sprung, powerfully-drawn, warm and comfortable. Outside it, in the open air, the light was brilliantly steely, and all shadows were very keen. The sun was already sinking. " Can I look at one of your magazines ? Thanks. I forgot to buy any."

They read, or pretended to read. As the light failed, both stared out into the dusk ; and afterwards neither made any movement to switch on the light in the compartment. It grew darker and darker. At length Rhoda lit the small lamp near her head, and tried to read by the light of it. She could see the stranger, half turned, her chin resting upon her hand, her eyes fixed upon some unseen point in the darkness. A wedding-ring was upon that hand, a ring of engraved platinum.

Rhoda was a successful novelist. Did she, according to the turn of her trade, romanticise such things ? She could not be sure. The sigh that caused her now to shudder was not a romantic sigh. She had great pity for the young, but it was not sentimental pity. This child, obviously, had left her husband. Intending, perhaps unconsciously, that he should pursue ? Craving for re-capture ? Or putting a determined distance between them ? A lover ? No lover, even in wedlock ? Darkness, a listless body, the bent head, the faintly glistening ring ; and on the other side of the compartment quick speculations in Rhoda's mind.

They were summoned at length to dinner, and Rhoda went at once, so that the girl should be free. But their dinner tickets were of consecutive numbers, and while Rhoda still read the menu she found that her travelling companion had been ushered to the opposite seat at the tiny table. A mutually commiserative smile passed between them.



WHILE Rhoda still read the menu she found that her travelling companion had been ushered to the opposite seat at the tiny table

" No escape," said the girl grimly.

" Only in silence, of course," answered Rhoda.

" I'm better now. Somehow a foreign land, and things you thought you'd forgotten—— "

" You needn't tell me all that," said Rhoda. " Don't I know it ! "

The girl looked critically at her.

" I should never be able to tell how old you were," she remarked candidly. " You dress to suit yourself. And you don't paint. You look happy, too. But as if you knew one or two things. You aren't cut to pattern, I mean."

" I'm cut to pattern all right," observed Rhoda drily. " Only you don't know the pattern. It's not given away with your generation."

" Are you sneering ? " asked the girl, almost pathetically.

" No. Never. I'm thirty-eight. And I ran away from my husband a dozen years ago. That's all."

The girl flushed deeply. She tried for an instant to look entirely unconcerned.

" So you know all about it," she answered in a casual tone.

" I shouldn't do it a second time," said Rhoda, scrutinising her. Then, having said quite enough upon that matter, she continued : " I don't know you, and you don't know me. Better so. Let's keep ourselves, in a way, anonymous. My name is Rhoda. What shall I call you ? "

The girl looked back with a strange mixture of boldness and shyness.

" Elizabeth," she said. " All right about the surname. I haven't got one any longer."

They ate their dinner ; and Rhoda was not surprised when she noticed that Elizabeth hardly tasted what was before her. When she had done, the two rose together, and at the door of their compartment both hesitated. They found that during their absence at dinner the beds had been contrived by their attendant. But they had still cramped seats to sit in. And they were alone. The door was drawn, the darkness without was rushing by. Within all was cosy and secure.

" I've bolted," said Elizabeth. " It's quite finished. I've been married two years. Awful years—like centuries. We jar frightfully. Just that—jar, jar until one's a tatter of nerves. Screaming. I was horribly fond of him. That was over in a month. I'm told it generally is. I'm told the whole thing's just a snare people fall into and get used to. Perhaps so. But when one's got a personality of one's own. I mean—both pulling different ways. . . Every day, every little hour, something went wrong—— "

" You didn't try to make it go right perhaps," objected Rhoda. " One doesn't."

" No. Well, I *did* try. But I can't be a slave. One feels one's got to make a *stand*. One's *pride*. You don't appreciate that."

" I did. I don't now. I'd have made a million allowances. Two million. Fifty million."

The girl's attention was arrested by Rhoda's emphasis. Her reply was delayed for perhaps two jolts of the train.

" I can't. He can't. Two years of continuous crisis."

" Two years of jar. I know all about it. I sympathise. But, if you're wise, you'll telegraph to him to come and bring you home."

" Never ! " cried Elizabeth. " Oh no ; it's all over."

" Never all over." Rhoda shook her head. " That's the trouble. Unless——"

Elizabeth caught her up at the word " unless." She said breathlessly—

" There's someone else. Someone splendid. Someone—— "

" So *I* thought," answered Rhoda sadly. " I was wrong. I'm so sorry."

" Damn ! " exclaimed Elizabeth. " You're making me howl again." She dabbed her eyes. " I know it's a terrible risk. I *know*. But I simply can't stand the other. Of course, I've had all this out with myself."

" But not with him."

" No, it's so impossible. *He's* impossible. Perhaps I am, too."

" One can't *both* be high-handed," said Rhoda. " Listen. I was just as you are. I bolted, as you're doing. And to another man. As you're doing. Good heavens ! I was on wings to go." She laughed ruefully. " Why we do it, heaven knows. We want love—love instead of jar. It's always going to be different. Six months of the new love was enough for me. I still shudder at the boredom and misery of it. The longing to go back to my husband on any terms. Any ! Too late. By the time he got his divorce I was alone again. The anodyne had failed. You're going the same way."

" I wonder. It's not the same. I'm finished with Oliver. And I know——. Did you marry the other man ? "

" Thank God, no ! I spat in his face."

They stared at each other.

" I *can't* stop now ! " cried Elizabeth. It seemed as though, for a moment, in face of such testimony, she had wavered. But only for a moment. " Whatever happens, I shall marry him. He's quite different. I mean, not a—not an infatuation. Not, in that sense, just a

"YOU frighten me—by confirming selves, I'm afraid the boy's a duffer

lover. . . He's kind and good. He'll care for me. Make me happy. I *can't* fight and fight."

"You're giving in," warned Rhoda abruptly.

"What if I am ? But I'm not. I'm sure I'm not. He'll give me what I want."

"He can't give you the ecstasy of first love."

"Pooh ! Who wants it ? You're old-fashioned. Besides, you've no idea what it's been. I mean, you can't compare cases. You evidently—well, you're still keen on *your* husband. I'm not at all keen on Oliver. I feel bruised and resentful, as if he'd beaten me. I never want to see him again. I know it was a fearful mistake. It's been hellish. Just hellish !"

Rhoda closed her eyes.

"Well, I understand that," she admitted.

"Oliver's a prig and a bully. He's the kind of man who's always right. You know? Hatefully impossible," persisted Elizabeth.

"In fact, young," said Rhoda wearily. Then : "Think it over," she pleaded. "He'll wear softer as he gets older."

"Too late." Elizabeth turned away her head. "You think I've been crying for him. I haven't. I've been crying from anger, from excitement. You know how one does. It's not easy. People can say what they like, it's not pleasant to get a black name. You *do* get a black name still."

Rhoda nodded. "You did ; you do. No question of that."

"No !" said Elizabeth loudly. "I won't do it. I'm going to finish for good."

"And if it's a failure ?"

"It won't be. I *know* it won't. I *swear* it won't." When Rhoda made no reply in words, she concluded abruptly : "Look here, I'm going to bed. If you hear me snuffling you'll understand."

They did not speak again. Elizabeth took the upper berth, mounting thereto with young agility and in delightful travelling pyjamas. Rhoda, lying awake, went back a dozen years, lived again through her period of mortification. Adrian, rough, kindly, tormentingly himself. She hard, eager for her own life. . . What a mess it had been ! What a mess which she now saw she had made for herself. It was morning before Rhoda slept ; and at Toulon Elizabeth left the train.

IT was June, in the fifth year from that winter in which Rhoda Pemberley had travelled south. She was week-ending with old friends in Sussex—old friends, still wealthy, it seemed, in spite of hard times, and so congenial to her that wealth or poverty would never have affected the relation between them. What a blessing ? A glorious day was drawing to a close ; and Rhoda, having driven her own car from town, found herself the last-comer to the party.

She had been to her room, and had descended, to find everybody but another old friend—Charles Lorimer—dispersed in the garden. But Charles, kind, steadfast Charles, awaited her upon the broad paved balcony overlooking the garden. He had picked up a book, it is true, so that her silent arrival took him by surprise ; but that fact gave Rhoda an opportunity for one breathless glimpse of the lovely scene. A post-war house so much a part of the landscape that it might have stood here upon the fringe of the Downs for three hundred years. A garden enchanting to the eye and inexhaustibly large. And the soft green of the Downs, above all, making a magic background.

"Well, Charles," murmured Rhoda. "How unsociable."

Charles jumped to his feet. His face lighted.

"Not unsociable," he insisted. "Unshakably constant."

The tone, the glance, the gaiety meant everything. Good Charles ! How loyal, always ; how touchingly and unaffectedly he expressed the truth, without intrusive heaviness.

"Dear Charles !" said Rhoda.

He was almost past middle-age—another five years, six years——. Too bad that such a man should ever go beyond his prime. There was that in his level look at her that filled Rhoda's heart with pride. That such a man should love her ? Alas ! It told her that she, too, in her own way, was no longer the young woman she felt. He was tall, very handsome still, or at least so distinguished that any stranger's roving eye would have been arrested by him, and he looked little more than fifty. She knew he was nearly ten years older.

"How are you ?" Charles demanded.

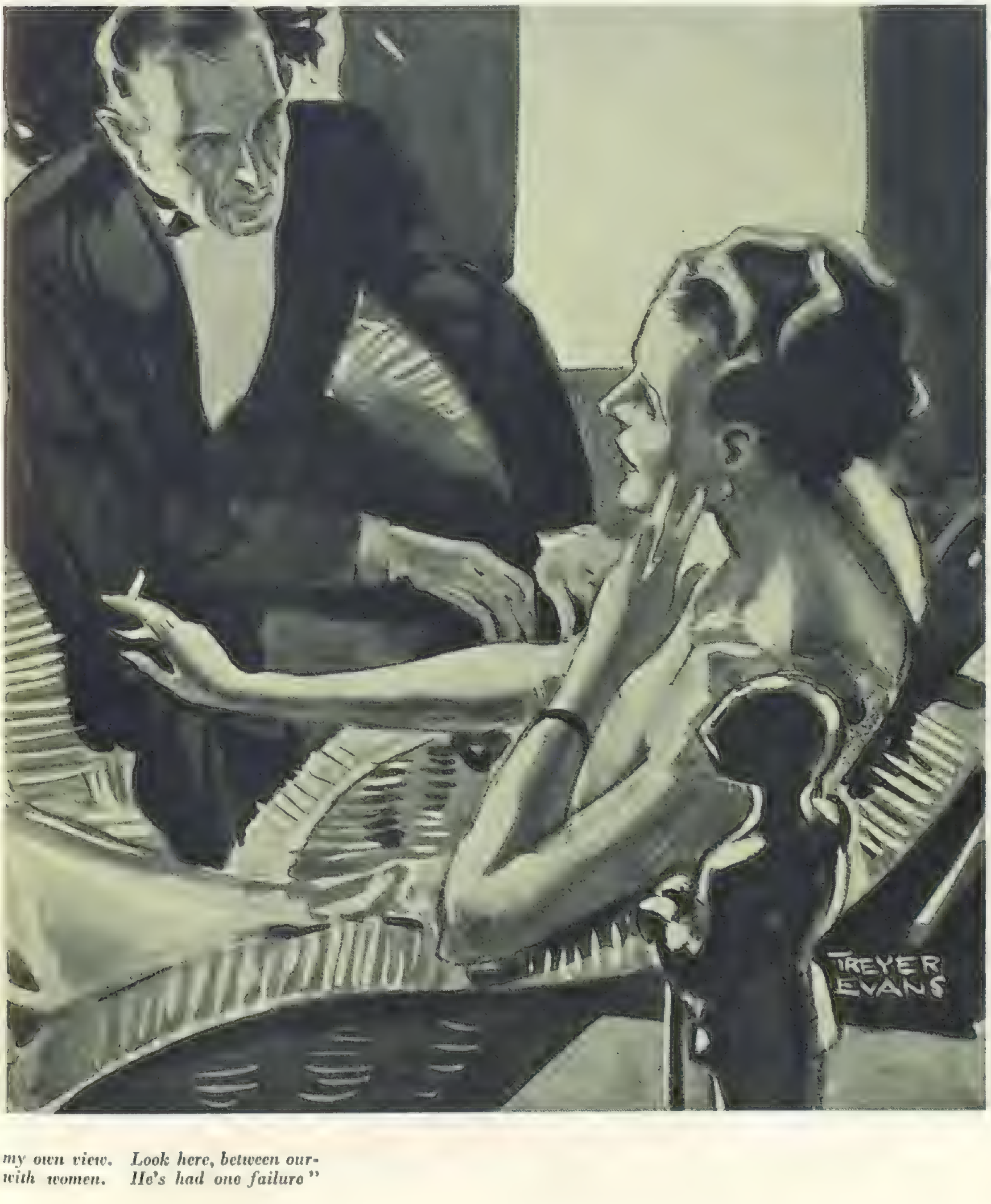
Rhoda shook her head.

"Tired," she admitted. "Glad of this lovely place. I wish I could stay longer. I always do."

"Yes, they're lucky," said Charles. He brought a chair forward. They both sat down.

"Sometimes I feel—I feel I'd do anything to live in such blessed peace. Hopeless !"

"Why, hopeless ?" asked



my own view. Look here, between our-
with women. He's had one failure"

Charles. "It would be quite easy."

"Not for me. A devil drives me. I can't stay still. Well, tell me who's here and what everybody's like. By the way, I forgot to ask how you are."

"I shall never detail my symptoms to *you*," he said. "Too valetudinarian."

"No, you're not a bore," agreed Rhoda. "Still, a purely general statement——"

"I'm robust. Don't press for more. As to the people, there are Harry and Celia—younger than ever. And lucky, as we admit. Myself. Two young men—one of them Lascelles, a young publisher of the modern variety, very 'Oxford' and very clever; the other, Oliver Train, my nephew——"

"Nephew? Charles!"

"Oh, come! My sister's boy. No, of course she's been dead—dear me, how time goes!—she must have been dead twenty years. This boy's been brought up by a stepmother. I like him. He's straight, I think. I want you to like him, too, Rhoda. And, something else. There's a young woman here. I want your candid opinion of her. I mean, you're a novelist——"

"I don't blazon it, Charles! Don't forget I use a pseudonym."

"Oh, yes; I know you're here as a woman. Don't I just! But it's your insight——"

"Fiddle!" cried Rhoda. "What's her name?"

"Eun—no, Amelia Briggs or Bridges or something."

"O-oh!" Rhoda's memory was immediate. She saw in her mind's eye a short dark young woman with a hard and greedy expression; a recollection of a former meeting in this friendly house. "That girl. Well, I don't like her. A digger. A huntress."

"Hm! Harry and Ada think it's ideal."

"They'd make a case for a tigress."

"You frighten me—by confirming my own view. Look here, between ourselves, I'm afraid the boy's a duffer with women. He's had one failure."

"Poor boy. Is he the melancholy boy I now see, very fair?" She indicated the group which was nearing the house—one tall young man, one shorter, the abhorred Amelia, and a younger girl.

"That's the chap. The other's Lascelles. No fool. Oliver used to be the reverse of gloomy. Married young. The wife was no good, I think. I saw her once or twice. A tall, fair girl, thin—high-handed. I didn't like her much; but that was because she made the boy suffer so from the start. She went off at last with somebody else — the usual story with these cocktail-swiggers. I should think there was something inherently vicious in her——"

Rhoda laughed aloud.

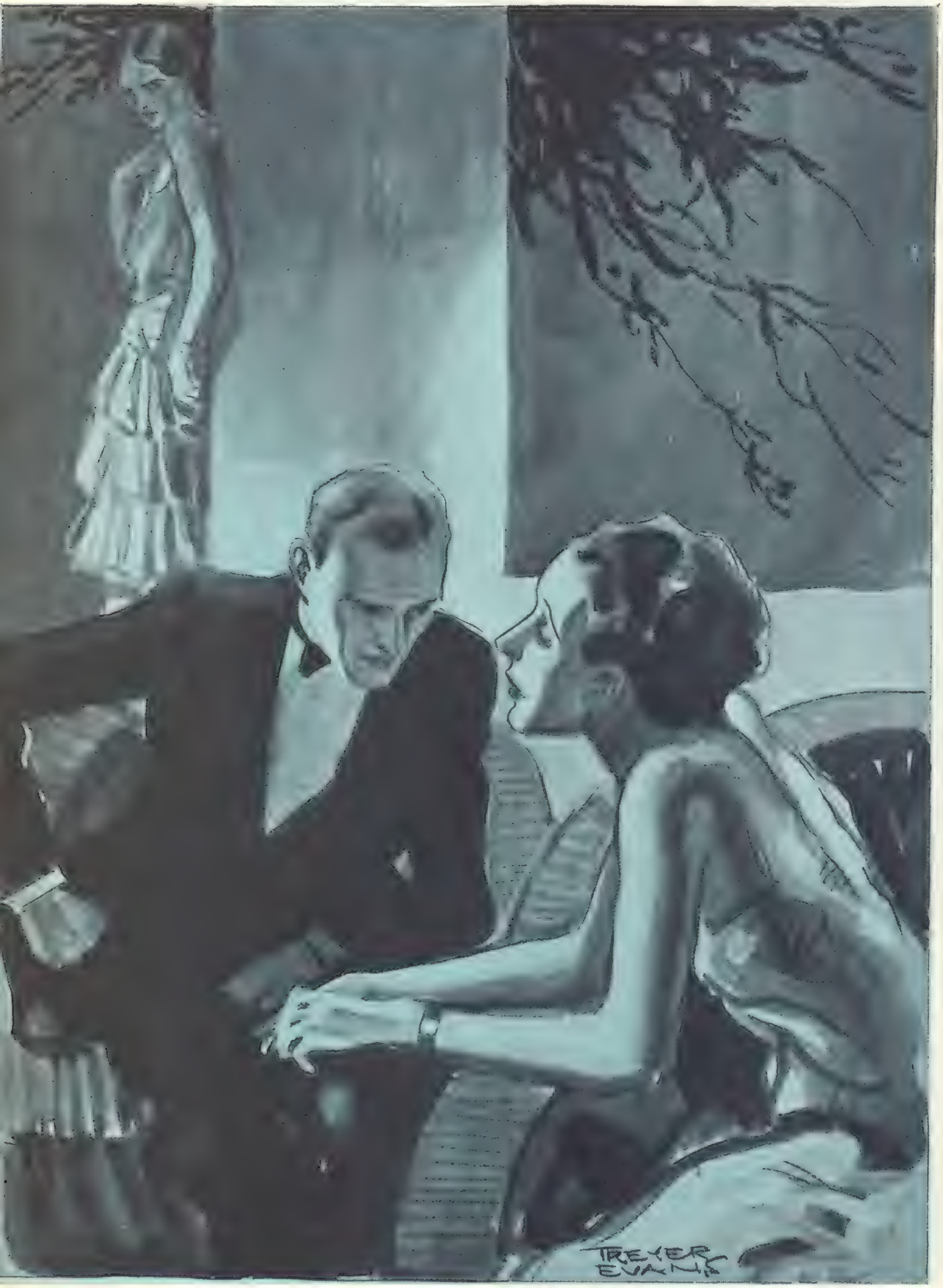
"Idiot!" she protested.

"She treated him scandalously."

"Not improbable. I only meant——"

"It's your own sex, of course."

"Never. I only know individuals."



RHODA was interested. Still more interested when she observed Amelia's wary watchfulness from the distance

"There are plenty of Elizabeths——"

"Elizabeth?" cried Rhoda. "Was that her name, then?" Quick-leaping came memory, a guess. "How long ago?"

"Oh, four or five years. Poor chap, it broke him up. He took it badly. Five years. There's been nobody else until now."

Certainty! Virtual certainty!

"And now you don't like her successor," mused Rhoda. "I wonder if you're so hard to please." She was recollecting that pale face, the tears, the bravado. Poor child! "D'you know what happened to his wife? I suppose you didn't want to know anything." Where was she? Well, poor child, wherever she was she was suffering some of the torments of the damned. And here was Charles still, five years afterwards, speaking warmly against her. What a tangle life was! What a tangle, complicated by prejudices and summary judgments, and all the assumptions and counter-assumptions about right and wrong! No compromise; black's black, grey's black. Either censoriousness or cynical indifference. The world!

Charles grew impatient at her silence. He said:

"Can you do anything to stop this? If you're sure it's wrong, I mean. Think what the tragedy of a second failure would be. Fatal. I'd do anything——. Damn it, would you marry him yourself? I'm in earnest. Look at the boy. He'll have all my money, unless . . . unless——. Never mind. Could you? Heaven knows, it's not that I *want* you to do it!"

Still lost in memory of that child so long ago, Rhoda hardly heard him. When the words reached her mind she looked him straight in the face.

"He doesn't want a *mother*, darling," she said calmly. "I'm forty-three."

"And I'm fifty-eight."

They both smiled at that; but Charles was wistful. Rhoda knew she had but to stretch out her hand. Well, why didn't she do it? There was a stirring in her heart, of tenderness, of cherishing love; no more. She looked again at the young group.

"Listen, Charles," she said. "You speak of your nephew. Did you ever meet Adrian? I mean my one-time husband. I don't think you did. He was before I knew you. A big fellow, very talented, untidy . . . you don't remember? But *I* bolted from *him*. *I* treated *him* scandalously. I adored him. I still (in one sense) adore him. I was and am in love with him—for ever." Rhoda's voice was strained; her throat was quite dry. "But I couldn't stand him. I simply could not stand somebody bigger and stronger and more intelligent than myself——"

"Nonsense, Rhoda." Charles was incredulous. He was quite pale, for all his middle-age and the sangfroid that comes with middle age to the man of experience.

"All right, you see. You didn't know Adrian."

"I say nothing against him. Even though it breaks my heart to hear you say you *still* adore him. I won't try to blacken him at all. I never lose hope that one day, before I'm old——"

"Charles, don't you see that's why I'm telling you." Rhoda had tears in her eyes. "You bet; it's a most hopeful sign——"

"Good God!" Charles half rose. He was in agitation.

"Sh! I don't know. Perhaps. Why else should I tell you about Adrian? What makes me do it? I had either to bolt or kill him, or knuckle under—spiritually, I mean. He wasn't a bully."

"Yes; but I'm not interested in Adrian, dear. I offer you a spiritual inferior, only eager to abase himself——." Charles was smiling again; but there was a darkness in his eyes, as if the strain upon his nerves was too great.

"Don't be absurd. Such modesty's really indecent. But here come the children. I'll think it over. I will. I will. I *am* doing it. Yes, seriously." She gave him her hand, tears in her eyes. So good, so loving, so tender. . . Not Adrian, never Adrian, the adored, the impossible. . . Was she crying? She must let nobody see.

The others were climbing the steps from the garden. They assembled about Rhoda. All, it seemed to her, had a slightly distant air, although the child, Lettice, was reverently wide-eyed before her favourite story-teller, and Lascelles businesslike in face of a best-seller. There were introductions, which eased all; no introduction, hardly a greeting between herself and the unromantic Amelia. Rhoda deliberately appropriated Oliver Train. As she would never have done in circumstances less acute, she made him sit beside her, and gave her shoulder to the others, who drifted under Charles's care to a little distance.

Her first impression of Oliver was good. Although too tall and bony for Rhoda's taste, and too fair and too chillingly blue-eyed, he was courteous and quite handsome in a pale way. There was a coldness or lack of animation which might have been that of a persistently unhappy mood. But surely unhappiness that appeared in one's manner to indifferent persons was an affectation? Perhaps it was conceit? Or obstinacy? Or shyness? Rhoda was interested. Still more interested when she observed Amelia's wary watchfulness from the distance. What! Was the woman so uncertain of him? Bad hunting? Or was it unwilling testimony to Rhoda's own charm? Although too far away for eavesdropping, Amelia plainly listened . . . was she a lip-reader, then?

"I had you pointed out to me, Mr. Train," Rhoda began. "Your uncle has been talking nonsense to me here."

"He often talks of you," answered Oliver in a low voice, and with a direct, serious glance. "But not nonsense." His coldness did not warm, but he was not unfriendly.

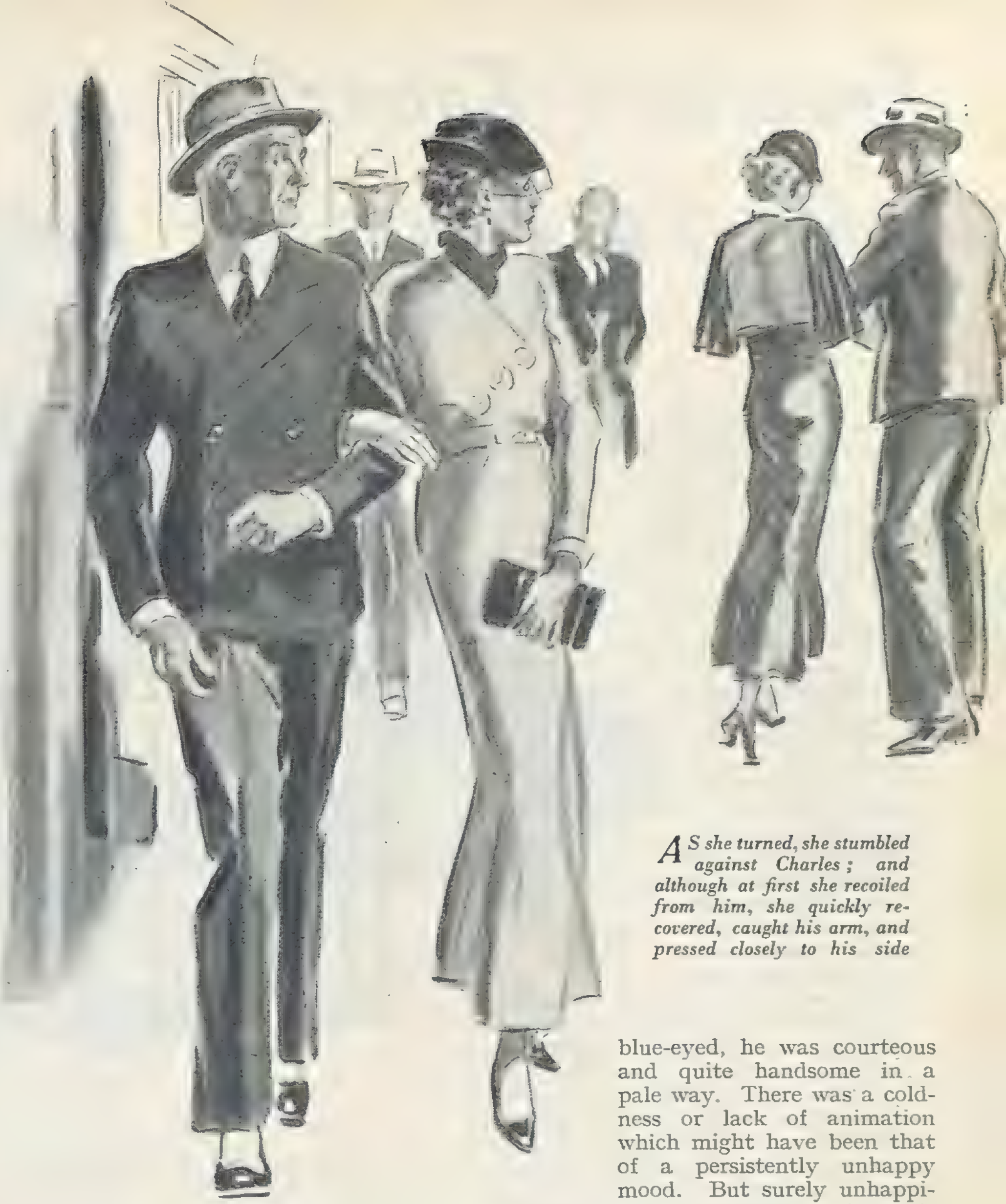
Hm, thought Rhoda. Solemn!

"I've never known him talk anything else," she laughed. "On that subject. But he has great pride in you, I think." How would he respond to such flattery?

"He's always . . . always stood by me. I owe him a great deal," said the young man, unsmiling.

He *was* obstinate. Now, did that young woman read lips? Did she? Here was a test for her. For Amelia alone? Rhoda dropped her voice so that nothing could be heard of it a couple of yards away.

"Listen, Mr. Train. You owe your uncle a great deal. Do you still rely on owing him (*Continued on page 94*)



AS she turned, she stumbled against Charles; and although at first she recoiled from him, she quickly recovered, caught his arm, and pressed closely to his side

Travellers' Tales: No. 3—

The Man *who* Knew Him

THOMAS Smith began as the most ordinary being in the world.

He did not notice it at first, so ordinary was he. After all, everybody about him seemed ordinary—and so it did not worry him. In his suburban school, where they learned just ordinary things, he learned the ordinary amount about them in the ordinary sort of way.

There were fifty boys in his class in the elementary school, and he was neither at the top nor the bottom, but always about the middle, a little better at geography than arithmetic, a little worse at grammar than at spelling, but not much good at anything. He was just one of fifty boys, all more or less the same.

Whole slabs of London are like that. If you dropped in an aeroplane, suddenly, on one of them, you would not know where you were. The houses are just ordinary. And so are hundreds of thousands of the people.

The tram lines all look alike, and they all go the same way. And so do the people's faces, and the people's lives.

Politicians shout at them in vain. Only when they can frighten them are they moved to action. They are born, in ordinary towns, in houses all in a row. And they live ordinary lives, until, at the end, some ordinary persons put their bodies under tombstones that are ordinary in their extraordinary ugliness.

Thomas Smith symbolised them all.

Thomas is so ordinary a name that they chose it for the mythical Thomas Atkins, whose name on an Army paper became historical when it stood for the typical British fighting men. As for the Smith, well, years ago, when people chose place names, or took their names from their occupations, there were once all kinds of smiths—each proud of his own handicraft. There were the smiths of the anvil, the smiths who fashioned the swords and the smiths who wrought gold into earrings, brooches and the buckles for the sashes worn by men. Now, they all stood by awe-inspiring machines and merely oiled them.

Once, there were proud Thomases, men of distinction. It meant something, as did the Smith.

But this Thomas was more obscure than the piper's son who stole the pig. He passed out of school and became what they still call a "clerk," although that word, too, has now lost its meaning. Why, thousands of them merely play about with cash registers.

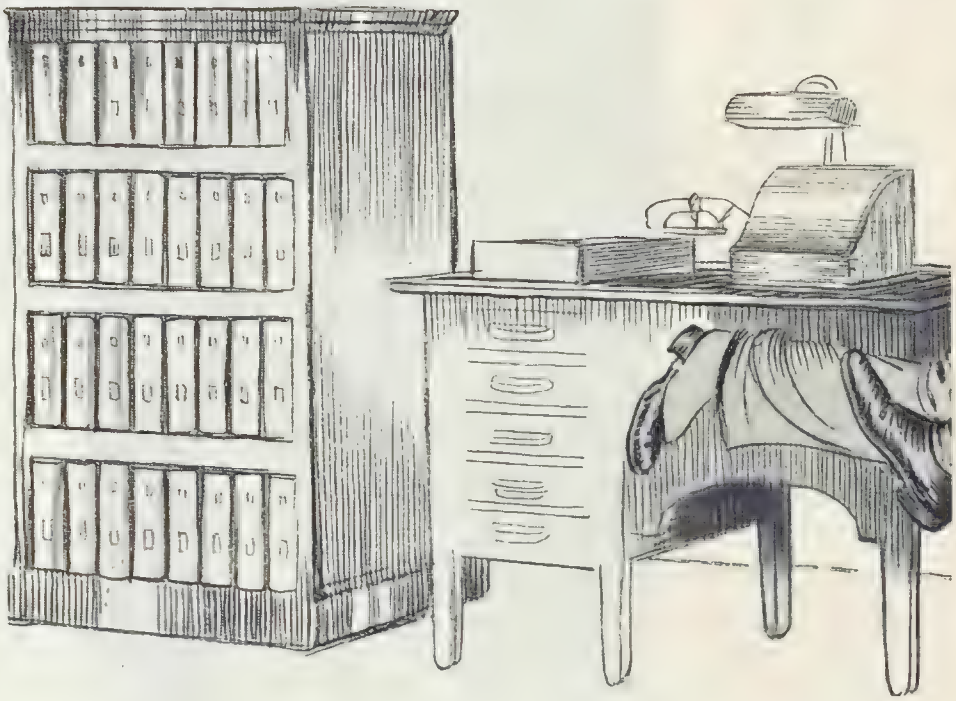
FOR ordinary hours, on every ordinary day, Thomas Smith pursued his ordinary life, doomed, it would seem, to eternal ordinariness.

"Smith," someone would shout.

"Yes, sir," he would say.

And that seemed destined to be the beginning and end of his life.

Nobody noticed him, except to find fault. Nobody called on him, except to collect a bill. Nobody noticed him, unless he were in the way.



And, before he knew what had happened, he felt his hands on someone's throat . . .

Then, one day, Thomas Smith emerged. Out of all the boys he had spoken to in school, boys with whom he had shared silly little games, silly little secrets, and a little furtive larking with girls—"picking them up," they called it—one got his name in the papers.

He had been engaged as a forward in a First League club.

Thomas Smith read it in a paper. And that day, in the office, he told another clerk. He pointed to the paragraph, secreting the paper in his desk as he did so.

"*I knew him at school,*" he said.

The other clerk looked up, admiringly.

"Go on," he said.

Those two words changed the course of Thomas Smith's life. No longer was he ordinary! He knew somebody who was famous! He had met a man whose name was in the papers!

Now the newly discovered footballer had been, at school, just nobody, just another Thomas Smith. But, gradually, Smith's youthful fancy evolved a romance all around him. He began to recall incidents, none of which had ever happened, in which the two of them, as young boys, had been gay cavaliers, or daredevils. Why, once they had answered the master back! And there was a girl at the corner who . . . .

Gradually, all the clerks in the business where Smith had been so ordinary heard this, a bit at a time. Thomas Smith emerged. He was bathed in reflected glory. And so he made a habit of it.

Some months later a young man made a century for Kent. Thomas Smith became very adventurous.

"I knew him at school," he said.

"But he went to Eton," replied someone.

Now Thomas Smith was not quite certain where Eton was. He knew they wore tall hats. He thought it was near London somewhere, somewhere slightly north, mixing it up with Harrow, of course. But conscious he had been caught lying, he dropped the matter.

But he turned up Eton. Yes, he went to a library and discovered when it was founded, and read some of the story of its past.

That day there began a real transformation in Thomas Smith's life.

He discovered that the Encyclopædia Britannica was a fund of knowledge. The story of Eton led him on. He began to read.

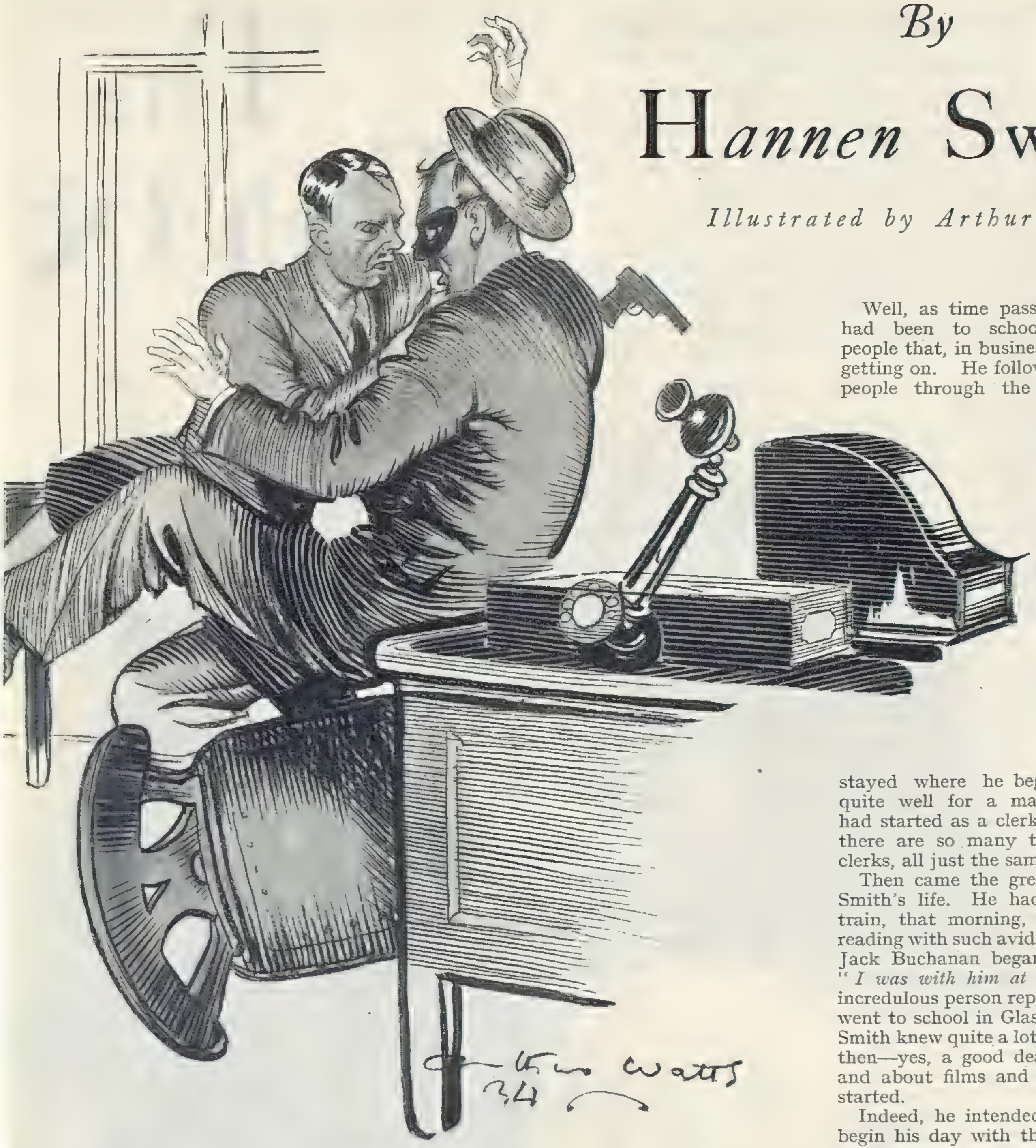
So, when some months afterwards, a young British actor went to Hollywood and made a name, Thomas Smith remarked to a friend, "*I knew him at school.* Rugby, you know."

The other fellow, surprised, led to an explanation. He was there a few months, and then his father had lost his money . . .

Thomas Smith felt quite safe this time. Before lying about his association with the young actor, when they were boys, he had read all the stories about him in all

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrated by Arthur Watts



the papers about the young man, and knew a good deal about his life.

Then there was a young explorer who went southward with Scott. His name came up, one day.

"*I knew him at school,*" said Smith.

And, this time, he said it with such assurance that several pairs of eyes in the railway carriage looked at him with interest.

Besides, Smith could talk about the fellow. He went on for several minutes. By now, he knew something about the South Pole, for it was in the Encyclopædia, and he had turned it up one day.

Strangely enough, too, Thomas Smith seemed to be getting on. He had been noticed in his place of business. That phrase, "*I knew him at school,*" had aroused attention.

It had become a joke at first. But when the laughter had died down, the other clerks began to notice that Thomas Smith could talk better than they could. Behind his lying, there grew up a knowledge, not very much, perhaps—but, if you have seen an army of clerks at work in a bank, or in the cashier's department of a store, you know it does not take very much to make one stand out from all the rest.

And, with his little bits of knowledge, Thomas Smith became a little braver than the rest. He "left." He got a new job! He dared to step out!

IN a new business, where no one knew his past, he could say, almost with perfect safety, if the Cambridge captain saved England in the Rugby match with Wales, "*I knew him at school,*" with the certainty that, if challenged, he could talk about Winchester, almost for half an hour.

So Thomas Smith began to know everybody. If a young politician emerged from the mass of Parliamentary nobodies, he knew him at school. Scarcely a name came up but he lied—and with great success.

At home, certainly, he had to be careful. The phrase would come up from his lips almost involuntarily. And, of course, they *knew*. But, outside . . . .

Well, as time passed, Thomas Smith had been to school with so many people that, in business, he certainly was getting on. He followed so many other people through the earlier stages of their success, reading all about them, that he absorbed, without knowing it, a good deal of their courage. He *grew*. And, several times, he "left."

As they had risked things on their way upwards, well, so did he. So, at the age of thirty, instead of being the obscure clerk, he would have been still, had he stayed where he began, he was doing quite well for a man of thirty who had started as a clerk in London, where there are so many thousands of other clerks, all just the same.

Then came the great day in Thomas Smith's life. He had come up in the train, that morning, from the suburbs, reading with such avidity the story of how Jack Buchanan began that, if he said, "*I was with him at school,*" and some incredulous person replied that Buchanan went to school in Glasgow, well, Thomas Smith knew quite a lot about Glasgow, by then—yes, a good deal about the stage and about films and how young actors started.

Indeed, he intended, at the office, to begin his day with the words, "*I knew him at school,*" certain he could pass whatever test faced him.

Then, in the office, when he was just about to say it, he saw standing in front of him a man with a mask. And, right into his face, he saw pointing what might be a pistol or might be a revolver, but which he certainly knew meant Death.

"Hands up," said a voice.

Then the words, "*I knew him at school,*" surged into Thomas Smith's brain.

In a flash he remembered all the deeds of daring that had made great all the schoolboys he had never known, and all the sudden decisions that had made other boys emerge from nothingness in back streets, in obscure suburbs, in drab cities, whose outlying districts look all the same.

And, before he knew what had happened, he felt his hands on someone's throat, and he was kicking and screaming and pinning someone down upon the ground.

Well, then, all you ordinary people, whether you went to school with Thomas Smith or not, (*Continued on page 106*)

The TAUN

It *was a* Grim Fight—and *the* Women *nearly* won

THE descending sun rolled over the edge of the plain as over the edge of a sea, and across the western glare a herd of kangaroos hopped in a startled file, disturbed in their feeding by the sound of movement along the desert pad.

Muffled tramp of feet in dust; dull rattle of a chain; slow tread of camels; clank of quartpots—the sounds were followed out of a fold of the silent desert by the life that made them: a solitary white trooper with his file of police camels and black prisoners chained wrist to wrist. They came through the stunted, parched mulga, and stopped where the dusty pad led to a waterhole among a growth of coolibahs.

Floyd halted his captives and dismounted. He left the blacks standing, while he unpacked the packcamels and hobbled them; then he started to unsaddle his riding camel, but looked at the blacks and changed his mind—last time he had unsaddled before securing the prisoners they had led him a chase through half a mile of mulga scrub, driving the hobbled camels before them with yells, and yielding to recapture only when his bullets whistled successively closer to their fugitive bodies. Now they watched him with sullen eyes as he stepped toward them.

"Shift over near that tree," he ordered. And when they sulkily obeyed: "Sit down," he said.

The four, all linked together by the light chain that handcuffed each right wrist, squatted down in the dust, and Floyd took another length of chain, passed it through a ring and then around the tree, and padlocked the two ends together. He put the key in his pocket, and, taking up a waterbag from the pack dump, went down to the waterhole and filled it, bringing it back in a moment and leaving it with the blacks. One drank, and passed the bag on till they had all drunk, and then left it in the dust and resumed their immobile attitude, squatted on their heels, like ebon replicas of each other.

Floyd had arrested them for cattle stealing, after tracking them beyond the headreaches of the Oakover out into the desert by the Paterson Ranges. Anyway, his black-tracker had tracked them, and, as a reward, lay dead now in the West Australian wastes whence Floyd, with dogged steadiness and increasing weariness, was slowly fighting his way. In ten days he reckoned he would be to Yagoona Station, and in twenty to Nullagine. That was, if everything went as planned—and he could just get some damn sleep! . . . With the thought he turned and looked into the desert, silent and lifeless seemingly, yet which every night spewed up a torment to harass him.

"Well, if the damn bitches come to-night," he told himself, "I'll be ready for 'em. There'll be a bunch more prisoners, that's all."

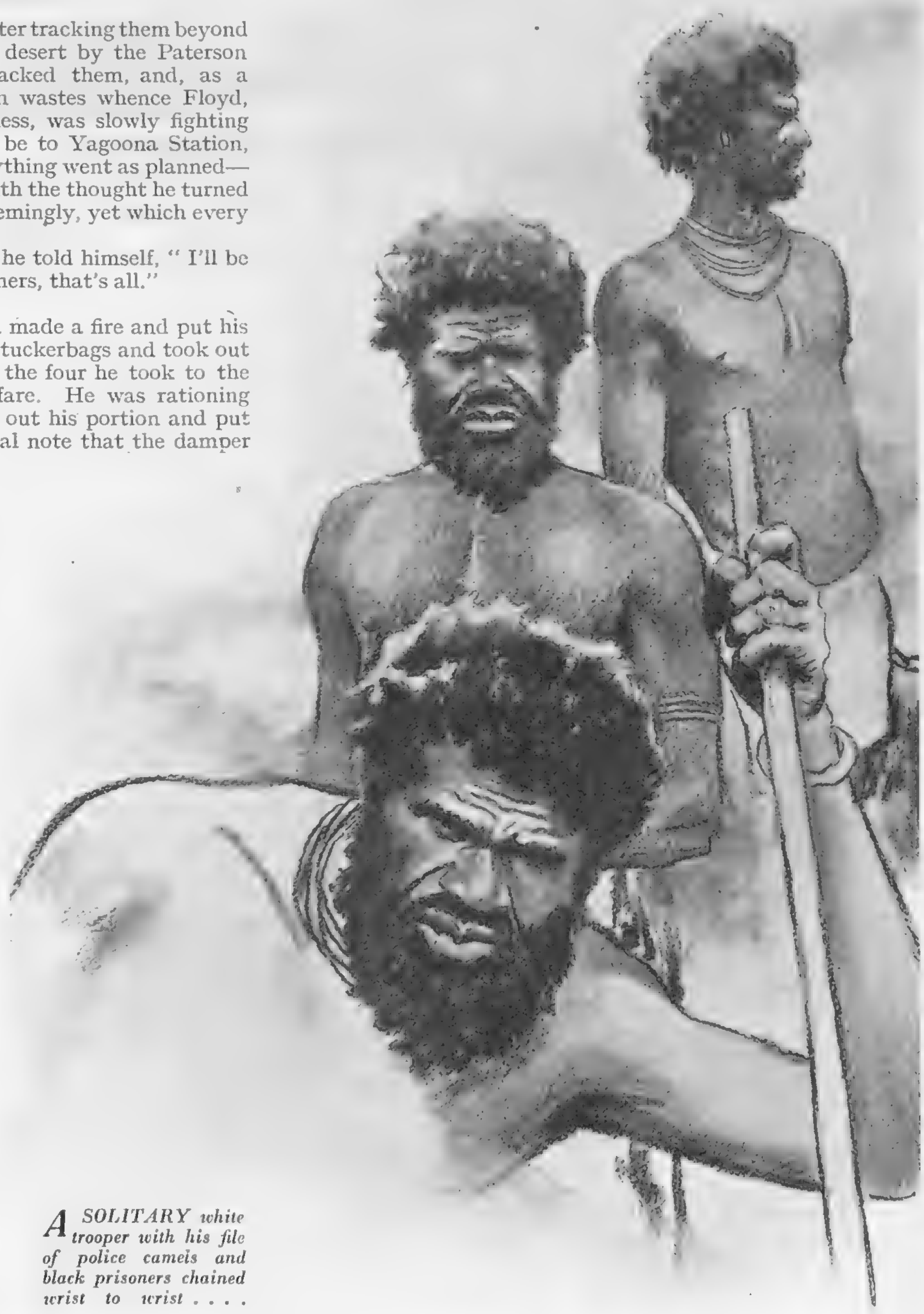
HE gathered some dry brush and sticks and made a fire and put his quartpot on to boil. Then he opened the tuckerbags and took out damper and corntack. Enough for a meal for the four he took to the blacks, and then returned to eat the same fare. He was rationing himself the same as the prisoners, and he laid out his portion and put the rest back in the tuckerbags, making mental note that the damper was about done and he must bake some more.

The quartpot boiled while he ate, and he made himself some tea, and after the meal rolled a cigarette and sat smoking and listening to his camels browsing in the herbage and scrub. It had darkened so that he couldn't see the camels, save vaguely and intermittently beyond the radius of firelight, but he followed their movements with ears that also listened for other movements. The thought that his camels might be run off troubled him, and he knew that he daren't leave them hobbled all night. He would bring them in after awhile, and tether them; but for a space he must leave them to graze; they were hungry; there had been lean pickings at the last camp, he reflected.

While they grazed he built up more body to the fire, and started baking loaves of damper, kneading the dough in a tin dish. He baked five loaves, and then let the fire go down. He wouldn't need it again; he would be better without its light in his eyes. He put the bush bread away in a tuckerbag, and rolled another cigarette and sat with his arms on his updrawn knees. Every little while his swollen heavy eyelids drooped, and he jerked himself out of his drowsiness with a silent curse.

"Reckon I better get the camels in," was his thought, "or maybe I'll drop off and forget them."

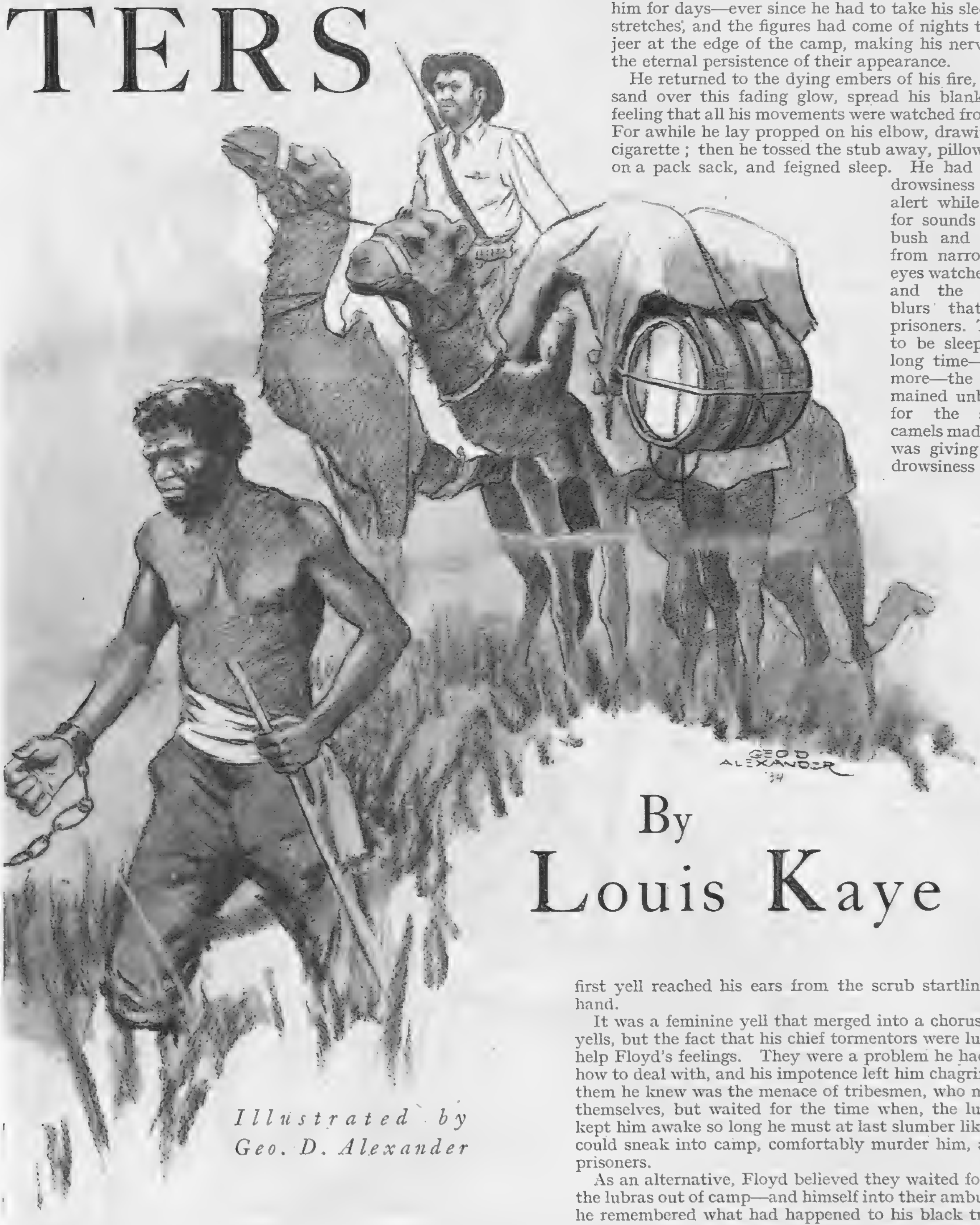
He rose and went off into the darkness where the camels were feeding. Talking to them and tracing them by sound he



A SOLITARY white trooper with his file of police camels and black prisoners chained wrist to wrist . . . .

An Adventure in the Australian Bush

TERS



By Louis Kaye

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

got all five and brought them in. He tethered them near where he would sleep but with long enough lines for them to graze a little, and then went to the prisoners to give the chains and handcuffs a last look over.

None of the prisoners spoke but even in the dark he sensed a vague derision mingled with the sullenness in their faces. He hadn't been as fussy about making them secure in the beginning—a chain and a tree once had been good enough to hold them; and he had turned his back confident they couldn't get away. But now he made doubly sure, and he knew that they noticed it with silent gloating. It was a symptom of the weariness and anxiety that had been growing on him for days—ever since he had to take his sleep in broken stretches, and the figures had come of nights to dance and jeer at the edge of the camp, making his nerves raw with the eternal persistence of their appearance.

He returned to the dying embers of his fire, and, kicking sand over this fading glow, spread his blanket with the feeling that all his movements were watched from the scrub. For awhile he lay propped on his elbow, drawing on a final cigarette; then he tossed the stub away, pillowed his head on a pack sack, and feigned sleep. He had to fight his drowsiness to remain alert while he listened for sounds in the saltbush and mulga, and from narrowed slits of eyes watched his camels and the four vague blurs that were his prisoners. They seemed to be sleeping. For a long time—an hour or more—the silence remained unbroken, save for the sounds the camels made, and Floyd was giving way to his drowsiness when the first yell reached his ears from the scrub startlingly close at hand.

It was a feminine yell that merged into a chorus of feminine yells, but the fact that his chief tormentors were lubras did not help Floyd's feelings. They were a problem he had not known how to deal with, and his impotence left him chagrined. Behind them he knew was the menace of tribesmen, who never showed themselves, but waited for the time when, the lubras having kept him awake so long he must at last slumber like a log, they could sneak into camp, comfortably murder him, and free the prisoners.

As an alternative, Floyd believed they waited for him to run the lubras out of camp—and himself into their ambush. Bitterly he remembered what had happened to his black tracker Narawulla when he had answered the lubras' taunting yells in that wise—remembered how he had found him in the grey of dawn, a pincushion for spears. He had buried Narawulla grimly, and come on, resolved not to make the same error as his tracker. But now he was desperate. His sleep-weary body could withstand this pandemonium only so long, and he was about at the end of his endurance. He would make an attempt to capture the lubras and shove them in chains. It was the only way he could deal with them. Then, knowing that he could use his rifle without fear of shooting women, he would drive the blacks off.

The yelling sank and rose in waves of sound, interspersed with shouts of sympathetic reassurance to the prisoners, and jeering taunts directed at Floyd.

He could see the figures now, vague in the starlight, moving out of the scrub, coming nearer as he took no notice of them. He saw that the prisoners were squatted on their heels again in a motionless circle, watching their lubras moving into the camp.

Resisting an impulse to spring to his feet and give chase, Floyd waited while they came further out of the scrub. And as he watched them, a riddle slowly turned in Floyd's brain. How was it, they had such vitality, since they must sleep even as he ? They covered the same distance each day under the same blazing sun. The difference was that at night, save for the hour or two when they came to bedevil him, they could sleep and rest, while he himself, not knowing what time they would show up, could not relax.

But still a puzzle remained in the tenacity with which they held to the trail ; for, in an attempt to throw them off, along with the tribesmen who lurked behind them, he had mounted his prisoners and speeded up his camel string. But at night, though he should have left them far behind, they showed up again, as inexorable as the sun that found him heavy-eyed at morning.

And despite the fact that they were the prisoners' lubras, Floyd found something in their persistence that was beyond anything in his experience. He could understand their following of the bucks, but that they had followed them so far and always with those same tactics—the keeping of him awake at night so that in the end he must fall heavily asleep—betokened a mind functioning beyond their minds. Among the tribesmen following was the mind that planned it all and infused into them their insolent confidence, he decided.

When their derisive yelling faded a little and he could make himself heard, Floyd broke his own silence for the first time.

" Listen, you bunch of gins. I'm going to give you one more chance. Cut out all this yabber, and you can come along free with your bucks."

One of the figures, the nearest to him, he believed he recognised as the only one who understood him—Meeya, a lubra who had gone bush from the stock camps like some of the men he knew to be with the tribe. To take the lubras along free would mean running a risk of losing his prisoners, but with the chain and handcuff keys in his pocket and a good tree handy, they couldn't get the prisoners loose without cutting the tree down. Anyway, he was running the risk of losing the prisoners as it was—the key wouldn't be in his pocket long after the tribesmen caught him asleep.

But even in the darkness he thought he saw the lubra's face jeer.

" And you not put any feller chain on us ? " she demanded.

" No chain—I don't want to put any chain on gins unless I have to."

She laughed derisively. " You fright, white fellow, thass all. You plurry fright of gins or anybody—you chain'm up all the same. And what them fellers do ?—just catch'm cattle, thass all. Why don't you go catch'm them fellers that been kill'm Narawulla ? "

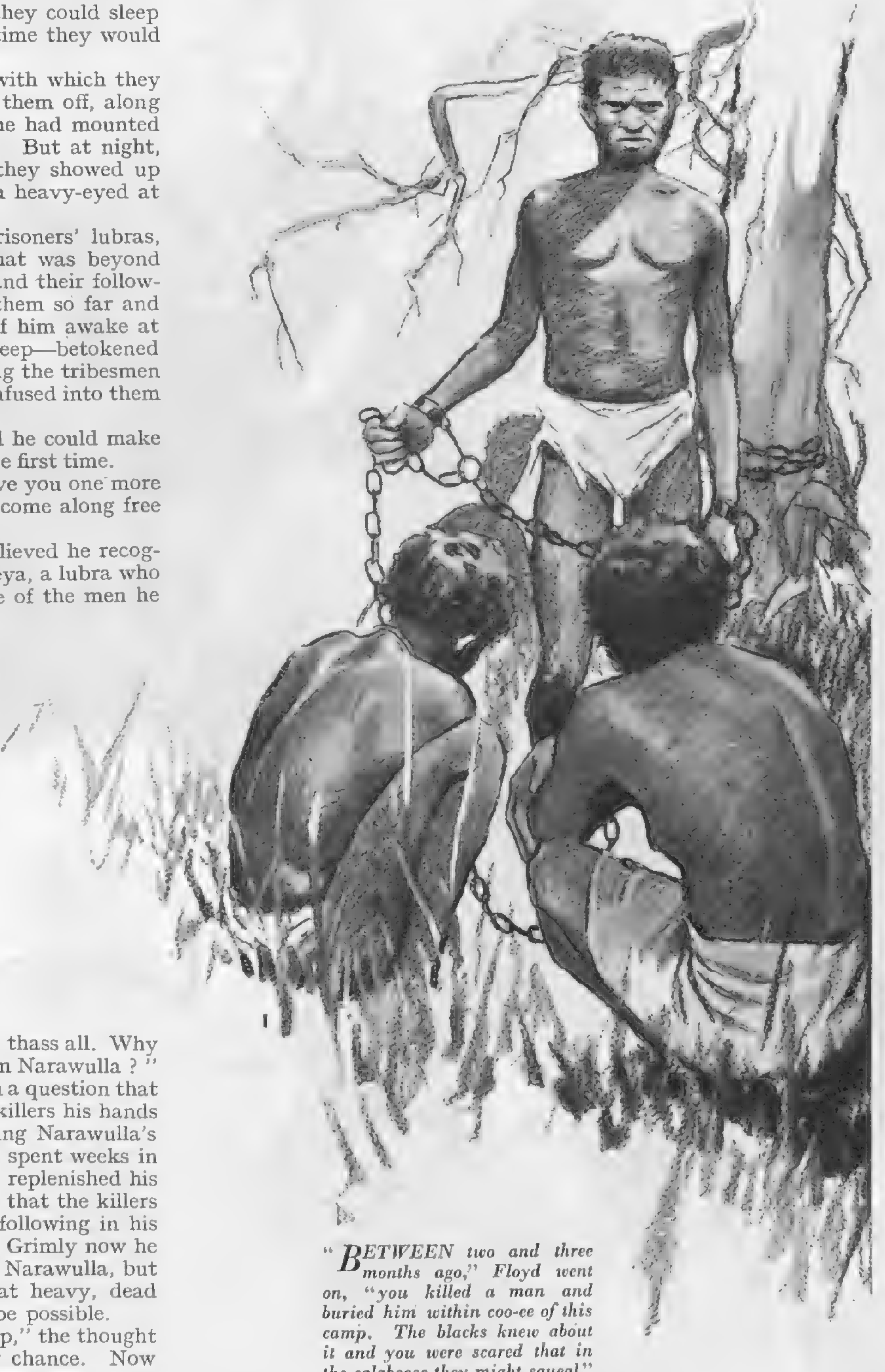
Floyd flushed in the darkness. That had been a question that had troubled him. With the batch of cattle killers his hands were full, and he hadn't much chance of getting Narawulla's murderers without losing the prisoners he had spent weeks in tracking down. He resolved to wait till he had replenished his stores and got another tracker. But the belief that the killers were not far away—were with the tribesmen following in his tracks—was as taunting as the lubra's words. Grimly now he decided he wouldn't go in without the killers of Narawulla, but his first need was sleep. Refreshed, with that heavy, dead feeling out of his body, many things might be possible.

" But I'll get no sleep till those gins are tied up," the thought reiterated in his mind. " I've given 'em their chance. Now if I'm lucky enough to get just a couple, the others'll lay off."

Suddenly, when their mocking figures were as near as he thought them likely to come, Floyd leapt to his feet. The yelling ceased instantly and four figures dived for the scrub. They took different directions and Floyd followed the closest lubra. He overtook her, but she wriggled from his grip as elusively as an eel, and flying off at a tangent gained a start of a dozen paces. He crashed after her, following her by sight in the clearings and by sound in the scrub. All thought of ambush and spears was now out of his mind. He was angry. And the fact that back at the camp sounded the derision of his prisoners, added mortification to his anger. He plunged on with his quarry ducking and dodging ahead and maintaining her lead.

When she reached thicker scrub she increased the lead, for Floyd was hampered in the growth by his rifle, which he had not left in camp lest it fall into other hands, and which he could not now drop for the same reason. He knew his camp and his movements were under scrutiny.

With the thought came a reminder of ambush, but his anger still held sway over him, and he went crashing on through the scrub till suddenly, as he twisted his course in response to an abrupt veering of the sound in the foliage ahead, he collided with a form that was borne to earth with him by the impact.



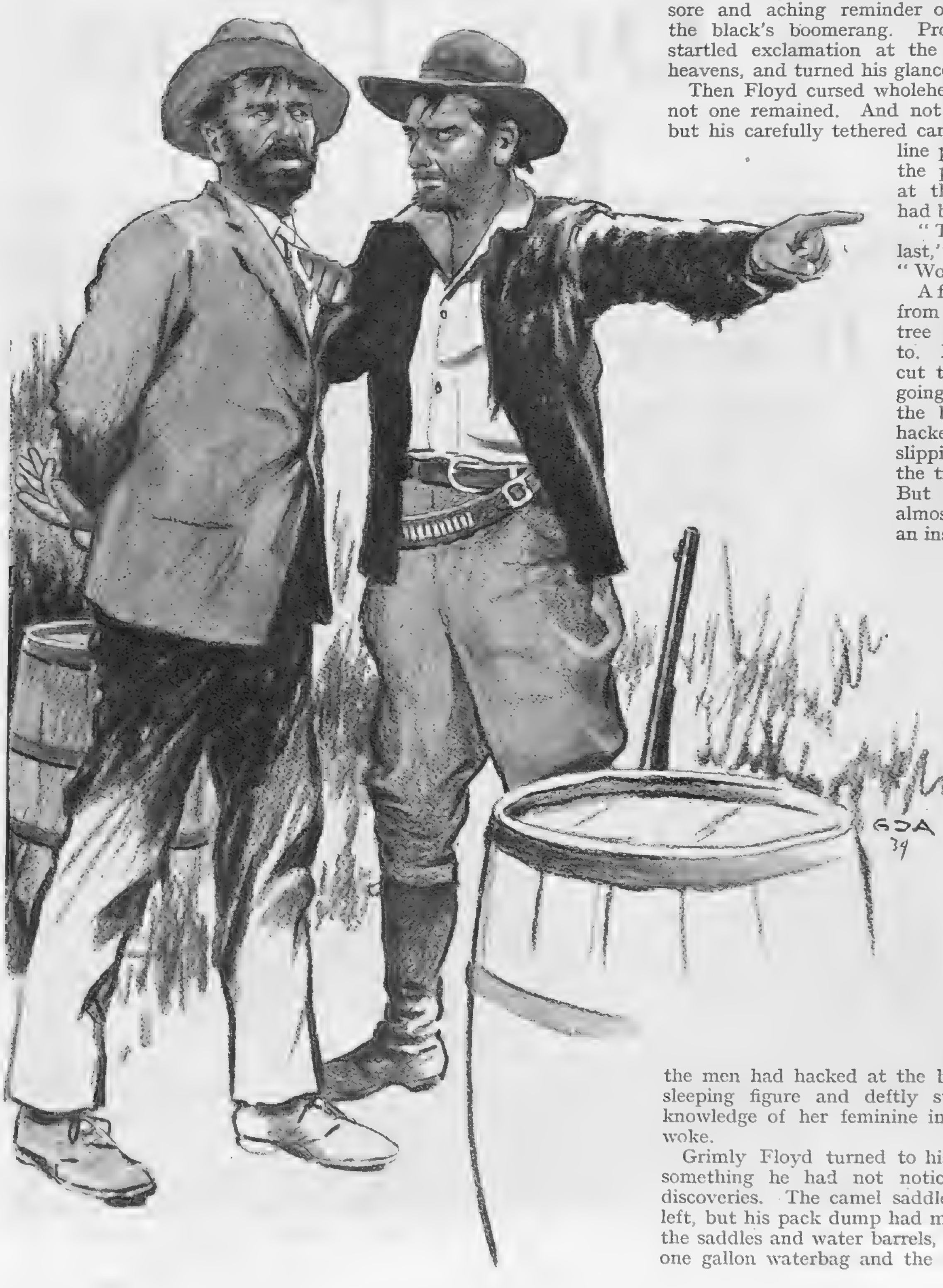
" BETWEEN two and three months ago," Floyd went on, "you killed a man and buried him within coo-ee of this camp. The blacks knew about it and you were scared that in the calaboose they might squeal"

Instantly he knew this was no lubra. He found himself locked in a savage, desperate struggle, flesh to flesh and snarling face to snarling face. His hands got to the tribesman's throat, but the black's knee came up under his belly and his grip was broken. He remembered his trooper's holds, but there was no visible neck or head or arm to apply them to, and he had to wrestle by feel, and the black was a match for him in strength, and more than a match in elusiveness. Untrained in wrestling he yet had the muscular action of a snake, and as many times as Floyd tied him in a hold, he broke the hold, but did not quite escape.

Then, while he sought to pinion him, Floyd felt a weapon brought into play—the black's seeking hand had connected with a boomerang, and began to use it like a baton on Floyd's head. The blows were hard and sharp and cutting, and Floyd did not often succeed in dodging them. He tried to hold the arm, but failed, and desperately felt for his revolver. He managed to get it out of the holster, and while he held to the black with a leg grip, he felt for his lank-haired skull, and hammered at it with the revolver till the boomerang slipped from the black's hand and his body went limp.

Floyd stood up, and when the black struggled dizzily to his feet it was to feel a circle of steel pressed into his back and a hand on his shoulder turning him the way he was to go.

Floyd's boot knocked his fallen rifle, and without shifting his revolver from the black's back he stooped and recovered the larger weapon. Silently he started his captive in the direction of the camp.



TEN minutes later he came into the starlit clearing, where he handcuffed the black and padlocked him to the chain with the other prisoners. The masculine addition to the chain sobered them, and Floyd, who had heard their derision when he gave chase to the lubras, felt his prestige restored, and was more or less satisfied. If the lubras didn't come back, he could maybe get some sleep.

But the lubras did come back. He had hardly returned to his blankets before their yells and taunts fell on his ears again. For an hour he was constrained to endure it while he lay cursing by the ashes of his fire, and when the lubras finally departed there was silence only for a little while before the chant and yells of a war corroboree sounded less than half a mile away in the scrub.

Floyd, dog-tired and fighting his sleep-craving, listened to the corroboree for awhile, and then with pack sacks and banked earth and his blanket made a dummy of a sleeping figure, and crawled off into the shadows of a saltbush patch where he could snatch intermittent sleep and watch his camp.

For a long time his restless sleep was intermittent enough, disturbed by the rising yells of the corroboree. But the din ceased finally, and for half an hour longer Floyd lay in the shadows watching the camp, and then, his sleep-craving no longer to be denied, he fell into a heavy slumber.

When Floyd woke the sun was in his face, and his head was a sore and aching reminder of the hammering received from the black's boomerang. Propping himself up, he gave a startled exclamation at the height of the red ball in the heavens, and turned his glance quickly towards the prisoners.

Then Floyd cursed wholeheartedly. Of the five prisoners not one remained. And not only were the prisoners gone, but his carefully tethered camels were no longer at the noseline pegs. That they had not drawn the pegs in a stampede was obvious at the first glance; the noselines had been cut close to the ground.

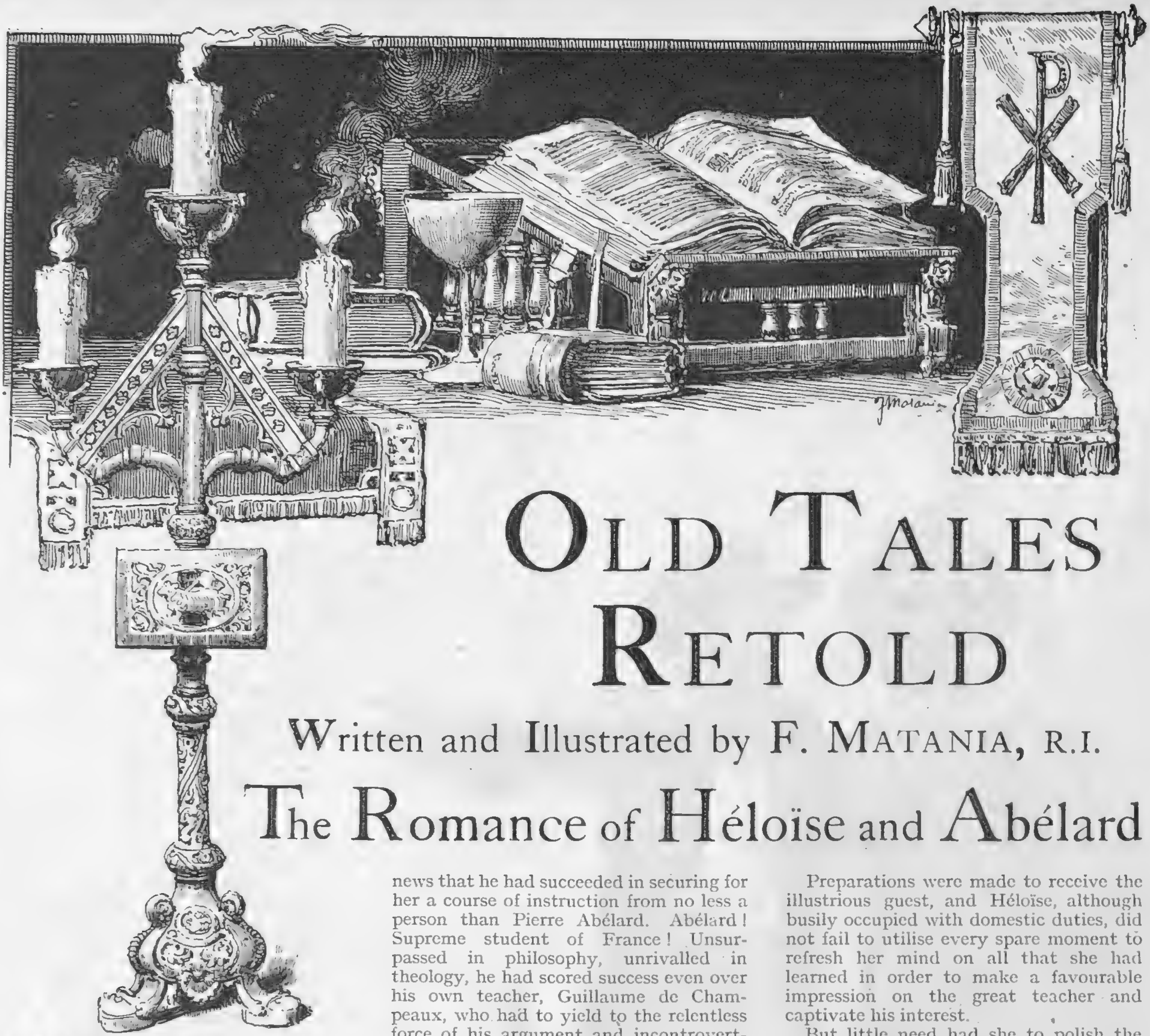
"The damn Myalls got me asleep at last," was his disgusted thought. "Wonder I'm livin', at that."

A fresh perplexity drew his attention from that one, and he stared at the tree he had left the blacks chained to. No attempt had been made to cut the tree down, but even without going closer he could see fresh cuts in the branches where they had been hacked, as if with the intention of slipping the chain up over the top of the tree as the blacks climbed with it. But the work had been abandoned almost at the commencement. For an instant he wondered why—and then knew. A search of his pockets revealed that both his padlock and handcuff keys were missing. He found them at the foot of the tree, still in the unlocked handcuffs.

"Must have slept like a drunk," was his disgruntled summing up, as he retraced his steps back from the tree.

He moved slowly, examining the tracks in the ground. He saw the foot prints of men and the smaller impressions of lubras. One of the latter tracks led to where he had made up his blanket dummy, and passed on from there to where he had been lying in the saltbush clumps. He was morally certain they were the tracks of the station lubra he had talked with early in the night. While the men had hacked at the branches she had crept up to his sleeping figure and deftly stolen the keys, helped by the knowledge of her feminine immunity from his bullets if he woke.

Grimly Floyd turned to his pack dump, to be struck by something he had not noticed in the flurry of his other discoveries. The camel saddle and water barrels had been left, but his pack dump had miraculously shrunk. Except for the saddles and water barrels, nothing in fact remained save a one gallon waterbag and the sack (*Continued on page* 95)



OLD TALES RETOLD

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

The Romance of Héloïse and Abélard

THE bells of the Church of Notre Dame pealed, softened, stilled. Their vibration pulsed, slowed, stopped. The evening service was over. The wrinkled, smiling face of Canon Fulbert appeared at the door of his dining-room.

There was something strange in his expression as he kissed the brow of his beloved Héloïse. Destiny had placed this niece of his in his care, and, as Canon of Notre Dame, he had been in a position to impart to her a superb education, for in the eleventh century knowledge was confined solely to men, and few enough of them.

Héloïse had ever shown an uncommon inclination towards learning. When she left the convent of Argenteuil she had attained a degree of culture that astonished her old uncle. She was the very *raison d'être* of his existence. Pride limned his face whenever he left the precincts leading her, his beloved, by the arm.

Almost every night he used to come home with a new book still further to stimulate that astounding mind.

Eagerly she met him as he entered the room. Eagerly she questioned him. What meant this mysterious attitude?

Unable to suppress the secret any longer, he burst out with the great news that he had succeeded in securing for her a course of instruction from no less a person than Pierre Abélard. Abélard! Supreme student of France! Unsurpassed in philosophy, unrivalled in theology, he had scored success even over his own teacher, Guillaume de Champeaux, who had to yield to the relentless force of his argument and incontrovertible logic of his theories.

His pupils were numbered in thousands and raised him to, for a scholar, unprecedented wealth.

His dialectic was inimitably graceful and impressive, terminated invariably with the most irrefutable conclusion. The melodiousness of his voice never failed to enchant his hearers and the lucidity of his expression disarmed any opposition rising from preconceived prejudice.

It was a period when teaching was almost entirely oral and advancement in every science was attained chiefly by public controversy. It was a tournament where profound knowledge and oratorical skill took the place of lance and mail.

This oratorical skill Abélard possessed in the highest degree and exploited when he was dealing with intellectual giants, but when he was talking to the more humble he had a way of his own in simplifying the most difficult and complicated arguments, so that they were easily grasped by the most simple minds.

He was a master at once of the Latin rhetoric and the Latin lucidity.

Fulbert was overjoyed that his friendship with Abélard had brought about a proposal from the young man to lodge in his house and to undertake, with no remuneration, the private tuition of his promising young niece.

Preparations were made to receive the illustrious guest, and Héloïse, although busily occupied with domestic duties, did not fail to utilise every spare moment to refresh her mind on all that she had learned in order to make a favourable impression on the great teacher and captivate his interest.

But little need had she to polish the brilliant facets of her mind . . .

In the moment they first saw one another was written the opening phrase of a great romance, where melody, like that of distant bells, still chimes sweet even to our jazz-bound modern ears.

Héloïse, but eighteen years of age, was of startling beauty—a bud fully appreciated by Abélard, who was then thirty-eight.

They were both of an age at which a meeting is liable to produce a volcano of passion.

Smitten rather by the physical than the mental grace of the girl, he devoured her with his eyes, while the magic of his brilliant speech spoken in his golden voice penetrated her heart as her mind.

The handsome presence and classic features of the great scholar, together with his intellectual qualities, constituted for her something as perfect as only the unreal can be.

The lessons? What were her lessons but long dissertations on love? They could have lasted for ever without either of them having any consciousness of time.

At the end of each hour of learning they emerged reluctantly from a real dream into unreal reality.

Brought up in the convent of Argenteuil, Héloïse had been educated in principles of the most rigid modesty. Religion, as conceived at that time, elevated even prejudice to the status of dogma. Prohibition of impulse, restraint of instinct, was the law that ruled the life of woman, irrespective of her age. "Thou shalt *not*" was the commandment applied almost to everything. . . .

But what are all the laws of the world, the teaching of the severest doctrines, the dogmas of the Church, the frowning solemnity of the last judgment, with all its attendant horrors of eternal punishment—what are all those grave vetoes and terrors and anathemas when the hand of a woman trembles in the hand of a man?

And so the man, physically and morally strong, crushed in his arms the beautiful young body of the girl who had no strength—nor desire—for opposition.

Insensitive and indifferent to the universe, they lived only for the limitless rapture of love. . . .

Abélard, plunged body and soul in this love, neglected his pupils and his lectures.

Philosophy, logic, theology, rational realism, rhetoric which had previously raised him to flaming enthusiasm, became things of no moment.

For the first time he wrote from actual life, he composed love songs—now, alas! lost—which were on every cultured lip.

In a very short time the world was fully informed of their love—but the old Canon never knew, never saw, never guessed.

The nearest to them, he was yet the last to know.

But the time came when he too had to admit it.

He called it "vile treachery." *He* (presumption of the human heart!), *he* was going to stop it.

His withered heart, fossilised among his ancient parchments and the sacred routine of his office, was adamant to every persuasion.

Abélard, that giant of rhetoric, the hypnotist of men, the invincible polemic, had no power over the infuriated Canon.

Equally ineffective were the tears of Héloïse.

The lovers were separated.

Fulbert, like the rest of the world which has forgotten its youth, was satisfied by this separation. How should he know that their indifference in public was only rendered possible by the fact that they met in secret?

But with Nature and her high Folly the Gods themselves fight in vain.

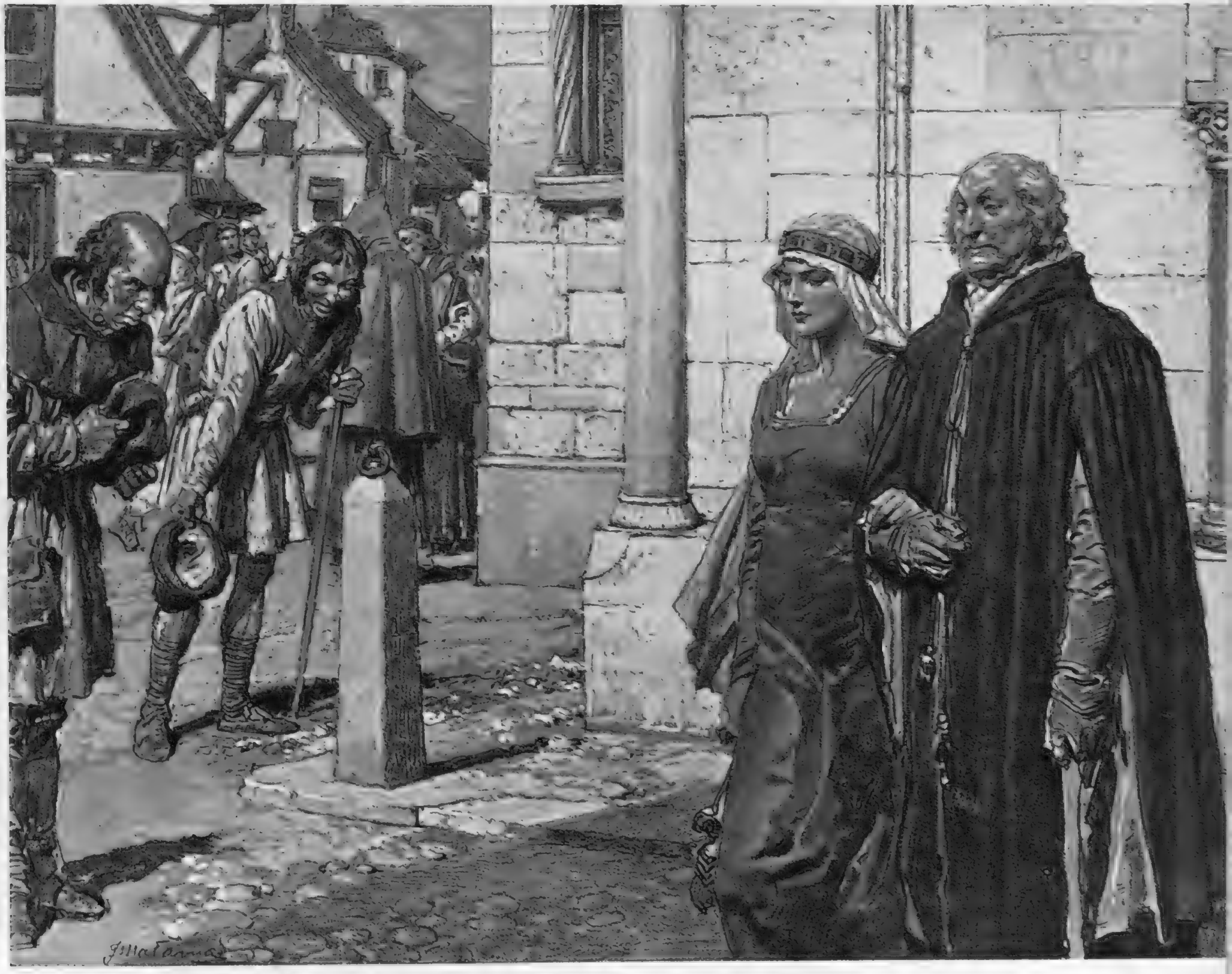
Passion is the bud, love the flower—but the fruit is . . . life. One day, trembling like a frightened bird, she told Abélard. Every hour that Héloïse spent without Abélard she felt as an insupportable outrage against nature. More unbearable still were the staring eyes of her uncle. It seemed to her that all the time he was guessing, and the fact that he did not guess did not subdue her secret terror.

For weeks she repeated to herself the eternal question of woman: "What am I to do?"

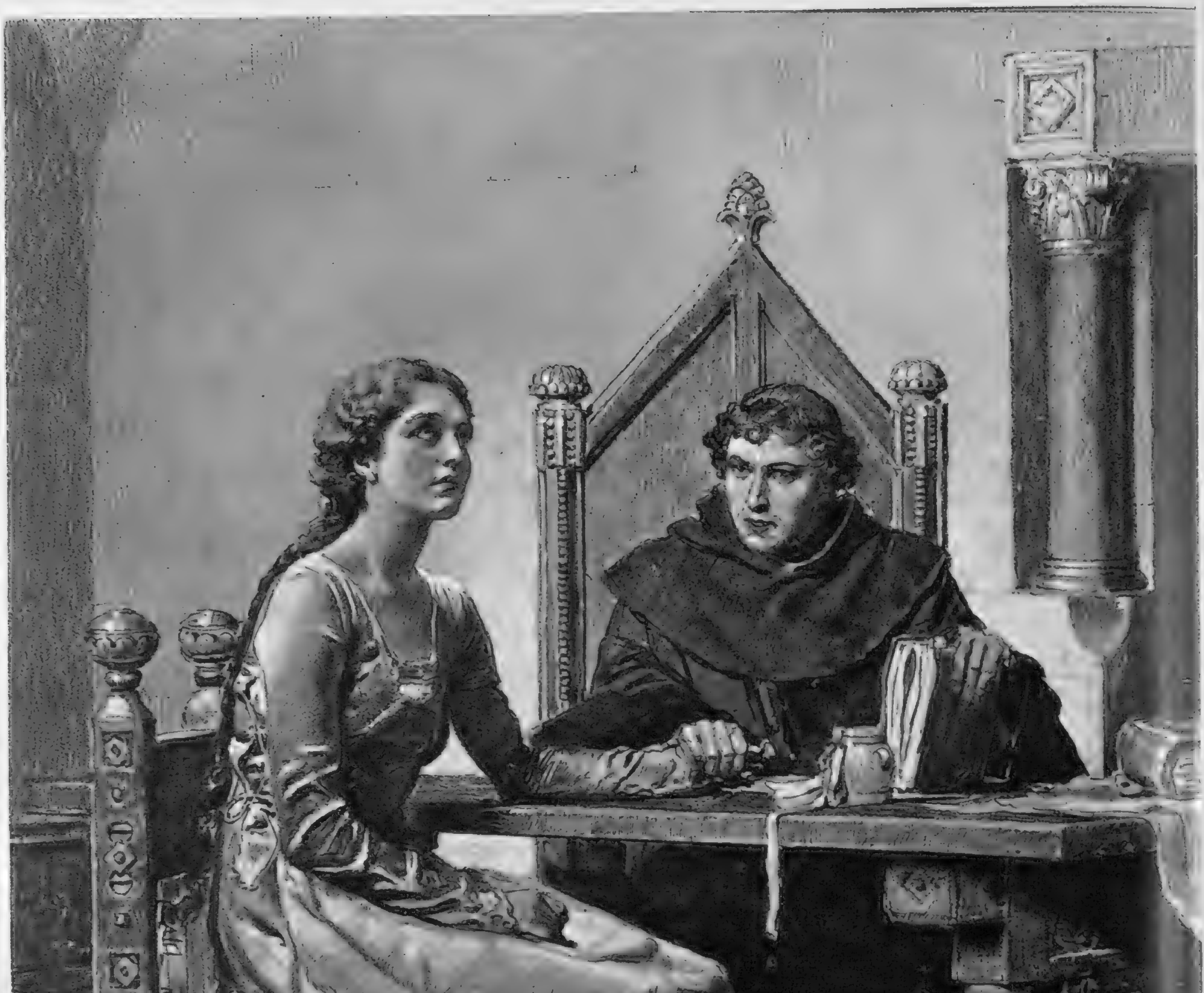
In flight lay her only hope, and so one night, when the Canon was away, Abélard swept Héloïse into the coach bound for Britanny, pulled down the blinds and held her in his arms, scarcely daring to breathe until the wheels of the carriage left the cobbles of Paris for the soft earth of the country road.

Brittany was the stronghold of Abélard's family, and Héloïse was received very tenderly and affectionately by the sister of her lover.

There a son was born to her, who was given the name of Astrolabe.



SHE was the very raison d'être of his existence. Pride limned his face whenever he left the precincts leading her, his beloved, by the arm



SMITTEN rather by the physical than by the mental grace of the girl, he devoured her with his eyes, while the magic of his brilliant speech spoke in his golden voice penetrated her heart

RESPECTABILITY was the real God Fulbert worshipped—a God to be propitiated only by human sacrifice. He was not satisfied when he heard that the marriage which had been decided upon was going to be kept secret. It was then that Héloïse demonstrated to the world just how sublime was her nature. Instead of striving to enjoy the status of a married woman, she wanted no marriage at all. There was in her heart something greater than the pride of being the wife of such a great man. There was the man himself, the man she loved, his career, his freedom, his reputation, the unhampered development of his ascendancy before the world.

Let us hear from Abélard himself the words spoken by Héloïse:

> "What atonement would not the world have a right to require of her who should deprive it of such a light? What curses she would call upon her head! What a loss this marriage would be to the Church! What tears would it cost philosophy? Would it not be an unseemly and deplorable thing to see a man whom nature had created for the whole world made the slave of one woman? The marriage would be shame and a burden to me. . . .
>
> "What agreement could there be between the labour of the school and the cares of a house, between the desk and the cradle? . . . Is there a man who, devoted to the meditations of philosophy or to the study of the Scriptures, could endure the cries of a child, the singing of the nurse as she puts it to sleep, the continual coming and going of the servants, the incessant worries of young children?"

Her unselfishness shines even more brilliantly through the following quotation from her first letter to him:

> "I never thought . . . of my own wishes; it was always yours, you know, that my heart was bent upon satisfying. Although the name of wife seems both more sacred and more enduring, I should have preferred that of mistress, or even concubine . . . thinking that the more humble I made myself for your sake, the more right I should have to your favour, and the less stain I should put upon the brilliancy of your glory."

In spite of this sublime proof of devotion, old Fulbert prevailed on her to accept even the secret marriage. At least socially they would protect their child.

They came back to Paris, and were married a few days later in the presence of Fulbert and some of his friends.

As time went on, the hostility of the old man became more and more justified. The nature of the young man, perhaps, was not so bad, but his vanity had blinded him to the point of overestimating his value to a fantastic degree.

The following words from his own pen very eloquently describe the hideous extent of his cynicism, his vanity and his selfishness:

> "Seeing her adorned with all the charms that attract lovers I thought to enter into a *liaison* with her, and I felt sure that nothing would be easier than to succeed in this design.
>
> "I enjoyed such reputation, and had so much grace of youth and good looks, that I thought I should have no rebuff to fear, whoever might be the woman I should honour with my love.
>
> "Fulbert was fond of money. Add to this the fact that he was eager to procure for his niece all possible advantages in *belles-lettres*. By flattering these two passions I easily won his consent, and obtained what I desired. . . .
>
> "He urged me to devote to her education all of my spare time, by day as well as by night, and not to fear to punish her should I find her at fault. I wondered at his naïveté! . . .
>
> "Entrusting her to me not only for instruction but for chastisement, what was this but allowing full license to my desires and furnishing me, even against my will, with the opportunity of conquering by blows and threats if caresses should be unavailing?"

It is amazing how vulgar are the thoughts even in the mind of a man who boasts of his refinement. He goes on to say:

> "I promised him any reparation which it might please him to demand; I protested that what I had done would surprise no one who had ever felt the violence of love, and who knew what abysses *women had, since the very beginning of the world, plunged the greatest of men.*
>
> "To appease him still further, I offered him an atonement *far greater than anything he could have hoped: I proposed to marry her whom I had seduced, on condition only that the marriage be kept secret, so as not to injure my reputation.*"

It is but fair to recall the agony that Fulbert was undergoing. He too loved Héloïse, with that parental love whose greatest joy lies in the pleasure of having fulfilled a task set by parental ambition; in the efforts made to create a perfect thing.

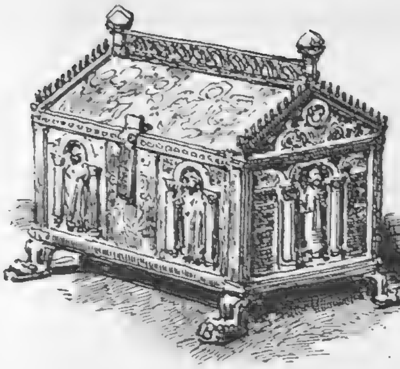
When one has devoted one's life to the education of one's child, and when this child grows up not only faultless, but endowed with all the qualities that one could possibly desire, the child assumes a priceless value in the eyes of those who have followed that wondrous evolution. And when the fruit is ripe and beautiful, a stranger comes forward only to pluck.

That were bearable; but the tragedy that lacerates the heart is to see one's treasure falling into hands not so gentle as one's own. When you see every form of devotion and self-sacrifice lavished on one who would only take and not give, the seed of hatred develops with astonishing fecundity, the stranger is transformed into an intruder, a thief. He has a shield before him—the shield of one's own beloved. Anything that is said or done against him wounds her first.

So it was with Fulbert. When he learned that his niece would grant every desire the vanity of Abélard might suggest or his selfishness impose, stark hatred sprang—a scarlet bloom—in the soil of his soul.

Abélard had extorted from Fulbert a promise not to publish the marriage. For some time he, with great reluctance, kept his word, but the sting of the wagging tongues provoked the old man to the point that the news of the marriage leaked out.

Abélard was indignant, and, emboldened by his wife's support, sure that the holy Héloïse would have



sustained any fight and any lie only to please him, he denied the marriage.

Fulbert had to endure the torture of hearing his beloved Héloïse swear on the most sacred thing of her life that she was the mistress and not the wife of Abélard.

When Fulbert, looking deep into her eyes, tried to awake the Héloïse he had known, the Héloïse who was incapable of speaking an untruth, he asked her once again whether *he* were the liar, she said yes.

So this was what he was making of her! This was the influence of the idol of Paris, the supreme scholiast, the great lover. And yet this was nothing compared with what came afterwards.

Following one of the scenes when Fulbert lost his temper, Héloïse, aided by Abélard, flew to Argenteuil, intending to give a few days of rest to her overtroubled mind, to live once again the recollection of her childhood days where life had been—one uninterrupted smile of serenity.

But a new and unexpected disappointment embittered her existence *Abélard made her wear the monastic habit and insisted that she should stay there.* She had felt a strange presentiment when she said good-bye to her baby, which had been left in the care of Abélard's sister in Brittany. She felt that even the joy of motherhood was going to be taken away from her. When Fulbert knew that Abélard had sent her to the convent, he took it as an unmistakable sign that he wanted to be rid of her. What loving husband is this who leaves his young wife in a convent and, instead of giving her all the joys of the world, compels her to wear the habit whose sole significance is the renunciation of the world?

"So he wants to make a nun of her, after all he has done to her and to me? He wants to make a nun of her."

It was this thought which produced the hideous and diabolical reprisal that took form in the terrible phrase . . . "*I will make a monk of him.*"

He bought the services of a couple of ruffians and, with the complicity of Abélard's servant, whom they suborned, they penetrated his apartment during the night and mutilated him.

Three of the culprits were captured, blinded and similarly mutilated—the scale of justice of the Middle Ages never inclined easily towards justice—but what was that to Abélard or Héloïse?

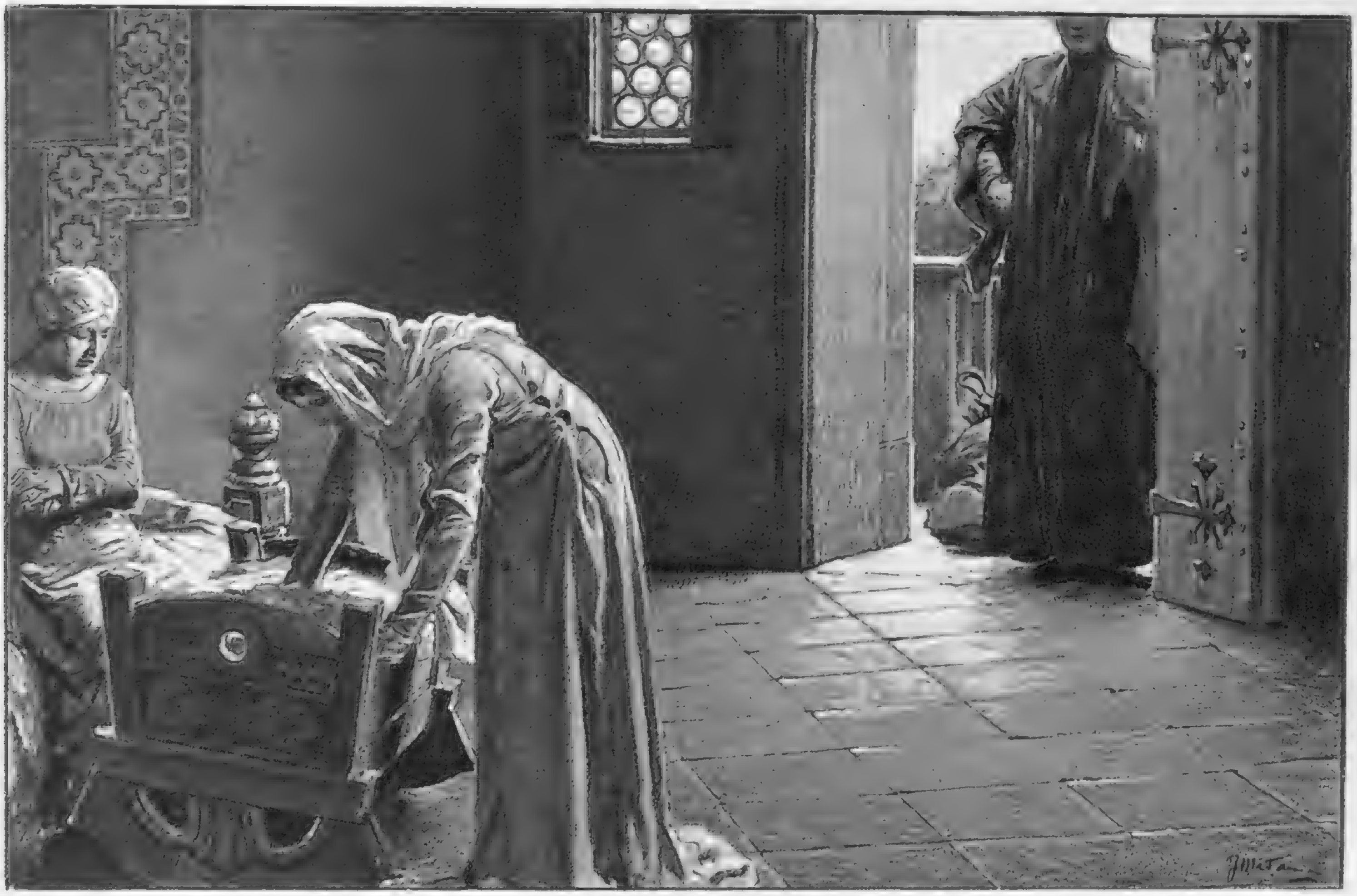
The pride of the man was mortally wounded, and while his wife was healing from her share—indirect responsibility though it were—he ordered her to take the veil.

She obeyed.

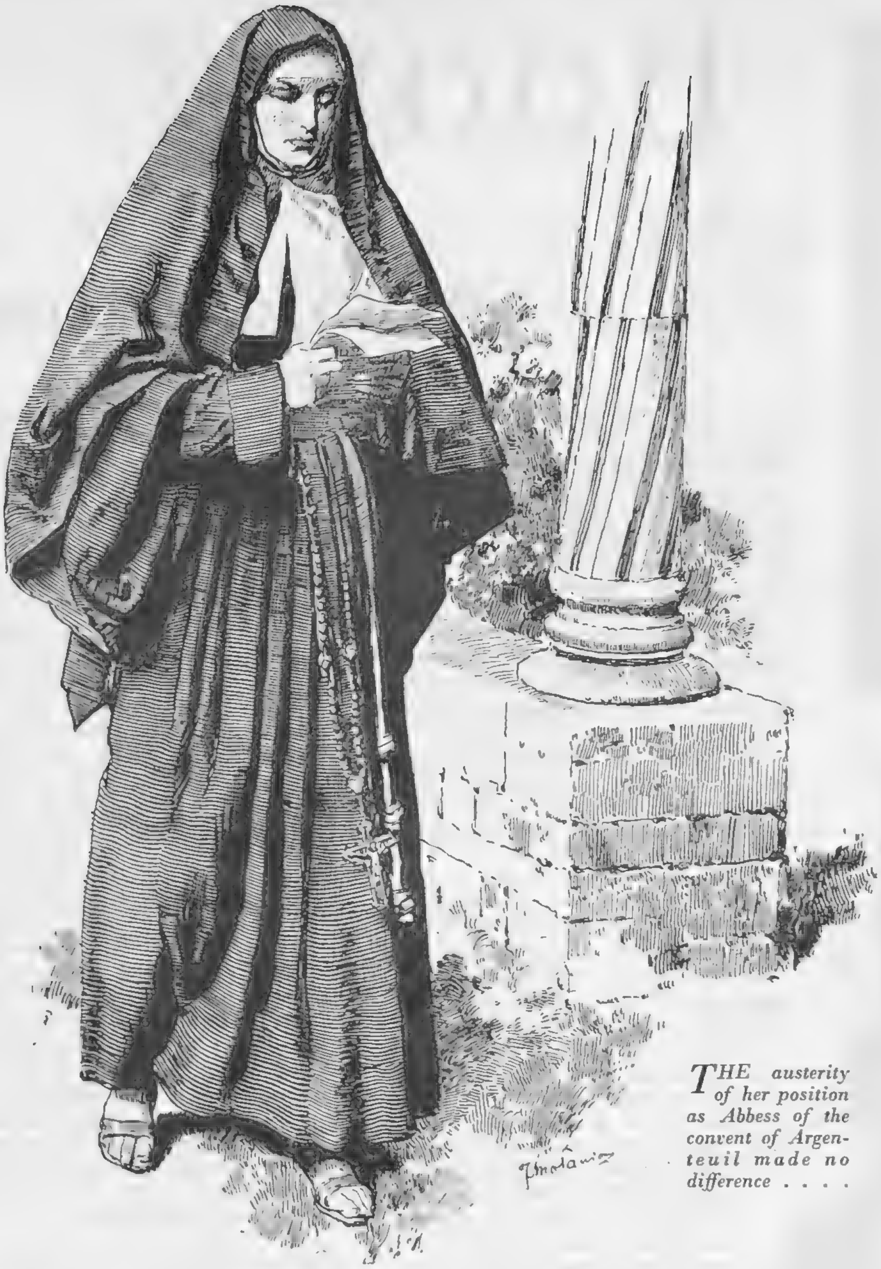
She was then not yet twenty. At the same time Abélard entered the abbey of Saint Denis. His career did not suffer, and, in spite of many ups and downs produced by his fighting spirit and his unconquerable conceit, there is ample proof that through his great qualities he had many admirers, but his bad points made him many enemies. At the end it seems that even an attempt at poisoning was made against him, but this cost the life of an innocent friar.

A few lines from Longfellow's *Golden Legend* depicts the scene in the abbey:

From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea;
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abélard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas
The name of his sweet Héloïse!
Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin! . . .
Abélard! . . .
He was a dry old fellow . . .
There he stood,
Lowering at us in sullen mood,
As if he had come into Britanny
Just to reform our brotherhood! . . .
Well, it finally came to pass
That, half in fun and half in malice,
One Sunday at Mass
We put some poison into the chalice.
But, either by accident or by design
Peter Abélard kept away
From the chapel that day,
And a poor young friar, who in stead
Drank the sacramental wine,
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead!



SHE had felt a strange presentiment when she said good-bye to her baby



THE austerity of her position as Abbess of the convent of Argenteuil made no difference . . . .

FROM the correspondence of the two, one gathers that Héloïse remained the everlasting woman in love. The austerity of her position as Abbess of the convent of Argenteuil made no difference, nor can we find in her letters a word of resignation. She is vibrating with sorrow and love at the same time.

A quotation from one of her letters is clear enough to give a correct idea of her feelings :

> " When you entered the service of God, I followed—nay, I preceded—you. . . . You made me first take the veil and the vows ; you chained me to God before yourself. This mistrust—the only lack of confidence in me you ever showed—filled me with grief and shame : me, who would, God knows, have followed you or gone before you unhesitatingly into the very flames of hell !
>
> " For my heart was no longer with me, but with you."

Generally her letters flood with tenderness and obedience, but sometimes reproach appears :

> " Only tell me, if you can, why, since the retirement from the world which you yourself enjoined upon me, you have neglected me ? Tell me, I say, or I will say what I think, and what is on everybody's lips—that it was lust rather than love which attracted you to me . . . and that is why, your love once satisfied, all demonstrations of affection ceased with the desire that it inspired."

Years elapsed, but the tone of the correspondence did not change. Hers was a passion truly immortal, undimmed by time, unstained by blood, unsoiled by self. Her letters ring as sweet and true to-day as they fell crystalline from her pen.

> " In all circumstances, God knows, I have feared offending you more than I have feared offending Him ; and it is you, far more than God, whom I wish to please ; it was a word from you, no divine call, that made me take the veil."

She admitted all the time that she was passionately in love with him despite the fact that she was a nun.

" Can it be said in fact," she says, " that one is truly penitent, whatever be the bodily penances accepted, when the soul still harbours the thought of sin and burns with the same passion-flames as of old ?

" They praise me for my purity of life ; it is only because they do not know my hypocrisy.

" The purity of the flesh is set down to the credit of virtue ; but true virtue is of the soul, not of the body."

In 1127 the crown claimed the convent of Argenteuil. The nuns were dispossessed.

For two years they wandered with no fixed abode, when Abélard gave them as a gift the property he had built five years before, called the " Paraclete," or the Comforter.

It is evident that in his capacity of spiritual adviser he visited this convent several times.

At the request of Héloïse, the rules of the convent were made by him ; their habit was designed by him ; their ritual and routine was arranged by him. Poignant and fraught with drama must have been those meetings.

Once Abélard expressed the wish to be buried in the Paraclete.

To this Héloïse replied : *" I shall be more intent on following you without delay than upon providing for your burial."*

Sixteen years afterwards Abélard's wish was fulfilled. The great friend of Abélard, Peter the Venerable, secretly sent his remains to the Paraclete with the following words to Héloïse : " May the Lord keep him for you, to give him back to you through his mercy."

To Héloïse, even a monk behaved as a courtier of chivalry.

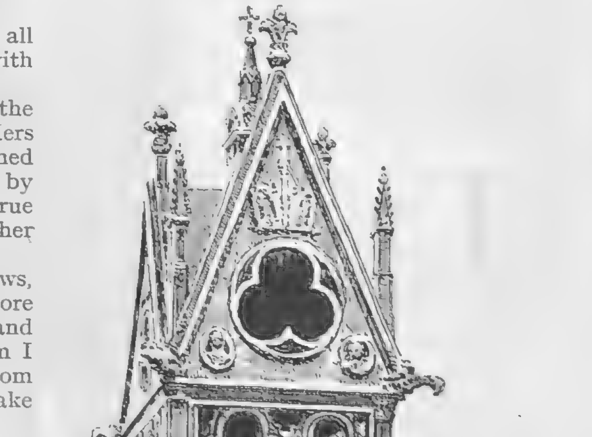
It was the month of April.

Héloïse laid in gracious profusion upon his tomb all the wealth of flowers that spring offers to the living and the dead.

In the year 1164, the tomb was opened to receive her body.

In May, mating time of the world, the Month of Roses, celebrated in every Catholic Church, fragrant blossoms which grew in the Paraclete celebrated the only marriage that destiny had allowed to this saint of love.

Thenceforward their marriage was irrevocable, even physically. Never more would priestly edict nor human frailty sunder them. Their grave is their imperishable marriage-bed.



THE tomb of Héloïse and Abélard

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

FERDINAND TUOHY, author of "Craziways Europe." A profoundly disturbing and absorbingly interesting book

A PORTRAIT of MICHEL VIEUCHANGE, taken at Tigilet after his first expedition to Smara: The Forbidden City

LIONEL EDWARDS, author and illustrator of "Sketches in Stable and Kennel"

THANKS to the efforts of our newspapers and, hardly less, to the policy of that maligned institution, the British Broadcasting Corporation, the public is more fully informed about foreign affairs than in any previous era. Even before the war, there were signs among us of a loss of insularity, a growth of cosmopolitanism. The war, of course, intensified the change; and since the war the League of Nations and the Slump have compelled us, not without occasional reluctance, to realise that we are no longer masters of our own fate. Masters of our fate? There are people who would have us believe that we have barely a voice in the matter. Even though they remember the Franco-Prussian war, the Russo-Japanese and Spanish-American wars, not to mention the recent fighting in China, these people argue that an outbreak of hostilities, no matter how remote in cause or locality, is bound to involve us in the end. If they wish for the painful pleasure of biting on an aching tooth, let them read *Craziways Europe*, by Ferdinand Tuohy (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.).

Mr. Tuohy has been round Europe, round and round and round it, in his little motor-car, until he knows the Continent inside-out and backwards. And what a place, what a mess, what a madhouse it now is, that vast area which at one time existed merely to provide rich young Englishmen with the opportunity of a Grand Tour! Mr. Tuohy, with the detached and disillusioned gaze of a first-class journalist and the abrupt voice of a man saturated with facts and personal experiences, spares us nothing. His book is not for those who prefer to live in a fools' Paradise. Every frontier we come to bristles with problems, every nation is fiercely divided at home and hostile and suspicious towards its neighbours. As we follow Mr. Tuohy round this appalling Continent, where everything is built of straw and everybody is handling explosives and smoking as he does so, our first sensation is apt to be one of acute and personal fear. Presently this gives way to astonishment; then comes anger or pity as we reflect upon the folly of mankind; then a lingering doubt that perhaps we in England, with all our unemployed and all our taxes, have not really tasted the bitterness of the Versailles Treaty and the years which have succeeded it; and lastly, it may be, a wonder whether international friendships are not, as far as history goes, a myth. Are not almost all countries, almost always, deeply mistrustful of their neighbours? Is not the romantic haze in which we steep those countries which are too far away to trouble us the nearest we ever get to international friendship?

Such is the flavour imparted to my thoughts by this profoundly disturbing, this absorbingly interesting, book. I don't think that, in the realm of everyday affairs, I have ever met an author who told me so many things which I didn't know, which caused me surprise to know. As indicated, his book is not a cheerful one; at the same time, though pessimistic it is not despairing. There is even, I suppose, a kind of satisfaction to be got out of the writer's firm belief in Great Britain as a decent and abiding refuge for sanity and continuity, should those qualities be destined to survive. But, meanwhile, where are we all drifting to? What is the standard country, ultimately, going to be like? "Something from Italy, something from Hitler, something from America, something from Russia, something from anybody who's got it; why not? The whole to be digested, braced and brewed by England." Perhaps. Mr. Tuohy, you see, does not insist. He has rubbed too many shoulders for that, met too many strangers, seen too much. His experiences have robbed him of the wish, if not of the power, to prophesy; but they make him a grand conversationalist.

THE author of *Germany: My Country* (Cape, 10s. 6d.) is Herr Friedrich Sieburg, who wrote also *Is God a Frenchman?* I wish I could tell you more about him. I wish I knew why he, who admires the new Germany so ecstatically, is not a member of the National Socialist

The

WHEN one has enjoyed a book immensely, an effort is needed to realise that it may not be equally acceptable to all one's friends. It costs me an effort to recognise that one must have lived or been born in the eastern counties if one is to extract the full enjoyment from Mr. R. H. Mottram's *East Anglia* (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.), but I suppose it is so. No other qualification shall be wrung from me, however, in recommending this book, so full of delight, of spaciousness, of durability, of the essentially East Anglian qualities. The country lying east of Newmarket and south of the Wash is, admittedly and mercifully, a peculiar country, and I have heard it called bleak and inhospitable by strangers. If they had known it better they would, I think, have called it old and

A Trip Round Europe—or Looking for Trouble

Party; and I wish I knew whether he lived in Germany. Unavoidably, one has formed the habit of being rather curious about the sources of the information which professes to throw light on Naziland. However, as Herr Sieburg does not wear a brown shirt, his panegyric is clearly uninspired. He wishes to show, by a thorough examination of the German character, why the present condition of Germany "is exclusively the result of that specifically national character." I am not convinced that, in the history of any given people, some moments are, more than others, the result of national character; but Herr Sieburg has no doubts on this point.

It is a weakness of character-analysis that it tends to be suffocated by elaboration. If the analysis is carried too far, the character on which it is at work loses just those clearly marked peculiarities which distinguish it, and it becomes vague and universal. As Herr Sieburg proceeded on his solemn task of explaining Teutonism in 280 pages, I reached a stage when I turned back to the table of contents to see what was coming. What I found there made my heart sink—The Elemental Forces of the German Soul, Work as Life Style, Nationalism as the Will to Life, The Yoke of Justice, Military Service as a Form of Freedom, and so on—and I found nothing to cheer me in the reflection that Herr Sieburg is probably a typical German. If he had argued that, in a despairing world, some kind of religion is necessary, I would have agreed that there was a case for Hitlerism. But when he traces the present regime to the depths of the German soul, my English nature sickens. As for that soul, it will be glimpsed in the length and style of the author's explanation rather than in the explanation itself.

EVERYWHERE we see nations which, having narrowly escaped anarchy, have taken refuge in dictatorship. A book like *Contraband*, by R. McKinley and E. Rodwell (Falcon Books, 8s. 6d.) is, therefore, in one sense, already out of date, for it describes an almost dead profession, rum-running. But, as reading matter, first-hand stories of adventure never die. Mr. McKinley, a wireless operator, was engaged in the rum-running business in the United States, on both the Pacific and the Atlantic seaboards. Mr. Rodwell, a sailor, was engaged on a similar occupation round the coast of Norway, in an organisation run by a German. The narratives of both these men are exciting to read, and full of little nuggets for the student of human nature. The authors are of contrasted types, Mr. McKinley quick and intelligent, Mr. Rodwell slow, reliable and rather simple. It would be interesting, however, to know a little more about the £ s. d. of boot-legging, high-jacking, and rum-running. The profits were doubtless enormous, but so were the expenses. The delivery of each cargo seems to have called for the bribery of hundreds of people. It is probably true to say that, in practice the lure of smuggling consists of excitement and gain in about equal proportions.

Certainly not love of gain or even of excitement, it was a kind of mysticism which turned the young Frenchmen, Michel Vieuchange, into an explorer and sent him off alone among the independent tribes of South Morocco. In *Smara: The Forbidden City* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) his brother, Jean Vieuchange has given to the world the last journal of an intrepid and remarkable young man. His journal as well as his journey prove his quality, every page of it

(*Continued on page 106*)

Country

aloof. Its age, especially, is Mr. Mottram's theme, but not, I hasten to add, his pre-occupation, for he has written as good a guide-book as any tourist could wish. It can also be enjoyed, as I have proved, at the fireside. Incidentally, the author has done his best to rescue and establish another guide book—*In Breckland Wilds*, by W. G. Clarke, who died in 1925. He wrote other books, too, and there may well be a tardy boom in them, thanks to Mr. Mottram.

HENRY WILLIAMSON

The Lone Swallows (Putnam 5s.), bears the title of the first of Mr. Henry Williamson's nature books, published 12 years' ago. The new volume contains most of the old one and a good deal that is fresh; and there are woodcuts by Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe. Here, again, is a work which can hardly fail to give deep and lasting pleasure to lovers of the English countryside. It is not often that two such books come to them side by side. Mr. Williamson does not always trouble to localise his chapters; but, as his readers know, most of his allusions, when they come, are to the south west corner of England. There are six charming papers on London as a field for the naturalist.

New Fiction

"Family Cruise":
by Helen Ashton
(Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)
"Triumph":
by Frederick Niven
(Collins, 7s. 6d.)
"Bloody Mary's":
by Geoffrey Dennis
(Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)
"Ellery Queen Omnibus":
(Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

GEOFFREY DENNIS

WE all know that the merit and endurance of a book depend ultimately upon style; but of the many attempted definitions of style, not one has satisfied the world, not one perhaps has really satisfied even its author. The novels mentioned above are all written well, yet they do not provide equal satisfaction. Miss Ashton's prose is light and graceful and neat, and her tale of a family on holiday has many virtues and no apparent faults. Yet Mr. Niven, who writes no better, gives one immediately an impression of greater importance. His story, which takes us from South America to Glasgow and back again, is no "truer" than the other, but it seems to matter more because it goes a little deeper. It is when we reach Mr. Dennis, however, that the problem grows really acute. There are, in *Bloody Mary's*, quite a number of clumsy, gawky, ill-written passages, and yet it is impossible to resist the conviction that this story of a North Country school is not only the most powerful but the best written of the three. I have no space in which to set out the reasons, as I think, for this, but the chief reason is that Mr. Dennis is, to an unusual degree, a creator. His characters live, and come very close to us, and stand very weightily on the ground. I find it difficult to believe in his school as a whole, but I believe firmly in every one of its inmates.

The Ellery Queen volume contains three cases successfully solved by that well-known detective—the mysteries of "The French Powder," "The Dutch Shoe," and "The Greek Coffin." I have a great respect for Mr. Queen, and regard him as possibly the third best detective in fiction. Would it be cruel, I wonder, or kind, if somebody were to break it to him that he doesn't talk French nearly as well as he thinks he does?

HELEN ASHTON

House-

THIS is a one-roomed flat, designed for bachelor needs at Sloane Avenue Mansions, Chelsea's new blocks of unfurnished flats. This, the smallest example, has its kitchenette and bathroom, together with such advantages as electricity and gas at reduced rates

JUDGING from recent developments, it does seem that a new era in flat life has begun. Having suffered for many years the stigma of being miles behind the Continent and America in this particular form of dwelling, London is at last " toeing the line " and, with characteristic thoroughness, is setting a standard of living both economic and luxurious which threatens to be the envy of our former critics.

Opinion remains somewhat divided as to the comparative merits of the flat and the house, but whatever prejudice may have been felt in connection with the flats of the past is partly attributable to the fact that they have been regarded in this country as a make-shift measure and, for that reason, have been deficient both in conception and practice.

Now that we are more settled in our adjustment to modern conditions, the flat system shows its advantages and proves to have amenities superior in some particulars to those of the average house.

THIS dining room in the same block of flats has been furnished for show purposes. Electric tubular heating has been installed, although open grates are provided in each sitting-room

If, for instance, one is occupied in the City, choice rests between a home on the spot or one within reasonable access of Town. At one time the suburbs offered a solution to those who either could not afford or preferred not to live right in Town. Now, the great building era has rendered most suburbs only slightly less crowded than the City itself and has, what is worse, encroached so far upon the country that only persons of leisure can reach it. Many of the old objections to living in Town are gone and, more important still, it is possible now to rent a London flat at a cost within the average means.

Modern, well-appointed labour saving flats are cheaper than they were and rents are still coming down. Every day some fresh undertaking is begun which is designed to meet the needs of that part of the community whose standard of living is high and who cannot pay through the nose for what they have. The luxurious type of flat remains expensive, of course, and probably always will so long as there are any rich people left to live in them, but the fantastically high rents that have been asked in recent years for indifferent accommodation are doomed and, as the new undertakings materialise, are being forced to adjust themselves or to remain empty!

The one-person flat is at present only in its infancy in London, and is a belated solution to the problems of our bachelor community. A living-room, with ample cupboard space, in most cases opens upon a tiny kitchenette, sometimes no more than a large cupboard. This contains a sink, a small cooker, a baby refrigerator and cupboards for food and utensils.

Built-in wardrobes are usual and a recess is, in most cases, specially designed for a divan bed.

A BEDROOM at West Hill Court, one of London's most distinguished building achievements to date. These have been aptly described as sun-trap flats on account of the open charm of their surroundings

At Sloane Avenue Mansions, Chelsea's newest block of one and two-room flats, even the former are quite self-contained and have their own front door opening upon a tiny lobby. A separate bathroom, comfortably equipped with shower, hot towel rails, and constant hot water accompanies each flatlet, and there are numerous facilities of service such as special collections of letters by the Post Office, reduced charges for electricity and gas, also for telephones, which are installed in every flat. The temperature of the living rooms is maintained free by central heating at fifty degrees. Supplementary heating by means of electric fires, which are in every room, is charged according to the special rate. The inclusive rent of thirty-four shillings a week seems reasonable enough in view of these economies, for there are, of course, no rates and taxes.

The two-room flats have

Keeping *at* Ease

Tells of London's newest flats and of their amenities both economic and otherwise

secluded open-air balconies and every detail throughout has been designed with a view to saving labour and expense in house-keeping.

On the residential outskirts of London another block of flats is nearing completion. One almost hesitates to refer to them thus, because of the quiet and dignified seclusion which invests this modern mansion with a quality not usually associated with "blocks."

Restraint in every particular has given this delightful residence its charm. In a very large building, where it might have been possible to include a large number of flats, the owners have been content with thirty-eight, with the result that each flat is spacious and perfectly secluded. The sensation of living in a hive, common to some large blocks, is agreeably lacking, and each home has "presence" and a glorious prospect of open country from the windows.

Guest rooms are maintained separately by the establishment for the use of tenants when their own accommodation fails. This does away with the necessity for maintaining extra bedrooms and is a splendid contribution to the cause of easier housekeeping.

The kitchens have built-in cupboards, a collapsible ironing board, tiled walls and enclosed sinks.

Electric tubular heating has been installed, while open grates are provided in each sitting-room. These flats cost from £195 per year inclusive, and are only four miles from the City.

PART of a kitchen at West Hill Court which speaks for the thought which has contributed to the elimination of drudgery

ANOTHER specimen dining-room in one of the smaller flats. All rooms have parquet flooring and decorations are left to the tenants' own choice

A VERY special feature of the Highgate flats are the spacious windows which command wide views of a wooded hillside and a charming garden. This very typical sitting-room has two windows of this size

FIRST AID *for*

THEY say a little knowledge is dangerous and perhaps caution is responsible for a good deal of neglect. At the same time, we are full of amusing inconsistencies, and here's one of them :

We buy a car, we polish and prink it, we feed and grease it, we surrender it to mechanics for periodic overhaul and, after a year or two of unflagging care, we sit back and remark complacently that " she's been a good car."

We buy a clock (the mechanism is just as intricate as that of a car and, one would imagine, far more delicate), we place it on the mantelshelf with sublime indifference to the violent fluctuations of temperature to which it will be exposed there. We dust it daily with no particular regard for its mechanical well-being, but because it looks best that way ; we wind it when we are reminded of its requirements by its tendency to stop and, after several years of this kind of ill-treatment, we take it to the clockmaker for attention and declare, peevishly, that " it never was much of a clock."

It is true that clocks cost less than cars, and are, therefore, hardly deserving of the same serious treatment, but these are not the only victims of neglect.

The piano, one of the most delicate and intricate of mechanical devices, is another. We buy a piano and regard our purchase with pride.

We stand it in the drawing-room against a cold wall and leave the room unoccupied for whole days together when the temperature is cold and damp, the greatest enemy of the piano, is rife. We strew the lid with photographs of the family, past and present, so that opening it for the essential purpose of ventilation is so troublesome that we don't bother. We stand the legs upon glass insulators, thus imposing a serious strain upon the pedals, because our grandmothers did so and, like them, we declare ourselves to be painstaking and efficient housewives !

Most of us excuse ourselves upon the plea that it is impossible to delve into the intricacies of every mechanical device in the home, which is, in some part, true ; but there is all the difference between this and a knowledge which enables one to give simple care to things which are the source of so much pleasure and convenience. Periodic attention and proper regard for the fragility of the average domestic machine will double its life and efficiency, whatever it is, and in the case of musical instruments will preserve their quality and tone to the last. But to revert to clocks :

How many people know that the spring of a watch or clock should never be allowed to run completely down ? Or that eight-day clocks should be wound on the same day each week and the average watch wound every morning and *not* at night, as is usually the case. If wound in the morning the watch spring is at its strongest during those hours when jolts and jars are more repeatedly imposed upon the works and when the spring is running down the watch is reposing quietly on the dressing table or on the sleeping wearer's arm. No technical knowledge is required to appreciate this point, which is an important one in maintaining a watch in condition.

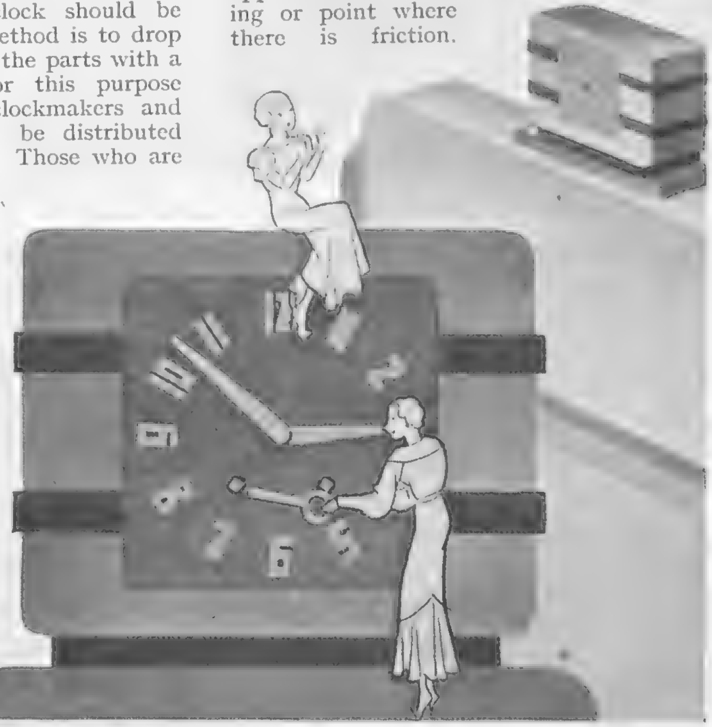
A clockmaker with a flare for statistics tells me that the wheels of the average clock travel three to four thousand miles a year. " Ask yourself," he said, " what would happen to a car if it were driven that distance without oiling—yet how many people oil their clocks ? "

Certainly, oiling a clock should be done with care. The method is to drop a spot of clock oil on to the parts with a hairpin. Special oil for this purpose can be bought at a clockmakers and should not, even then, be distributed rashly upon the works. Those who are uncertain as to where it should be applied would be wise to take advice when buying the oil or to pass the clock to an expert for attention.

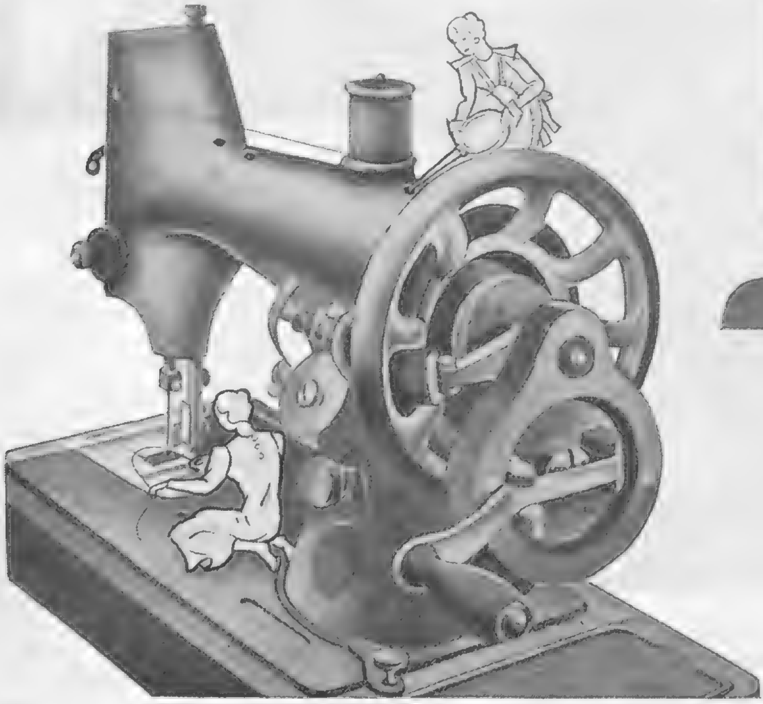
Occasional cleaning of the works is essential to efficiency, and every wise owner sends his clocks to be cleaned at least once a year. An old and quite reliable measure for occasional home use is to expose the works at the back of the clock and to lay it face upwards supported two or three inches from the table top on books. A rag soaked in paraffin should be then laid underneath so that the fumes rise into the works. Leave the clock in this position all night, during which time many particles of dust will have become dislodged and can be seen upon the rag in the morning.

Like all other machinery, a sewing machine will give much greater satisfaction over a much longer period if a few simple rules are adhered to in the use of it.

A machine that has not received proper care runs hard and requires more energy to use than the one that has been given simple and regular attention. Sewing machines that are used constantly should be oiled and cleaned every day, but every few weeks is sufficient for the average household. The working parts of the machine must not be allowed to become dry or gummed with old oil. Only the best oil made for the purpose will do, and one drop at a time should be applied to each bearing or point where there is friction.



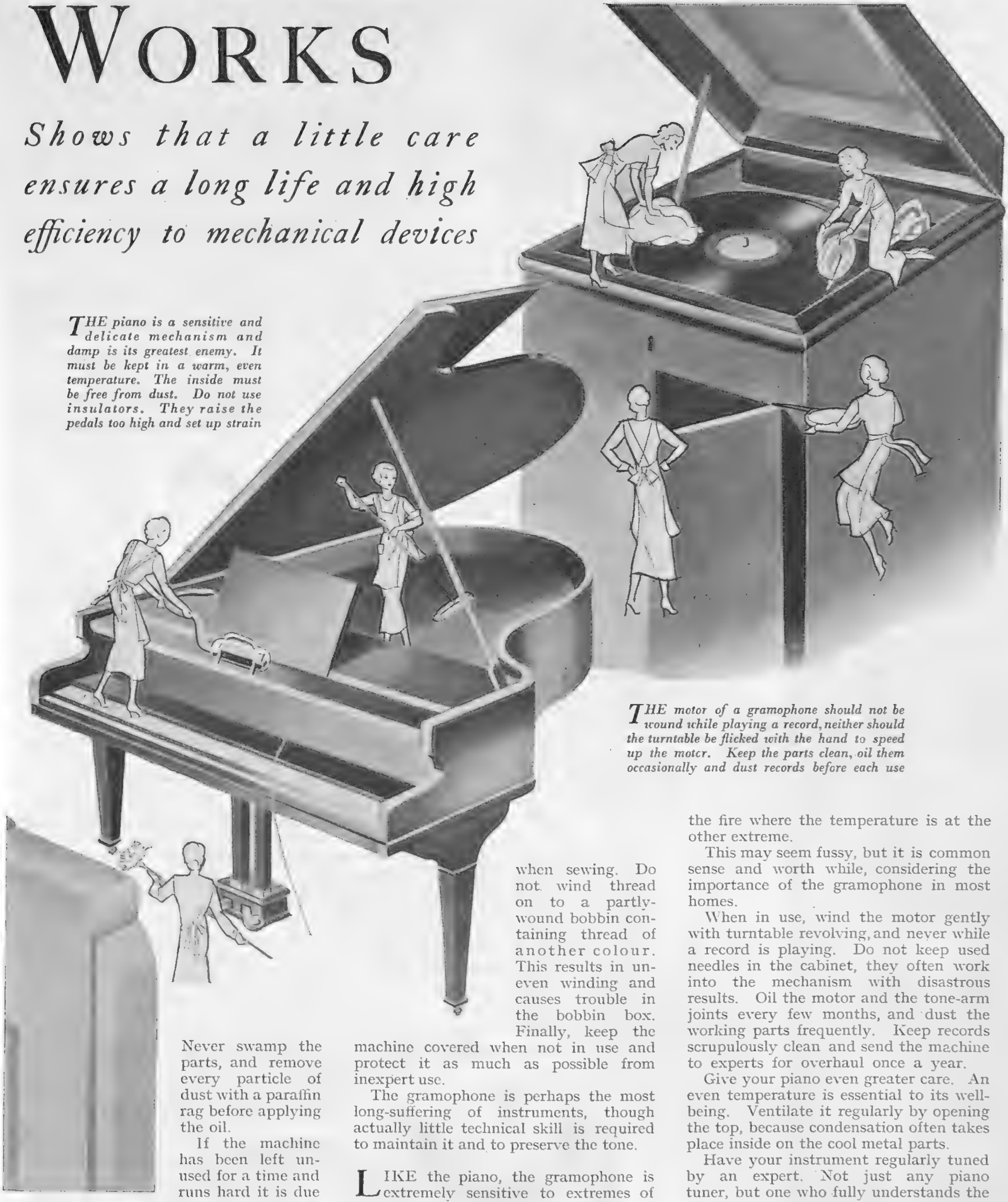
REGULAR and careful winding will keep a clock in health, while spasmodic and clumsy attention will not. Did you know that the mantelshelf is not *a good place for the clock as the heat of the fire dries the works ?*



A SEWING machine should be kept free from dust. Never leave it uncovered. Oil the parts frequently and remove old oil with a paraffin rag

WORKS

Shows that a little care ensures a long life and high efficiency to mechanical devices



THE piano is a sensitive and delicate mechanism and damp is its greatest enemy. It must be kept in a warm, even temperature. The inside must be free from dust. Do not use insulators. They raise the pedals too high and set up strain

THE motor of a gramophone should not be wound while playing a record, neither should the turntable be flicked with the hand to speed up the motor. Keep the parts clean, oil them occasionally and dust records before each use

Never swamp the parts, and remove every particle of dust with a paraffin rag before applying the oil.

If the machine has been left unused for a time and runs hard it is due to the oil having become gummed. Paraffin applied at each oiling point will rectify the matter. The machine should be run rapidly for a few moments and fresh oil applied at the same points.

Other important points are these: Never use a needle that is blunted or bent. Replace the needle frequently and use the sizes prescribed by the makers for varying thicknesses of material. Never sew over pins or allow the needle to strike the plate by pulling the material when sewing. Do not wind thread on to a partly-wound bobbin containing thread of another colour. This results in uneven winding and causes trouble in the bobbin box. Finally, keep the machine covered when not in use and protect it as much as possible from inexpert use.

The gramophone is perhaps the most long-suffering of instruments, though actually little technical skill is required to maintain it and to preserve the tone.

LIKE the piano, the gramophone is extremely sensitive to extremes of temperature, and if you are anxious to get the most out of the instrument both in enjoyment and efficiency you will first select a position in the room for its occupation with the utmost care. It must, of course, be in such a position that the sound is conveyed with all its original brightness of tone into every part of the room. You must avoid standing it on a thick rug, or against heavy curtains so that the tone is muffled, and finally, it must be in a place where the motor will not be too cold in winter nor yet too near the fire where the temperature is at the other extreme.

This may seem fussy, but it is common sense and worth while, considering the importance of the gramophone in most homes.

When in use, wind the motor gently with turntable revolving, and never while a record is playing. Do not keep used needles in the cabinet, they often work into the mechanism with disastrous results. Oil the motor and the tone-arm joints every few months, and dust the working parts frequently. Keep records scrupulously clean and send the machine to experts for overhaul once a year.

Give your piano even greater care. An even temperature is essential to its well-being. Ventilate it regularly by opening the top, because condensation often takes place inside on the cool metal parts.

Have your instrument regularly tuned by an expert. Not just any piano tuner, but one who fully understands the mechanism of the instrument and can watch for signs of trouble inside.

If used with care a vacuum cleaner may be used to extract dirt from the felts, but the safest rule is to employ an expert, who will attend to all these things for a trifling fee.

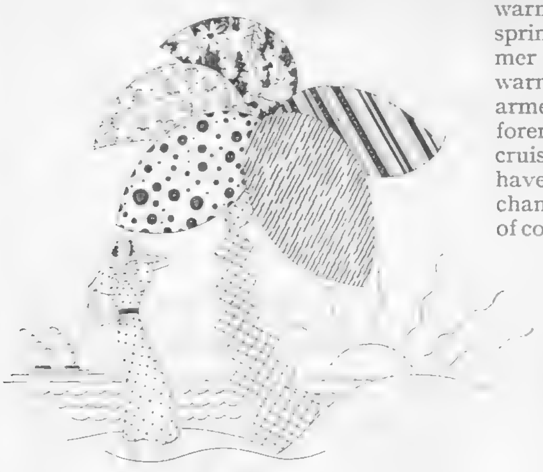
On the basis that prevention is better than cure, economy is best served by occasionally submitting all mechanical devices to the care of experts, whose services are expensive only in cases of neglect.

The *Busybody's* NOTEBOOK

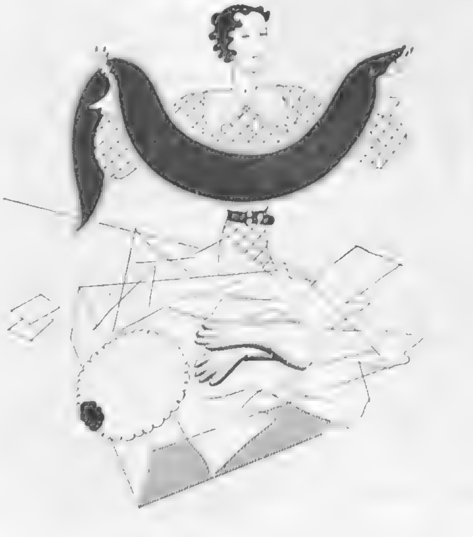
THIS is to remind you that "Britannia and Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

WE have all of us suffered from song plugging to such an extent in musical shows and films that we are apt to look at the words "plug it in" with dark suspicion. And that is very foolish of us, for those little words represent a wealth of comfort if rightly interpreted. Of course, we all know that you can plug in electric lamps and fires, but did you realise that it is possible to have a gas wall-plug to which a lovely portable gas fire can be attached? I didn't until last week, but the discovery has revolutionised my home. Now I can have just that little extra spot of warmth which my soul craves just anywhere I want it. And these gas plugs are absolutely safe, for when the plug is pulled out the gas is automatically cut off, so there is no possibility of an escape of gas.

I FEEL inclined to bless the name of the man who first invented winter cruising. No, I have not just returned from a prolonged sojourn beneath a winter sun, but the fact that so many of my friends have done so impels me to give thanks. I am not being catty, but a prolonged inspection of the delectable outfits which most of them have taken away has given me a very sound idea of what we are going to wear in the first warm days of late spring and early summer and to be forewarned is to be forearmed. First and foremost in all the cruising trousseaux have been an enchanting assortment of cottons, both plain and printed, and this child is going to greet the first summer sun clad in cotton from top to toe. My choice will be divided between a delightful cotton with a linen finish and a grand rough weave which can be had in all sorts of exciting colours and a series of gaily coloured prints on piqué voiles and fine Bedford cord. These prints range all the way from a modern and up-to-date plaid through floral patterns, both demure and sophisticated, to little broken multi-coloured stripes. One design in particular has made me a willing victim: this has tiny curling ostrich feather tips scattered on a ground of the most delicious pastel colour, strewn with minute polka dots. And all these fabrics are so cheap that I can afford to let my fancy run riot and indulge in as many new frocks as my wardrobe will hold.



I AM determined to be sensible this year and really do something about putting my furs away for the summer before the very earliest bird of a moth can make its appearance. But a more than usually lean purse makes me hesitate about cold storage. All the same my furs are going to emerge next winter safe and sound with never a vestige of the awful ravages which are caused by the intemperate appetite of the baby moths. How do I propose to do this? Very simply, my friends, by availing myself of a new preparation which, when packed among furs, renders them simply nauseating to the most voracious moth. This is a powder which comes in various sized packages which are not meant to be opened. Each package is wrapped in a perforated envelope which allows for evaporation and by this means the moths are most successfully kept at bay. The money I save on cold storage will be spent on a couple of new hats to accompany my fresh and well-cared-for furs when I once more bring them out next autumn.



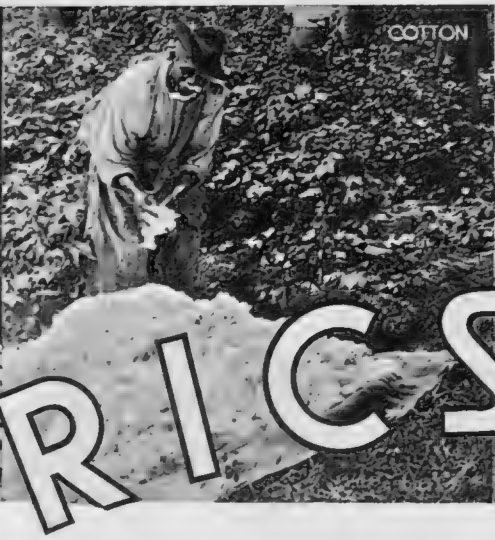
THIS has definately been a good month for me and marked by all sorts of useful discoveries. One of my best ones has been a new Cosmetic Bag. Doesn't that sound intriguing? But if you are like me, a woman addicted to all manner of small pots of cream and bottles of lotion, this is just the very thing to take with you on a week-end or even longer trip. The bags themselves are made in all sorts of decorative shapes and materials and fastened with the most efficient of zips; inside they have just room to snugly take all your messy toilet paraphernalia including a little pocket for your own special soap. What I did before I discovered them I really can't think, and one of them has become my inseparable companion on long shopping expeditions and motor trips. With its aid I always have by me just what I need to present a serene and unruffled appearance to the world and yet they are so pretty that no one ever suspects their utilitarian rôle. The same enlightened firm which manufactures them also makes one of the best wave-setting lotions which it has ever been my happy lot to use, and it comes in such a pretty bottle that any dressing table looks the better for its presence. It lives in a dainty little case in one side of which are tucked the most effective of wave-setting pins. Altogether, just what one needs for a quick set after a wave-trying day.

OF course that's all very well if you *have* any hair, but if it's falling out what are you to do? That's what a frantic friend asked me the other day but I, smart girl, knew the answer.

There is a special treatment which will definitely prevent the hair from falling or becoming greasy. The story is too long to tell here, but if you are interested I will send you a little booklet which deals with the subject and will tell why your hair is too dry or too greasy and how to cure it.

I know the treatment is efficacious because I've tried it and have no trouble with my hair, not even during these trying spring months.

SILK COCOONS



FABRICS

Here are some of the strange ingredients which go to the making of our materials

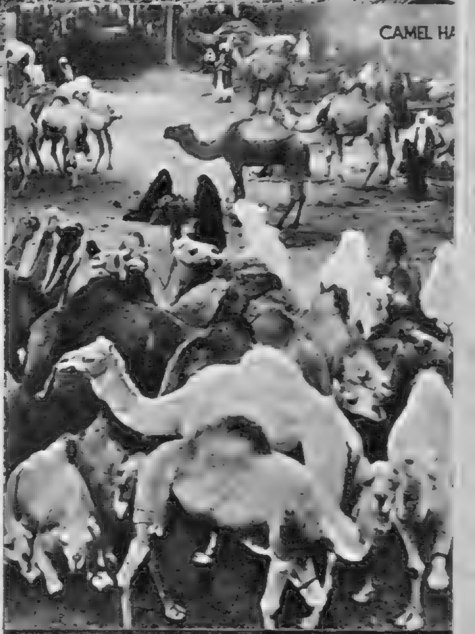
THE days when one wore wool for winter, cotton for summer, and silk for best are vanished, because who can now tell which is which ? There is silk interwoven with or woven out of cotton ; wool mixed with cotton, with rabbit's fur, or ostrich feathers ; there is cotton mixed with flax and flax mixed with wool, until the variations on the theme become bewildering and our choice infinite.

All the strange animals, vegetables, and minerals illustrated on this page play their part, from the wild goat on the Himalayan Mountains to the flax grown on his Majesty's estate at Sandringham ; and all that we—you and I—can have dozens and dozens of novel fabrics from which to make our clothing. Indeed, to be anything like complete, this page should contain a picture of some rubber, because one of the chief novelties of the season, and one which bids fair to be one of the discoveries of our generation, is a new fabric in which a modicum of invisible rubber is woven, making the material able to stretch and snap back into place, to fit difficult figures, and to eliminate for ever bagging skirts and bulging knees.

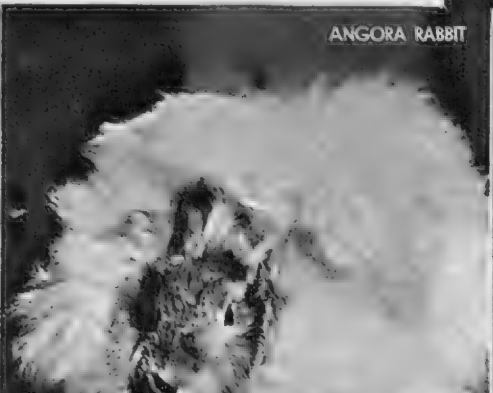
ANOTHER epoch-making discovery is a new finish to cotton goods which makes them crease-resisting. The finish is quite invisible, impervious to washing, and the materials are to be obtained in the loveliest range of colours and designs which I have seen for a long time.

Apart from these two really outstanding novelties, one of the most important materials of the season will be lightweight woollens either with a slightly rough, crêpe-like surface or interwoven with flax, and so loosely woven as to be almost transparent and as amenable to draping as silk. Many of these are criss-crossed with lines of self-colour, but in a thicker thread. Some woollens have an admixture of rabbit's fur, and others show tiny specks which turn out, on close inspection, to be ostrich feathers !

SILKS, apart from artificial silks, which have shown most astonishing strides, and are now almost indistinguishable in weight, colour, weave and wearing abilities from their entirely worm-bred sisters, show three varieties : crêpe-de-Chine, crêpon and heavy marocain. They favour flowered patterns, and whatever the weather holds in store for us, we are in for a gaily floral spring. Taffeta is creeping back, organdie will be seen again this summer, and for formal occasions lamé materials will be much worn.

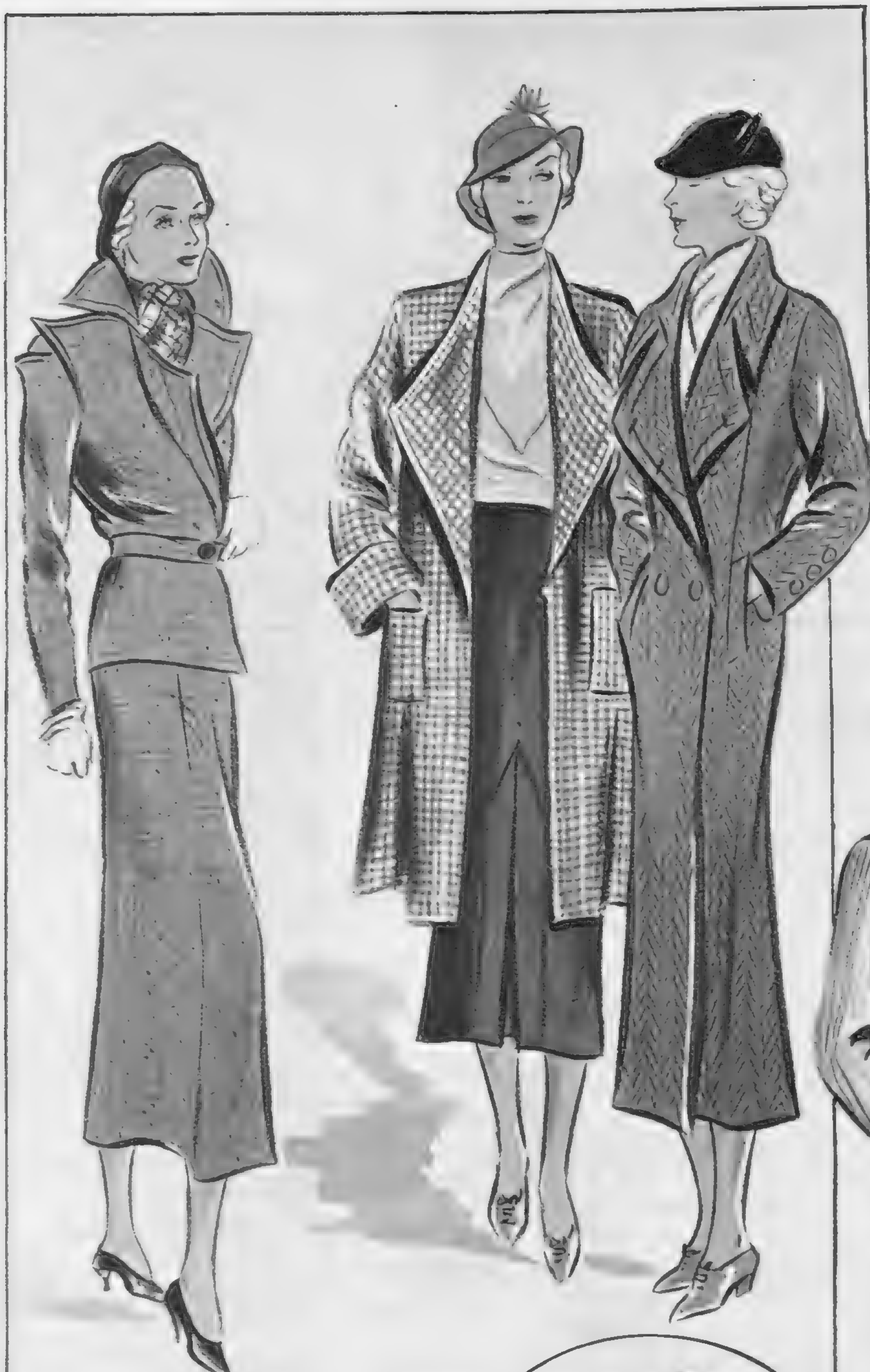


MOUNTAIN GOAT



SPRING DESIGNS

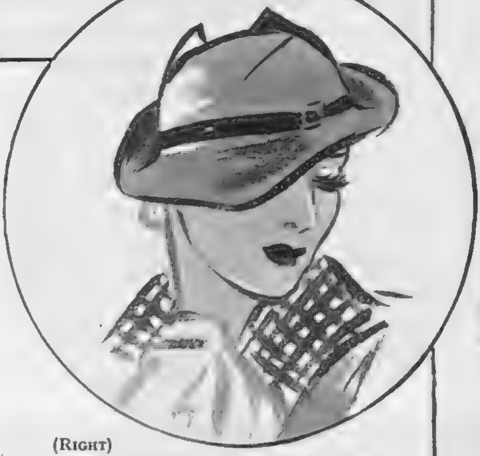
A Representative London



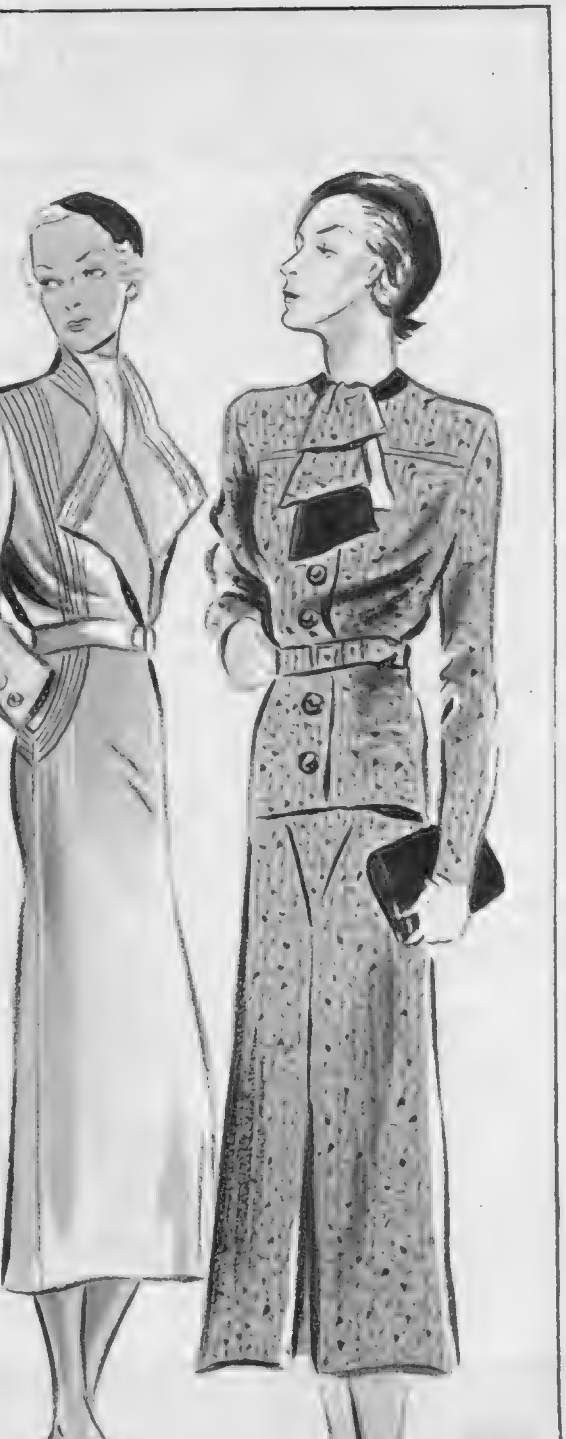
JUST the right amount of interest is given to the shoulders and sleeves of this smart tweed coat and skirt. The coat is belted, the skirt is slightly shaped, and a plaid scarf is an attractive accessory. Aquascutum

(CENTRE, ABOVE)
THE three-quarter-length coat is one of the season's most popular favourites. Kenneth Durward makes it in rust-colour check tweed with a plain rust-red skirt which has an inverted pleat in the centre front

(RIGHT, ABOVE)
THAT absolutely essential item in a well-equipped wardrobe, the full-length top-coat for sports wear and travelling, is made to perfection by Aquascutum. Here it is carried out in herringbone tweed, and may be obtained in several colours



THE becoming felt sports hat also comes from Aquascutum, who have a particularly interesting collection this Spring. This type of hat is excellent for every-day wear, and looks as smart as it is practical

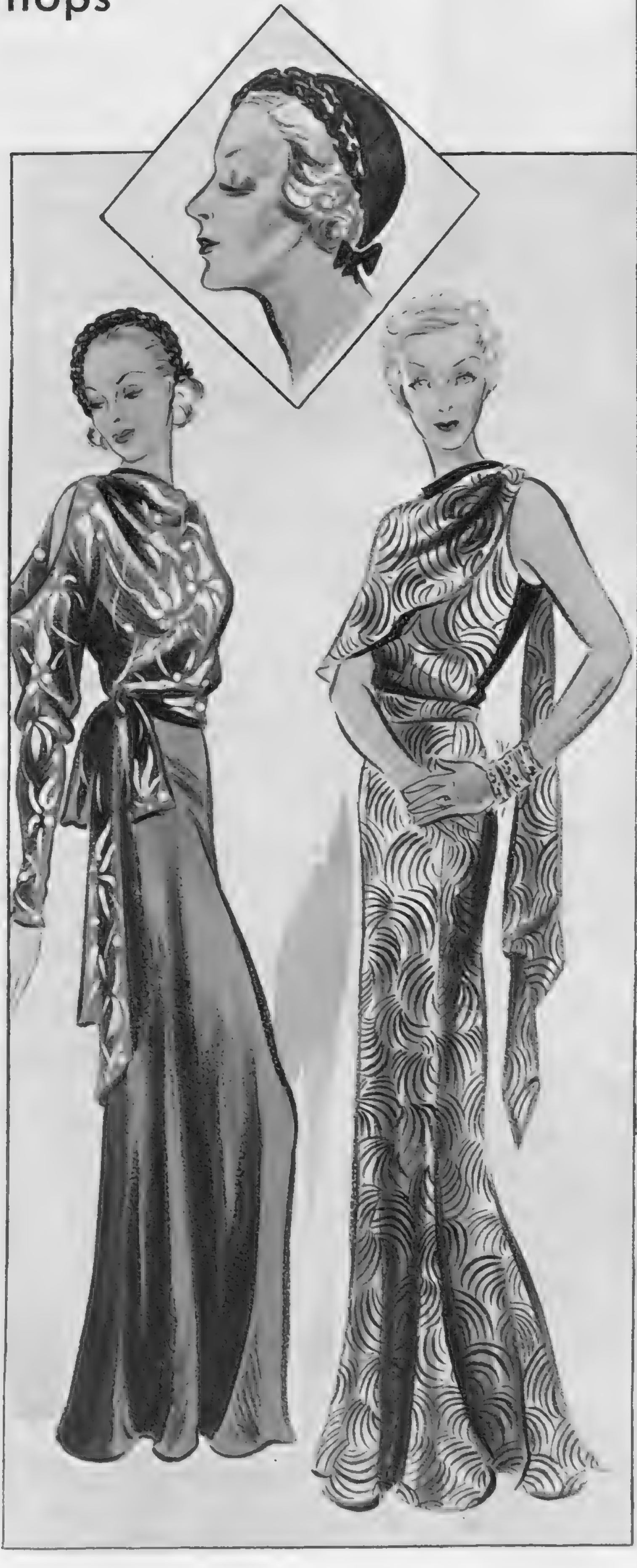


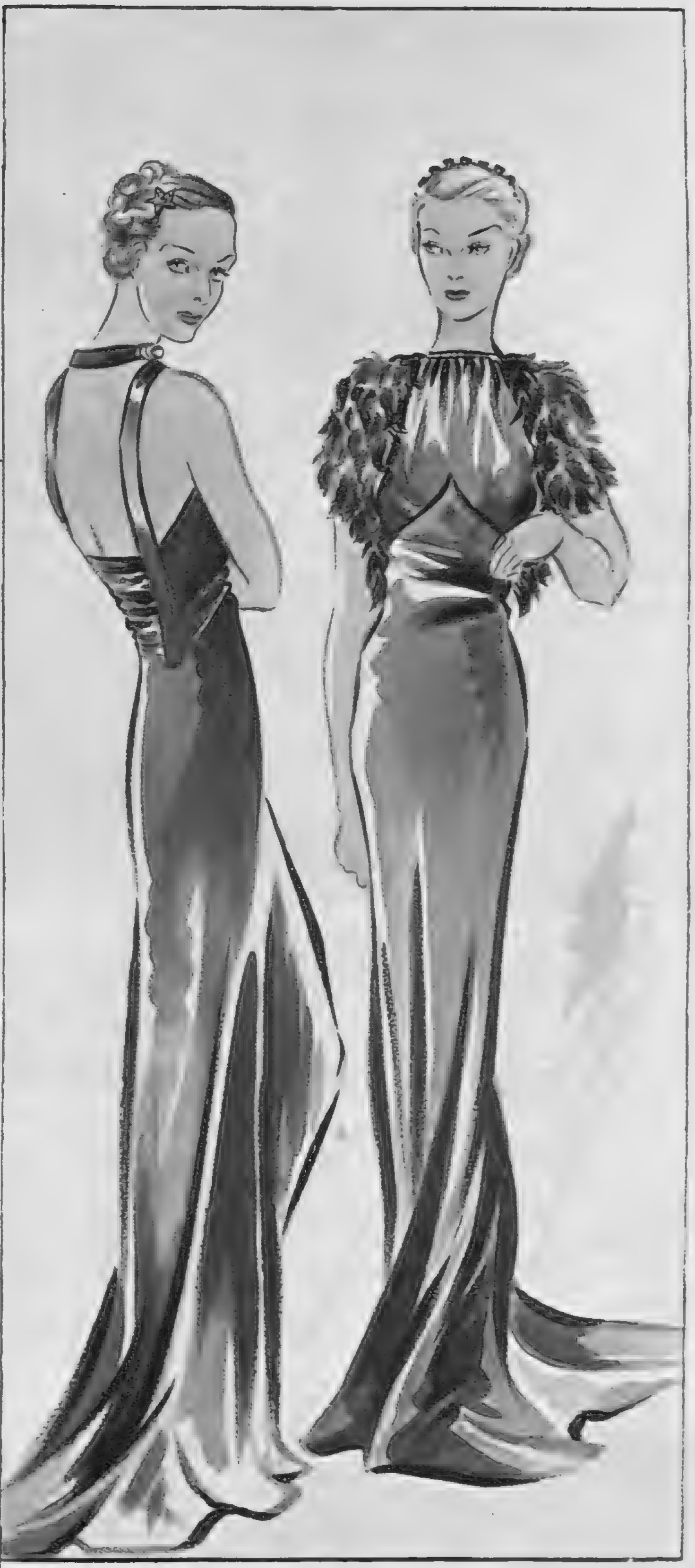
(RIGHT)
AN upstanding collar at the back and wide revers which give the fashionable pushed forward effect, distinguish this spring coat which Kenneth Durward makes in an attractive range of new materials

A BROWN-FLECKED woollen material makes this coat and skirt which is one of a large number of new models now being shown at Marshall and Snelgrove's

for DRESSING, 1934

Selection from the Shops





THE charming little black satin bonnet, edged with a plait of the material, shown in the inset picture on the left, is extremely smart for cocktail, dinner, and cinema wear and is most becoming. It comes from Aurea

(Extreme left)
LONG-SKIRTED late afternoon or early dinner gowns are growing in favour. This model comes from Aurea and has a skirt of navy-blue crêpe de Chine and a blue and white patterned blouse. The skirt could, of course, be shortened if desired

(Left)
PATTERNED silks are becoming more and more popular. This evening gown from Debenham's is patterned in black on white crêpe, and has touches of dark green velvet at the décolletage

THIS beautiful evening gown from Aurea is made of burgundy-red satin with a lustrous surface. The high, gathered décolletage in front is supported by wide straps at the back and a sweeping train adds to its elegance

TO accompany this gown Aurea has made the most enchanting little coat of feathers in the same shade of deep wine-red. They are sleek and smooth and make a most unusual and original evening wrap which could be worn equally well with other dresses

Helen Macgregor

Dorothy Wilding

MISS NORA SWINBURNE, who is now playing with Marie Tempest in "The Old Folks at Home," wears a plait encircling her fair hair, which is waved and curled up at the back

Take your Hair Seriously

The Root of Many Evils may be the Hair Follicle: Treatment should not be delayed when there are any indications that all is not well

PEOPLE are apt to disregard the fact that their hair falls out, especially in spring and autumn, attributing it to some natural, seasonal metabolism. It is true that dead hair gives place to new growth, and that this phenomenon is more apparent at the "changes of the year," but at any time any excessive loss of hair must be regarded with suspicion, and the condition of the scalp should be examined.

If it is dry and pallid and there is any dandruff, all is not well. If, under massage, the scalp is tender and seems tight, treatment is called for. A greasy deposit on the skin of the head is another form of dandruff, and shows that the circulation is inadequate, and that the hair-roots are not functioning properly. Loss of colour, or excessive greasiness or dryness of the hair itself, are also signs that attention is required. If these symptoms are not actually indicative of the presence of bacteria, they are predisposing causes, and represent conditions which may give rise to infection. As in the case of every other ailment, preventive measures and early treatment are of the utmost importance.

It is not generally realised that many skin affections are caused by an unhealthy condition of the scalp, and if once seborrhea is present, spots and rashes on the neck and forehead, and even arms and chest, are extremely likely to occur, and the infection may spread to other parts of the body.

The average general practitioner was, in the past, apt to regard slight skin troubles too lightly, but fortunately dermatological knowledge is growing, and an up-to-date doctor, consulted about some apparently minor rash or eruption, will almost certainly include an examination of the scalp and hair condition in his investigations for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment.

Stimulation of the circulation, antiseptic treatment and thorough cleansing of the scalp are the essentials of treatment. When the scalp is anæmic and lacks mobility, electric vibro-massage and violet ray are useful, and daily massage with the finger-tips should be given, a good antiseptic hair lotion being used at the same time. If there is moist dandruff, the hair lotion should be stimulating and cleansing, and it should be used daily thoroughly to cleanse the scalp. This will be more effective than frequent washing, though the head and hair should be thoroughly shampooed with a medicated antiseptic wash at least once a week.

When any dandruff is perceptible, either moist or dry, the head should be gently but firmly massaged with oil, or, in cases of acidity, salicylic vaseline, before shampooing, to loosen all adhesive particles, soften the skin and stimulate the roots. Gently pulling on little tufts of hair is a good form of stimulating "exercise" for the roots, but this, and violent brushing should not be resorted to if and while the hair is coming out badly.

IT is essential to keep all brushes and combs scrupulously clean. No one should ever use another person's brush or comb, as seborrhea and other less virulent scalp conditions are highly contagious. The best preventive of all hair troubles is meticulous and regular care, as a clean and healthy head with properly functioning circulation is unlikely to succumb to the attack of the bacteria. It is particularly important for people with any rheumatic tendencies to give special attention to the condition of their scalps, and it is advisable to use a sound hair lotion all the year round. Some of the old-fashioned herbal lotions, containing rosemary, lavender, and bay rum, are excellent, while people who suffer from a dry skin and brittle hair would be well advised to use a good pomade or hair oil several times a week, and this should be massaged into the roots of the hair to keep the skin of the head soft and pliable and to nourish and stimulate the follicles.

The question of lack of pigmentation—often a concomitant of poor circulation, anæmia, and general debility—and such diseases as alopœcia, which must be treated under medical advice, do not come within the scope of this article, but the general care and attention indicated will do much to prevent, mitigate and cure even these afflictions.

Readers are invited to send us particulars of any special difficulty, and suggestions for the treatment, together with names and addresses of hair specialists, will be sent by return of post. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

AN "Alice in Wonderland" or "Juliet" comb holds in place the blonde curls of Miss Betty Furness, the R.K.O.-Radio-Picture player. These hair-bands may be obtained in almost any colour

and BEAUTY

T*he* Skin *in the* Spring

Prevention and Cure of Prevalent Primaveran Complexion Troubles

By "Chrysis"

Yevonde

MISS DIANA GOULD, the lovely dancer who appeared in "Beau Brummel," is seen on the right, and her pretty sister, Griselda, poses on the left

OUR complexions call for special care and attention at this time of the year, because there are definite metabolic changes taking place internally and in our blood-stream, and any tendency to roughness or acne is likely to manifest itself at this season, while even the most faultless complexion will be "grateful" and more radiant for beautifying treatment.

Let us take different types of skin and deal separately with their needs and the treatments indicated. A great many Englishwomen have the fair, fine complexion which, at its best, is the most admirable and admired in the world, but which is inherently sensitive and vulnerable to climatic changes and generally has a tendency to dryness. The possessors of this type of skin are not infrequently subject to rheumatism, and uric acid in the blood causes such skin troubles as rashes and flushing.

March winds, following winter fog, and the ill-effects of changes of temperature from hot rooms to the outer atmosphere, are very hard on this type of complexion and are apt to produce that dry, almost wizened surface which is premonitory of fine wrinkles, as well as loss of tone and colouring. It is inadvisable to use soap and water, and it is a good plan, at this time of the year, to substitute for the skin-food habitually used a cream specially prepared by one of our most famous beauty specialists, which not only softens and nourishes the skin, but absorbs impurities and prevents or banishes spring rashes. It is called "Healing Cream," and its efficacy is enhanced if the "Spot Proof Lotion" is used in conjunction with it. This is a medicated preparation, which sensibly lightens and clears the complexion and refines its texture.

The companion "Spot Proof Cream" has all the virtues of the lotion, and is an excellent antidote to seasonable skin troubles for a normal skin. Their inventor also supplies a "Spot Proof Hair Lotion," because, expert dermatologist that she is, she knows that many troublesome, if temporary, rashes and spots originate in faulty scalp conditions.

IN the case of more oily skins, there is always a danger that the pores will become clogged, giving rise to blackheads, spots and acne. For these conditions there is a wonderful mask treatment. The preparation, which is the same as that used in this specialist's famous salons, can be bought in tubes and used regularly at home. Spread over the skin and allowed to harden, and subsequently gently removed with cotton-wool steeped in water and skin tonic, it draws all impurities to the surface and clears and closes the pores. When there are any spots or "heat-bumps," these should be dabbed with the special acne lotion, which is almost instant in its effect. The "Healing Cream" mentioned in connection with dry skins is excellent for dissipating the redness, dryness, or temporary "scars" left by spots.

Another ill which is often apparent in rather relaxed or flabby complexions at this time of year is a sort of looseness and sagging, which is ageing and depressing. This condition can now be dealt with by means of the new and really wonder-working Firming Mask. This preparation is spread thinly over the face and neck, and when dry forms a clear, enamel-like surface. While the mask is on, the patient can feel the skin reacting, and a sensation of tightening and firming is experienced, while after its removal the appearance of sagging and flaccidity has vanished and the skin both feels and looks "toned up" and rejuvenated.

With these scientific aids to youth and beauty at her disposal, modern woman, whatever her age, constitution or complexion, need not fear "seasonable" skin troubles—can, indeed, welcome the spring in the consciousness of appropriate, renewed loveliness

The Specialist who has assembled these considered treatments is always happy to be consulted by her clients, personally or by letter, and will gladly give her valuable advice upon the important subject of diet and exercise about which it is difficult to generalise, as individual cases call for special diagnosis and prescription. Letters should be addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed for reply.

Dourgue

A FLAT wall-bracket of white plaster looks most decorative filled with arum lilies in conjunction with shadow leaves of palest beige to form a shadowy background

ANOTHER wall-bracket, this time of porcelain, is effectively filled with full-blown yellow roses, birch twigs, bare and brown, and a few early catkins

IN a Queen Anne house these vases of tulips, striped carnations, lilies, lilac and roses make an exquisite mantel decoration reminiscent of a Flemish painting

COMPLETELY new conceptions of the use of flowers have recently come into being, and have established an art—a profession—for their development. The " house-conscious " woman calls in a professor of the new art, and has her flower-schemes arranged as regularly as she herself visits the hairdresser, or studies the arrangements of her dining-table and mantelpiece as carefully as she studies her own clothes.

On these pages are shown some interesting and original flower arrangements which are the work of Mrs. Constance Spry, of " Flower Decorations," who is giving a series of lectures with demonstrations and lantern slides illustrating her unusual methods and ideas.

The two dinner-table schemes were photographed in Mrs. Somerset Maugham's house, and were arranged for parties given by her. The base of one decorative scheme was camellias. A camellia tree, its delicate pink flowers in full bloom, stood in a square aquamarine-coloured thick glass vase in the centre of the table. From a shell of the same colour, on either side, a rosy curve of camellias flowed on to the gleaming white satin table-cloth. The green motif was repeated in two groups of aquamarine-coloured solid shells.

ANOTHER unusual dinner-party decoration arranged for this hostess was a magpie effect, in which the white element was hyacinths and the black chæmyrops. Chæmyrops are the fruit of the palm—black, round berries which grow in clusters like grapes. Arranged with hyacinths in a delicately green cabbage of glazed china, they added a striking note to the *décor*.

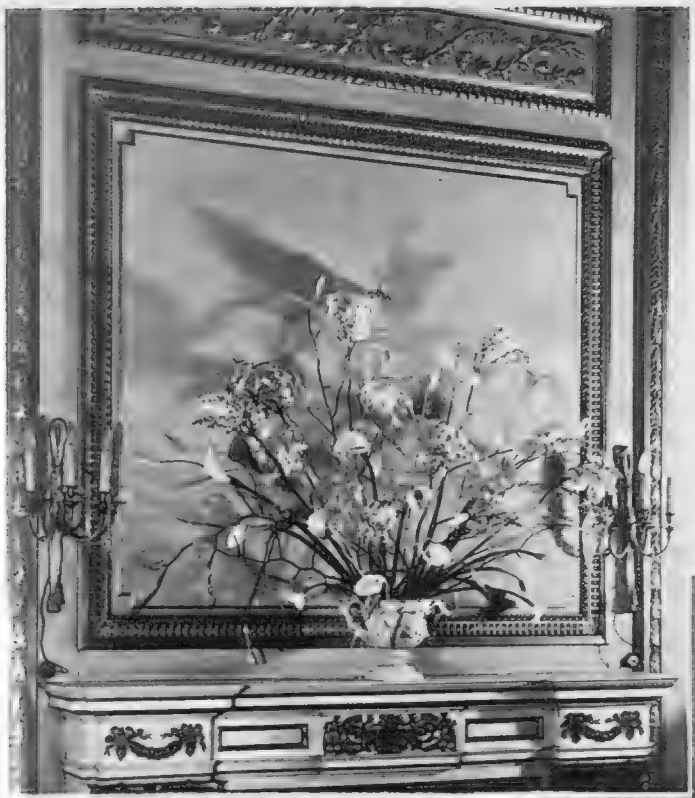
For a " flat " table-decoration no vases are necessary. White arums, which, with their vivid, soft green leaves, are perfect for this type of thing, are spread along the centre of the table. They form a sweeping *panache* of flowers—like the " white plumes of Navarre."

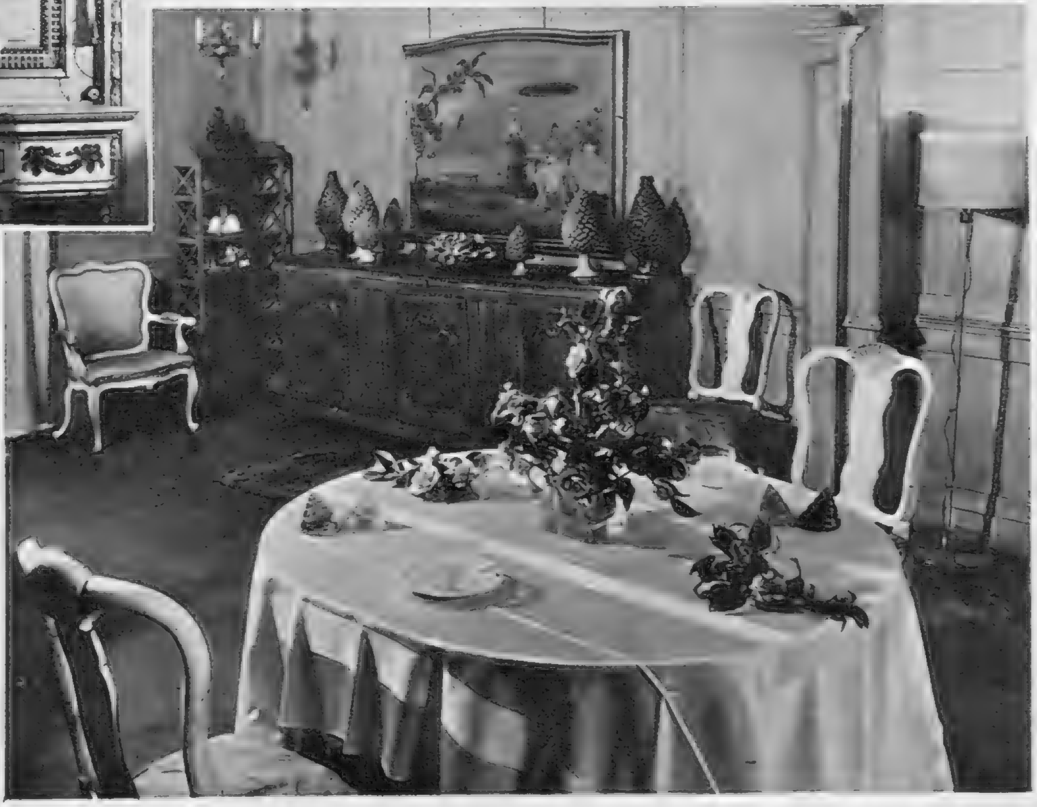
Equally new and " different " effects can be obtained for general decorative schemes. In a room of any moderate size, " wall-flowers "—that is, flowers arranged as nearly as possible flush with the wall—are most effective. One of the photographs shows arums and shadow leaves used in this way. These delicate leaves, which make such an exquisite foil for the white arums, are magnolia foliage specially mummified, or, in technical language, " retted." They form a delightful

New Ways with FLOWERS

Some original arrangements and suggestions for you to experiment with in your home

By Enid Corrall





A MAGNIFICENT centre for a mantelpiece is composed of white lilac, shadow leaves, and arum lilies, both real and made of gleaming white cellophane

HERE pink camellias are set in an aquamarine glass jar and flanked by shells of the same colour, from which pink camellias flow on to a white satin cloth

A LARGE green china cabbage filled with white hyacinths and black chæmyrops looks effective on a white satin table-cloth

foundation for many flower arrangements, and have the advantage of lasting almost indefinitely.

The other wall grouping is composed of birch twigs, bare and brown, a few early catkins and full-blown yellow roses. The austere flowing lines of the twigs form a cunningly woven background which throws up in high relief the luscious colouring of the roses.

Since the mantelpiece is the focal centre of a room, the choice of its floral arrangements needs especial care. One of the mantelpiece decorations photographed was for a party in a large room. The general "sheen and gleam" effect of its furnishings is concentrated in the moonlight decoration, for which white arums, white lilac, shadow leaves and cellophane lilies were used.

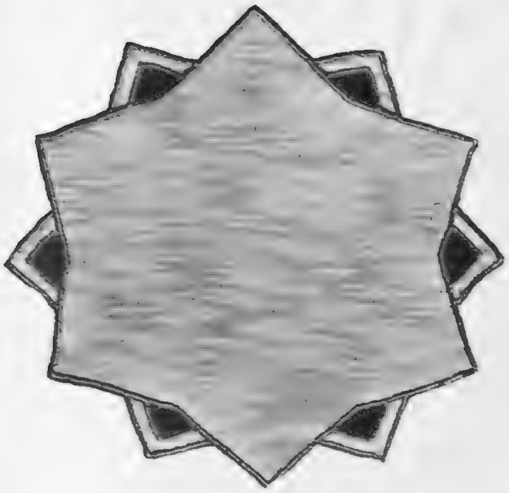
For a period house, most admirable effects can be obtained by copying old Dutch and Flemish flower pictures. The richness of colouring and pleasing formality of design, suggesting some glowing tapestry, give added value to beams or panelled walls.

The atmosphere of the room in the photograph was expressed by an example of this formal type of grouping. Tulips, lilac, a striped carnation, ranunculus, euphorbia, yellow arums, roses, prunus, and anemones were arranged in alabaster chalices, against a background of beautiful old white panelling. This is part of an historic house, in which for fifty years Joanna Baillie (the famous dramatist and poetess) lived; and where all the well-known people of her time, such as Scott, Siddons and Maria Edgeworth, visited her.

The floral decorator's répertoire is almost endless, now that artificial and fresh flowers are used together—with such fascinating results. Cellophane lilies with silvered "Prince of Wales's Feathers" (a composition leaf like a much-frayed palm) and white lilac are exquisite. So are hyacinths, set in a vase just high enough to give them moral support, companioned by the most delicate glass bubbles, which reflect their snowy whiteness. The bubbles are grafted on live stems, and look like strange exotic fruit.

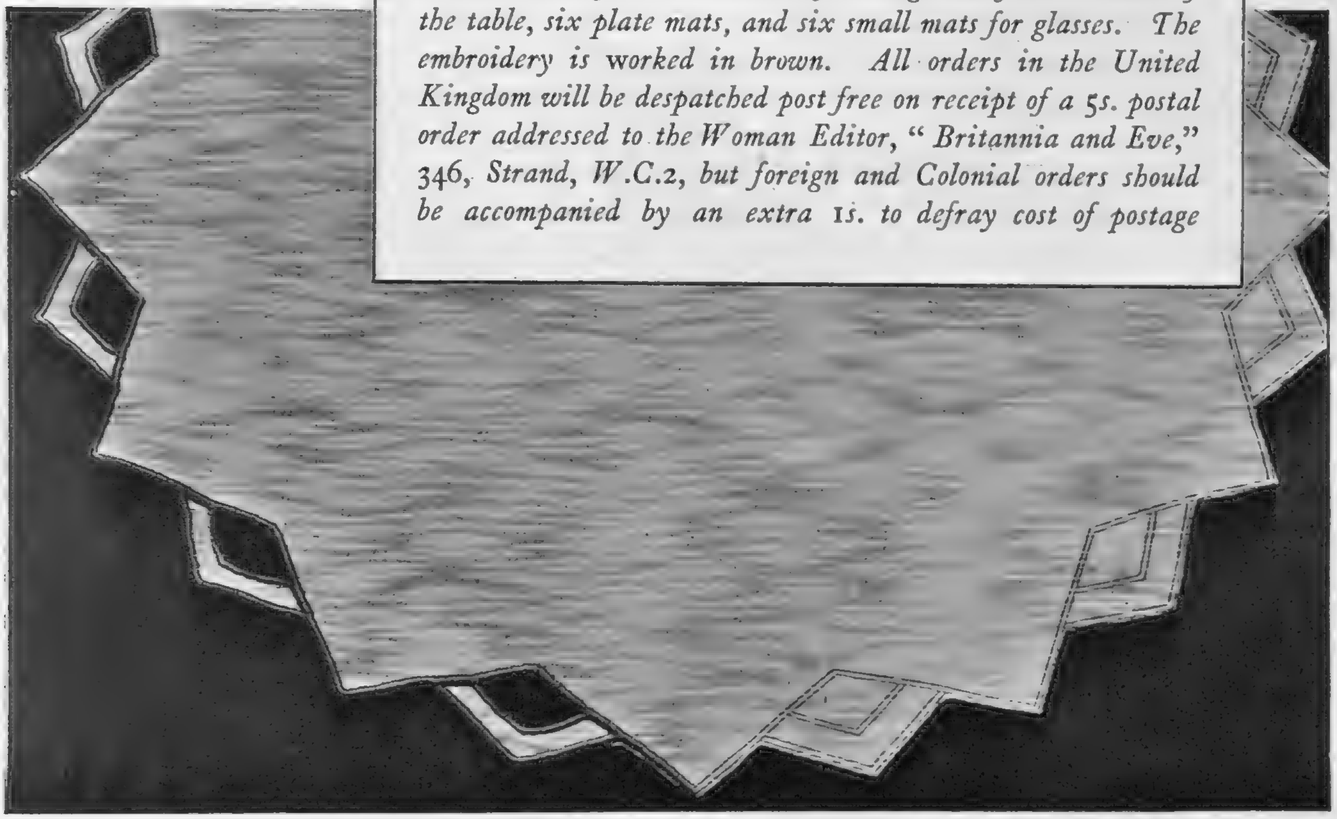
Some decorations can see a whole season through, yet need not be entirely artificial. One attractive "set-piece" could be arranged with Austrian fir-cones, shadow and fresh magnolia leaves, and artificial golden arums. Or composition "Arabian Nights" lilies and leaves with real palm leaves. Or white Cape flowers on real stems, with artificial arums and camellia leaves.

The modern demand for the purposive, as distinct from the haphazard, has metamorphosed the domestic task of "doing the flowers" into a highly specialised art; thereby creating yet another career for women. Floral decoration, both for the girl who wants to create beauty in her own home and for the girl who wants to earn her bread and butter, is a fascinating subject full of possibilities and opportunities.



Why not make your own Spring Napery?

THIS entire luncheon set, ready stamped on a novel material part cotton and linen woven in an attractive coarse grain, and complete with the necessary embroidery thread, costs 5s. It consists of a large mat for the centre of the table, six plate mats, and six small mats for glasses. The embroidery is worked in brown. All orders in the United Kingdom will be despatched post free on receipt of a 5s. postal order addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, but foreign and Colonial orders should be accompanied by an extra 1s. to defray cost of postage



AN unusual hexagonal design characterises this striking luncheon set embroidered in brown. The material chosen has a ripple effect which copies and reflects the grain in wood. It wears and washes well. One large mat as centre-piece, six plate mats, and six glass mats comprise this set, which is worked in buttonhole stitch

GOOD linen is one of the first requisites of a well-kept household and the justifiable desire of every woman, but, like a great many things we would like to possess, it can only be obtained at a price. Luckily, the fashion for hand-embroidered linens is returning, and the accomplished needlewoman can achieve a great deal towards maintaining her linen chest in a condition which justifies pride rather than the making of futile excuses.

Illustrated on this page is a luncheon set which has much to recommend it. First, it is in excellent taste; second, it has the virtue of being extremely simple to make; while the price quoted, 5s., is, I am sure you will agree, extremely modest. The design is simple but original, and the only stitch used is buttonhole stitch.

The set comprises a large mat, 17½ inches across, six plate mats, and six small mats for glasses. The material chosen is a novelty linen-and-cotton material which has an interestingly marked surface, and the embroidery thread is in a good shade of brown, a colour combination which will look equally well on oak, mahogany, or pickled wood.

The entire set, complete with sufficient Clark's Coton à Broder, will come to you with the design carefully traced and ready for you to begin to work.

A single thread is taken and the inner hexagon is worked first in buttonhole stitch. The outer double-row embroidery should be carried out next, and the spaces between the double border and the inner hexagon cut out when the embroidery has been completed. Care should be taken to keep the stitches neat, even and close together. When cutting out, sharp scissors are essential, otherwise you will have untidy edges.

Having completed the work, it should be pressed on the wrong side of the material. A fairly warm iron and a damp cloth will smooth out all the creases and bring up the embroidery. Never iron embroidery on the right side, because it will flatten the work. After laundering this set, each mat should be pressed in the same way while it is still fairly damp, in order to get the best effect.

A whole luncheon set for 5s. represents quite extraordinary value, and the fine texture of the linen-and-cotton weave will wash beautifully and wear well. This embroidery will make a pleasant interlude to golf and bridge on lengthening afternoons, and will give the maximum amount of pleasure for the minimum amount of work.

Convalescing *from* Winter Ills

Points the way to success in the business of getting Well

By Winifred Lewis

TEMPTING the small patient to eat, calls for consideration, perseverance and tact. Surprise dishes are often a success and even a new plate or mug has been known to help

NATURAL sunshine is a vital factor in the progress to renewed health and when that is withheld the artificial kind is of much benefit to the child [Lisa

IT is hardly too much to say that convalescence has its dangers no less than those that threaten in the earlier stages of an illness. This is due in part to a natural tendency to relax vigilance at a time when lowered resistance invites attack from other germs, if not a relapse more serious than the original attack.

Moreover, while most mothers these days are informed as to nursing procedure in the acute stages of nursery complaints, a full appreciation of the dangers of convalescence is sometimes lacking. And this is where the danger lies.

The sinister after effects of measles, due to lack of vigilance during and immediately after the attack, should be a warning to all and a reminder that though measles ranks among the most severe nursery complaints, lesser illnesses also have their way of leaving unwelcome legacies in the absence of proper care.

Scarlet fever, for instance, is often responsible for the first onset of rheumatism—itself a complaint far more common among children than is generally realised. Symptoms of arthritis often occur during and after scarlet fever and are in some way connected with the streptococcal inflammation of the throat which occurs with this disease. Care should on no account be relaxed until these poisons are eliminated from the system, as rheumatism which is allowed to persist has so many serious consequences. Treatment includes the removal of any remaining source of infection in the throat or by the teeth and in strengthening the general resistance by open-air life, natural sunshine in the greatest possible quantity, substituted by violet-ray baths and cod-liver oil and malt. This last no longer need be feared for its offensive taste since modern chemistry has succeeded in making it palatable and in most cases, as acceptable as butter-scotch.

The whole art of successful convalescence is in rebuilding as rapidly as possible the weakened tissues of the body and in restoring the reserve force essential to the increased activity of returning health. This, of course, is why diet is such an important factor demanding such thoughtful application.

It is essential to remember that though the main object is to "rebuild," the process, especially in regard to food, must be delicately and almost gradually undertaken. When the digestive system is impaired by disease it must on no account be overtaxed, but food should be given often and in small quantities. It should be digestible, nourishing and as appetising as cleanliness and ingenuity can make it.

Patent foods of the partially digested kind are valuable enough during the illness and earlier stages of convalescence, but care should be taken in continuing these items of the diet after the need for them has passed. Normal food should be restored, in fact, immediately it is perceived that the system is ready to receive them. Otherwise the continued use of partially digested foods encourages slackness of the natural digestive functions.

The weekly weighing is a reliable indication of the small patient's progress. A small but steady increase is the best sign of returning health and it is important that the weighings should take place at regular intervals and in the same clothes.

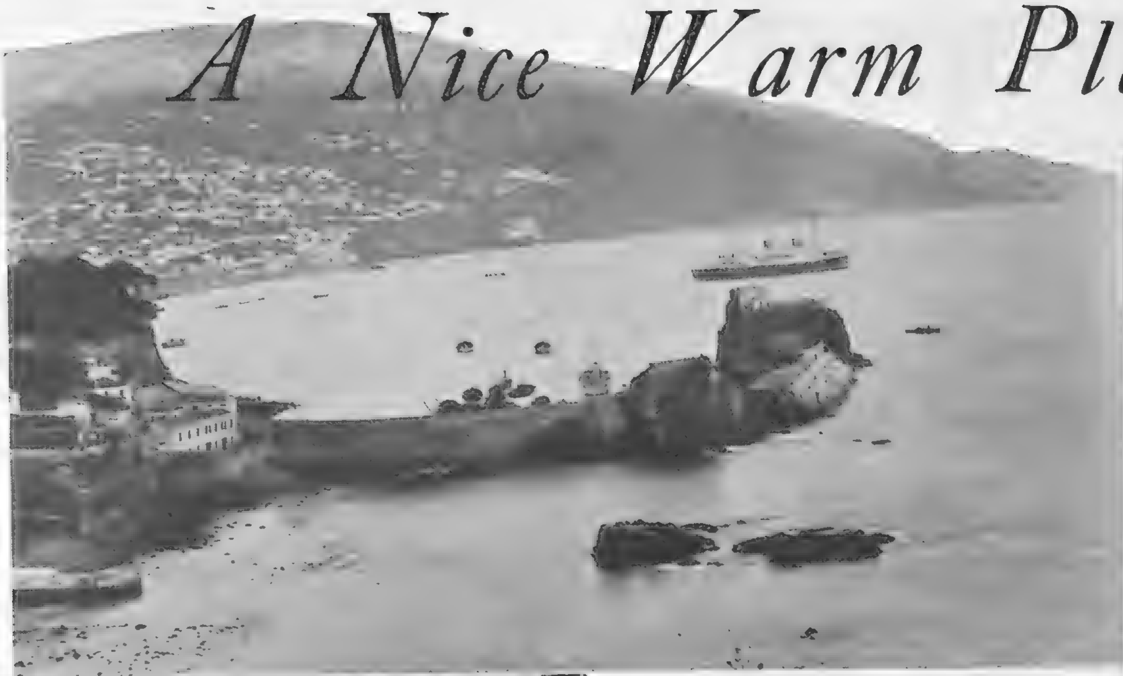
TEMPTING the convalescent to eat during the stage before the appetite is restored calls for patient consideration as well as tact and ingenuity. A vast difference to the reception of an unpopular dish can be made by a small alteration in colour or appearance and a new mug or plate has been known to pass off the most difficult dish. A plain boiled egg is quite an adventure when the shell is dyed a pretty colour and children are just as sensitive to the niceties of service as the adult.

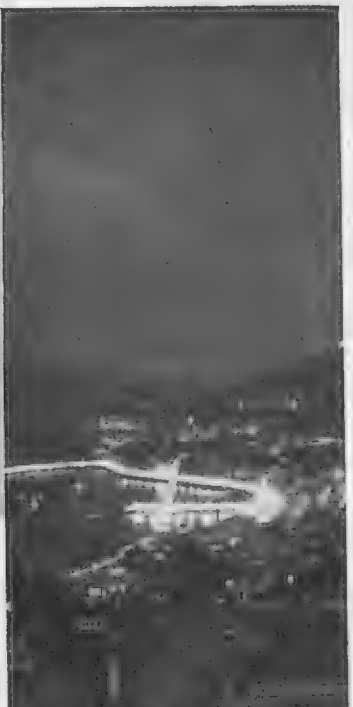
Heaped up plates are anathema to the pernickety appetite, and equally upsetting are such enquiries as "What would you like to-day?"

If mealtimes become periods of crises, simply redouble your patience and tact and, above all, avoid discussion of the subject. Renew your efforts to produce appetising, surprising and even amusing food. Let it be light, nourishing and delicately served, and if it still meets with refusal take it away and never serve the same dish twice.

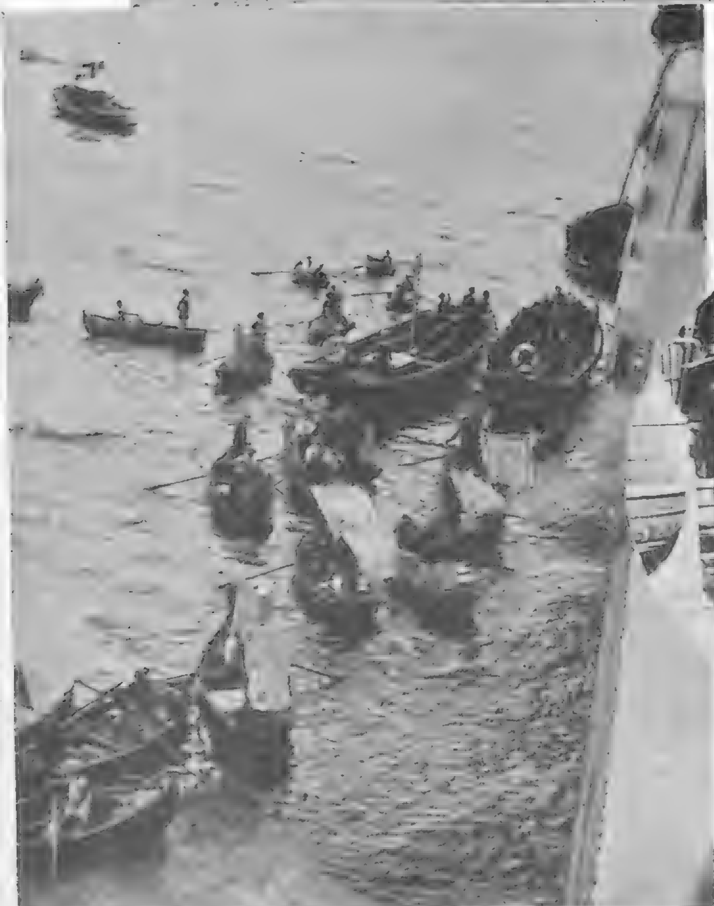
Such things contribute to an atmosphere of quiet confidence and cheerfulness—both vital factors in the business of getting well. No measures, however sound, will yield their best result in an atmosphere of fear and discontent.

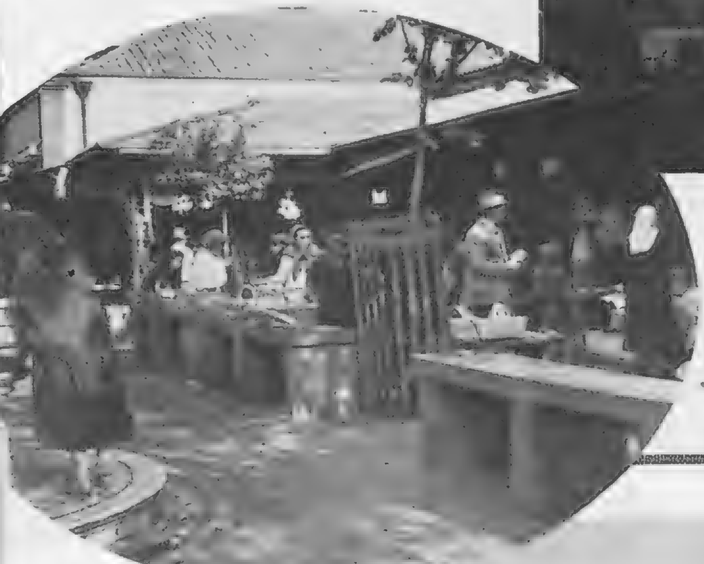
A Nice Warm Place to





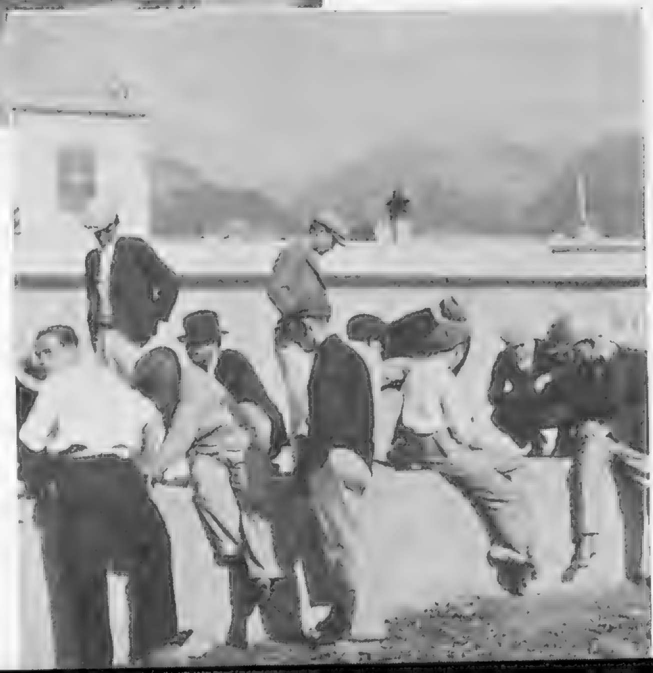
THE harbour at Funchal, Madeira, showing one of the many vessels which call at this famous beauty spot





THE Market at Funchal, Madeira. A picturesque feature of this pleasure and health resort

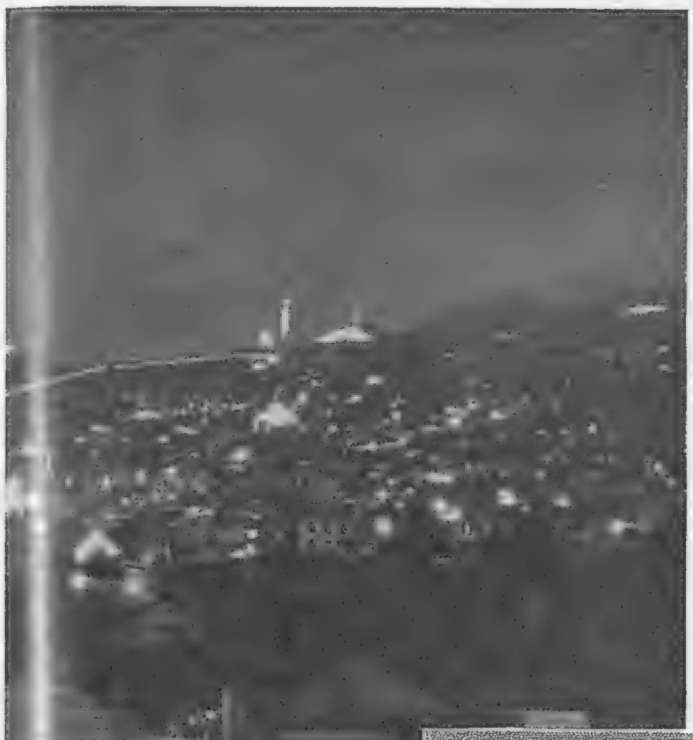
"BUY my wares!" Madeira is famous for its lace as well as its wine. Dealers showing specimens of lace and embroidered cloths to passengers on the "Kenilworth Castle"



Right:
GAMBLING in Madeira—there is a casino in Funchal—is a favourite pastime of rich and poor. Working men are often seen gambling in the streets

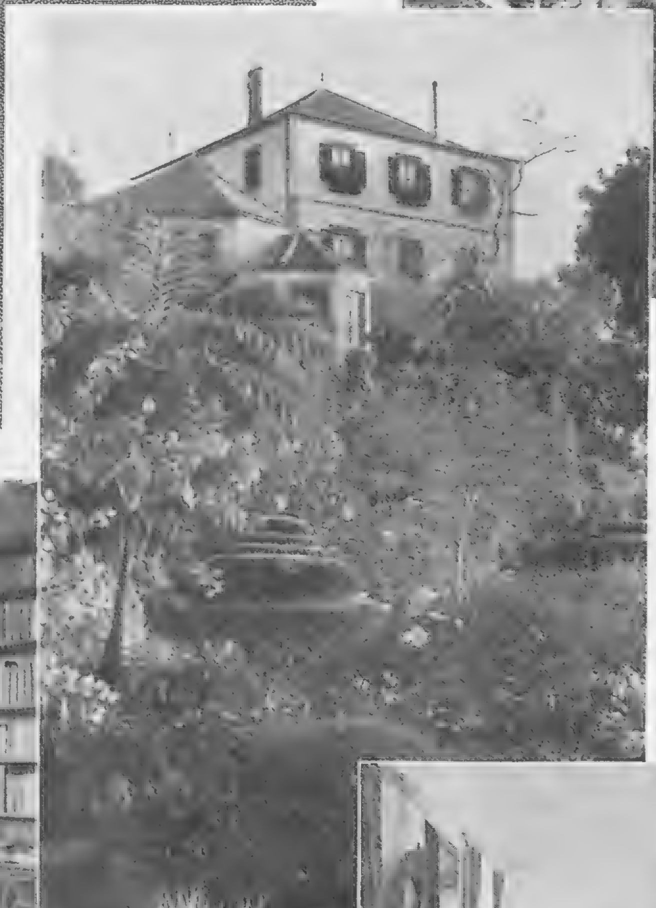
Live in! — MADEIRA, Island of Sunshine

And a glimpse of Quinta Santa Luzia, the Funchal Home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Blandy



A FIREWORK festival on New Year's Eve at Funchal, Madeira. unchal, a favourite resort of many f the great cruising liners, is one of e most attractive and gayest ports the Atlantic Islands. Picturesque whitewashed houses spread up the hills from the shore, and on the surrounding heights are delightful terraced gardens and vineyards

THE crazy paved garden at the side of the house. A small pool for goldfish is built in the centre



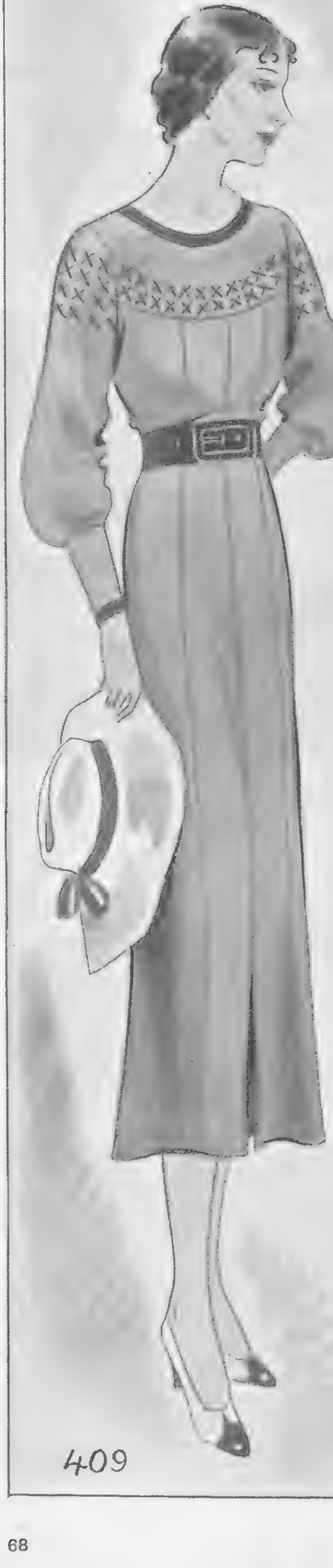
Left:
QUINTA SANTA LUZIA is one of the most attractive and comfortable houses on the island: high up in the mountains, it is built at the head of a beautiful terraced garden

Left:
THE library at Quinta Santa Luzia

Below:
THE drawing-room of Quinta Santa Luzia

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

Two Simple Dresses of Either Wool or Cotton

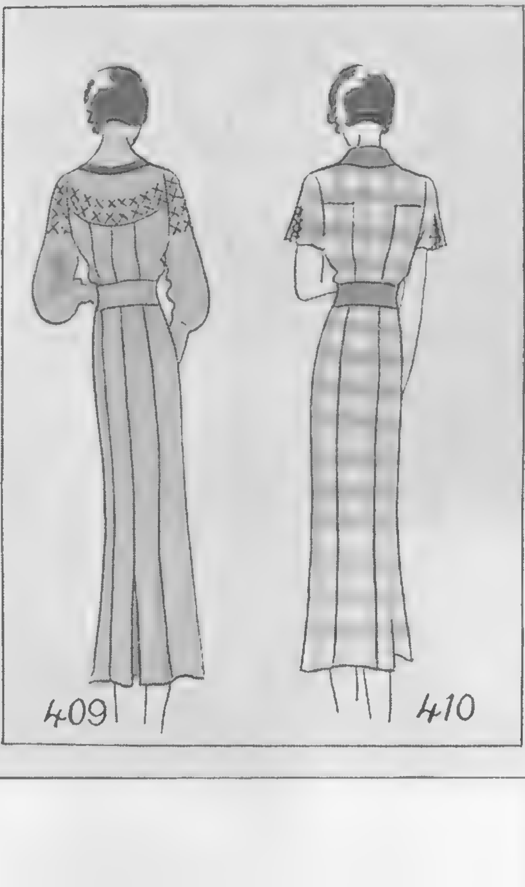


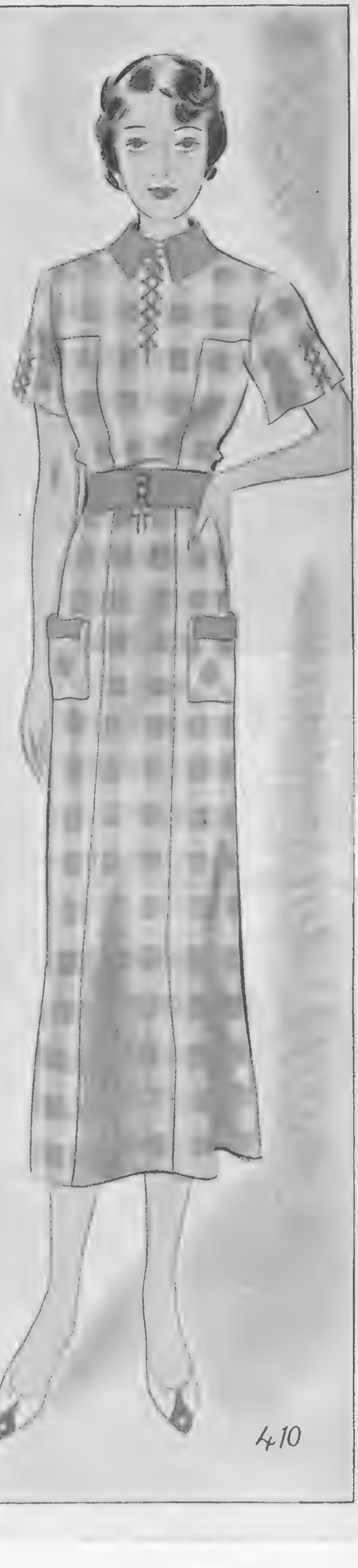
How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

409. A simple little frock, light in weight but warm, is just the thing for our rather treacherous late spring weather. This one is made in pale blue angora wool with a navy blue belt, collar and cuffs. The crosses are embroidered in wool. 4½ yards of 36 in. pale blue material and ½ yard of 36 in. navy are required. Price 1/-

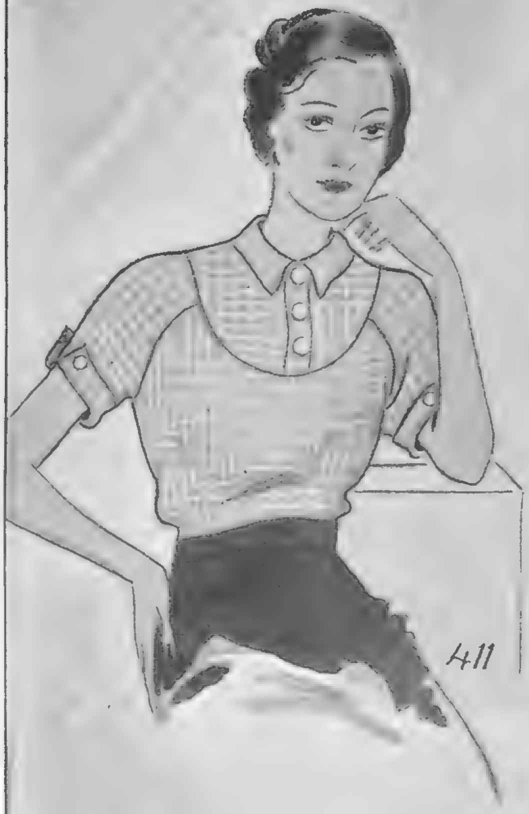
410. This dress would look charming made in blue and beige checked flannel with a plain blue collar, belt and pocket tops, or would be equally useful in a cotton material for summer wear. It requires 4 yards of 36 in. checked material and ⅝ yard of plain. Price 1/-



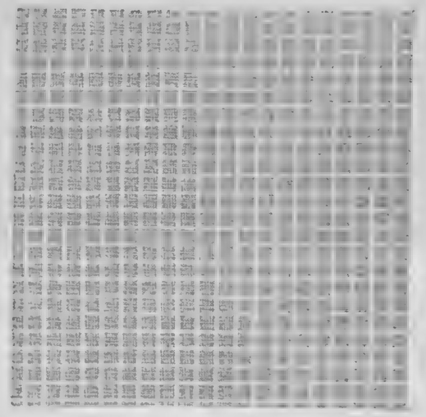


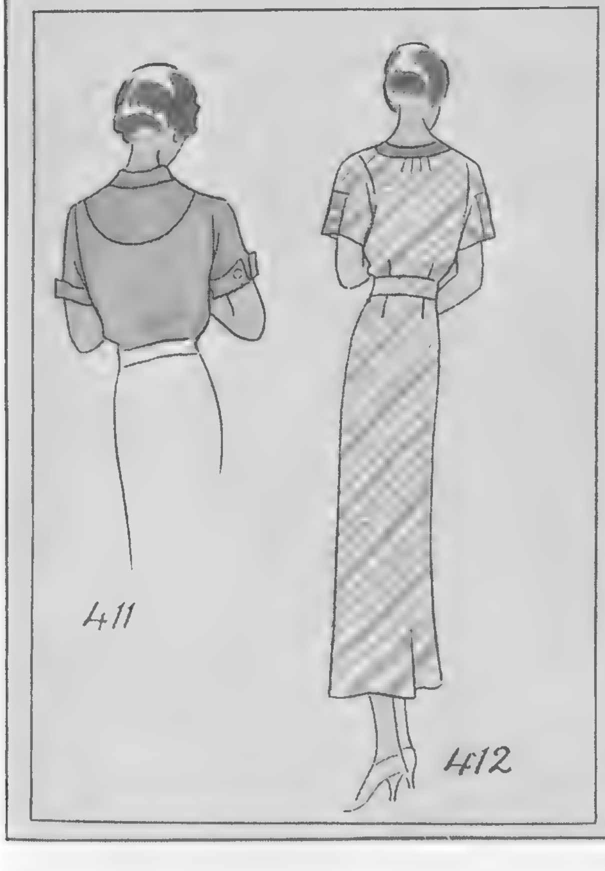
for the HOME DRESSMAKER

Designs which the Amateur can easily Execute

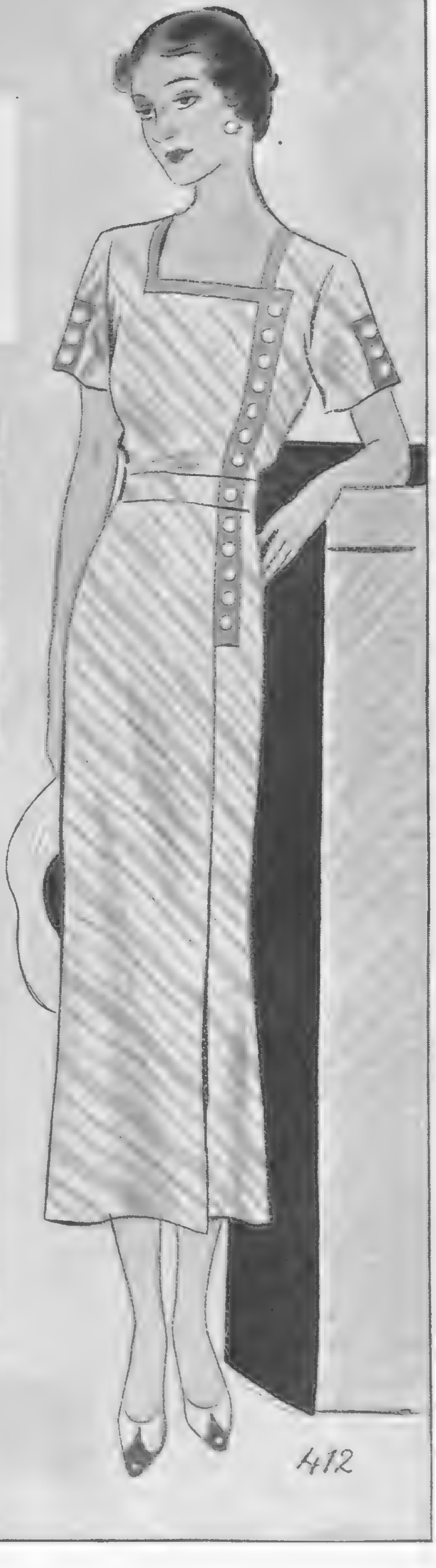


411. Tootal's new Robia crease-resisting fabrics are ideal for those little odd blouses that are so vital a component of the spring and summer wardrobe. This one, which is simplicity itself to make, requires only 2 yards of 36 in. material. A photograph of the material, a white checked Robia voile is shown below. This costs about 2/11 a yard. The price of the pattern is 1/-





412. One can never have too many washing frocks, and whether it be made in rose, blue and beige diagonal striped washing silk with plain rose bands and buttons, or in a zephyr or cotton, this one will look equally charming, and can be made by the most inexperienced home dressmaker with absolute confidence of success. 4 yards of 36 in. striped material and ½ yard of 36 in. plain material will be needed. Price 1/-



A SPRING LUNCHEON

Two alternative menus which I know you will enjoy

Some recipes which take time as well as seasonable dishes into consideration

By A. H. Adair

THIS meal should be good, short and harmonious, that is well balanced with dishes contrasting in flavour, in colour, in consistency as explained before, also the ideal luncheon is the one which can be quickly prepared.

If we take for example the following menu :—

Oeufs brouillés au fromage.

Poulet grillé, sauce Diable.

Pommes Nouvelles rissolées.

Compôte de fruits.

We find that this can be done in a little less than one hour : for the scrambled eggs five minutes ; meanwhile the spring chicken is grilled with its accompaniment of tomatoes, bacon and mushrooms ; the sauce Diable simmers all the time and the potatoes are cooked. The sweet, which is cold, has been prepared while cooking dinner the day before.

Poulet Grillé

Take a spring chicken, cut it in two and flatten the two halves as much as possible ; season with salt and pepper, paint them with melted butter and cook them a quarter of an hour in the oven (as it would take too long to grill and some parts would be more cooked than others).

Taking them out of the oven, dry them with a cloth, rub them with mustard and sprinkle with white breadcrumbs, put a few pieces of butter here and there and grill for about twenty minutes, turning them over two or three times. Serve with :

Sauce Diable

Cook a chopped shallot in a tablespoonful of vinegar until there is practically no liquid left. Then add a tablespoonful of tomato purée, a little mushroom ketchup, salt and cayenne pepper. Let this cook for about twenty minutes on a slow fire, stirring occasionally. Pass through a strainer, add chopped parsley and serve in a sauce boat.

Pommes Nouvelles Rissolées

Small new potatoes are particularly good this way and it is a change from boiled or sautées.

You want them fairly small and, if possible, of even size ; you scrape them with a stiff brush and cold water, and dry them well in a cloth. Melt a good piece of butter in a shallow pan ; when the butter is at the foaming stage, put them in, put the lid on and cook them slowly, shaking occasionally. The butter is absorbed by the potatoes and at the end of about twenty minutes you have delicious potatoes, golden all over, quite crisp outside and soft inside. Salt them when they are ready and serve at once.

ANOTHER pleasant arrangement for luncheon on a warm spring day would be a cold main dish preceded by a dish of hot eggs—poached, with sweet corn, or boiled for seven minutes, carefully shelled and served with tomato sauce ; or an omelette, and followed by a hot sweet. A perfect cold dish for a luncheon planned in this manner would be :

Poulet Vallée d'Ange

Carve a raw chicken into as many pieces as possible—wings, legs, breast, etc., and brown them in butter. Remove and keep hot. Add a teacupful of water, salt and pepper to the saucepan. Cook for a few minutes, stirring in the juices which are in the pan. Add a tablespoonful of cream and a teacupful of well-made white sauce ; stir well together and then add a glass of Port wine. Simmer for ten minutes and see that the sauce is well seasoned. Now arrange the pieces of chicken in a flat serving dish and pour the sauce over them through a fine strainer or a muslin.

This dish should be served either with a Russian salad — peas, beans, carrots, turnips, which in this case should not be dressed with mayonnaise sauce —or with a plain green salad and a dish of sauté potatoes.

A Few Cocktails Suitable for Luncheon

Opale. Is a mixture made with three glasses of Gordon's Gin, two of sweetened orange juice and one glass of Cointreau or Curaçao. Shake well.

Marmalade Cocktail. This cocktail, sweet yet slightly bitter, is distinctly a luncheon cocktail ; it makes a good apéritif. You want, of course, the dark kind of marmalade made with bitter orange as opposed to the pale crystal kind : of this two tablespoonfuls ; the juice of a large juicy lemon or of two small ones, and four glasses of Gordon's Gin add the finishing touch. Shake a little longer than usual and pinch a small piece of fresh orange peel over each glass.

Clover Club. One glass and a half of grenadine, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, three and a half glasses of Gordon's Gin, the white of one egg. Shake in plenty of ice and serve with a clover leaf on the top of each glass. For all the cocktails the "glass" means the cocktail glass you are going to use. The proportions are generous.

Dry Martini. This cocktail, always "in fashion," and still the average man's favourite, depends entirely for its success upon the gin used. So easy to make if the gin is good, and barmen everywhere will tell you that the secret of their Martini is Gordon's Gin.

Put into the shaker half French Vermouth and half Gordon's Gin. Add crushed ice, shake well and serve with a squeeze of lemon peel over each glass.

A SPRING DINNER

By

A. H. Adair

SPIRAL *glass candlesticks, coloured silk shades and the silver figure of a bird in the centre help to dress this attractive dinner table*

IN *the home of Mrs. Walter the circular dining-table is set with two tall candles with a porcelain bowl in the centre in which float water-lilies*

THERE is nothing more interesting than to try to arrange a perfect menu, nothing more pleasant than to succeed. It is easy enough, of course, to make a terrific list of dishes with pretentious names when you have resources of all kinds, but it is not so easy to arrange a little dinner of, say, four courses—a dinner not extravagant, in which everything has been carefully thought out, prices, season, taste, colour and the value of each dish not only as a separate dish, but considered in its relation to the next.

We must also think not only of the guests who are going to enjoy the dinner, but also of the person who is going to cook it; therefore, avoid careless ordering. The meal must be such that it can be prepared smoothly and without undue fuss or hurry, without the complication of things which have to be prepared together at the last minute.

Let us also try to give the meal its "spring" character in spite of the fact that at present we have a great many things all the year round. Still we associate lamb and young lettuce and a trout fresh from the stream with the spring; and if we cannot grow the herbs from our freshly awakened garden we can buy them from Covent Garden.

MENU

Sorrel cream soup
Trout caprice
Baked lamb boulangère
Pear Hélène

Sorrel Cream Soup

Take a handful of sorrel, wash it well, remove the medium rib of each leaf and chop the leaves. Melt them in very little butter. When melted add three cups of boiling salted water, bring to the boil and reduce awhile. Add two cups of veal, beef or chicken stock, and reduce again, so that having just enough liquid to make five cups of soup, you only have four when finished.

Prepare a binding of two yolks of egg and two tablespoonfuls of warm cream; stir this in little by little, cook a few minutes more without boiling and serve with fried croûtons.

Trout Caprice

Take some trout, one for each person, about a quarter of a pound in weight. Clean them, dip them in milk, then drain and roll them in flour. Season with salt and pepper and fry them in a little butter at the foaming stage. When done on one side, which takes only a few minutes, turn them on the other side. They should be nicely browned.

Remove them and put them in the serving dish. Fry in the same butter bananas, one to each trout. These should be peeled and sliced in two; again a few minutes will suffice. Dispose each half banana on each trout in the serving dish, melt a little more butter (to which you add lemon juice), which you pour, when at the foaming stage, on the fish and bananas. Serve at once.

Baked Lamb Boulangère

Cut in thin slices half a dozen potatoes and a few onions; put them in a baking tin around the leg of lamb well seasoned with salt and pepper. Start in a hot oven, then reduce the heat and add a cup of stock. Cook in the ordinary way, basting well. Six minutes before the end, sprinkle all over the meat with breadcrumbs to which is added chopped parsley.

WE begin our meal, of course, with a cocktail which puts us in the right mood of appreciation. There are many cocktails which can be successfully prepared with Gordon's Gin, but if we want to avoid the ones that are too famous we can try one of the following:—

Moonshine

Three glasses of Gordon's Gin, two glasses of French vermouth and one of maraschino. Add, just before shaking, a drop of bitters. A good scented cocktail, not too sweet.

Orange Martini

Variation on a well-known theme. Two and a half glasses of Gordon's Gin, two glasses of French vermouth, one of Italian. Soak the thinly pared skin of an orange (no pith left) in this mixture for an hour or so before icing and shaking.

Quantities must be increased according to requirements and . . . thirst, and before parting we can have—instead of barley water—a glass of

Gin Rickey

To each tall glass a port glass of Gordon's Gin, add the juice of a lime and half a lemon. Fill the glasses with shaved ice, put in sugar to taste, a strip of lemon skin and fill up with soda or plain water.

Stairs *and* Halls

and their decorations dealt with in pleasant and practical ways

FIRST impressions being what they are, one can hardly give too much thought to beautifying the entrance hall of one's home and the same really applies to stairs which, when all is said, are a form of introduction to even nicer things above.

Our most familiar problem is to invest with some importance the small areas which pass in these days for halls and to impart something to staircases which make them more than a mere means of access to other rooms.

As in all matters of decoration, it is important to know where to stop when planning a scheme for a hall. In small quarters simple measures are essential and it is always better never to have decorated at all than to have decorated too much.

Generally speaking halls are badly lit and suffer very much from the deficiency. Daylight is excluded by the modern passion for solid wood doors, though the fancy for wrought iron and frosted glass entrance doors is growing and proves a delightful combination, whilst also admitting the maximum of light. With such an arrangement one can set about planning a scheme in the knowledge that its effect will be enhanced at times by sunlight.

In the small halls of our modern houses an effect of space is best obtained by choosing a pale tint for the walls and shading the colour to near-white at the ceiling. Contrast as vivid as personal taste suggests can be introduced in the colouring of carpets, rugs, as well as paint chosen for wainscote and stair-treads. It is advisable to have doors matching in colour with the walls. Otherwise the effect of space is broken.

On a narrow flight of stairs large or flamboyant carpet designs are distinctly out of place. Plain effects are best, though if figured carpet is considered more practical, a small, neat pattern often looks extremely well.

Stair-rods are fast falling into disuse in favour of Clipper carpet holders, which are neater and less disturbing to the design, whilst also preventing that threadbare line which is the ultimate result of pressure from rods. Dusting and sweeping is simplified and there is something satisfying about the neat simplicity of their appearance.

The treatment of the hall and staircase should be repeated on upstairs landings and, unless space is ample, furniture should be reduced to a minimum and the size and shape of each piece carefully considered in relation to the space available.

TO assure the best display of the carpet design and, above all, to prevent the wear caused by stair-rods, Clipper carpet holders should be used. These enhance the appearance of the stairs and simplify cleaning as well

THIS very luxurious stairway suggests adaptations for the simpler scheme. The steps painted in alternate colours are a delightful innovation

A MODERN balustrade and chromium handrail give a simple distinction to this stairway in a small house

ANOTHER simple treatment in an old house modernised by Maurice Adams. The balustrade is boxed in with oak-faced plywood

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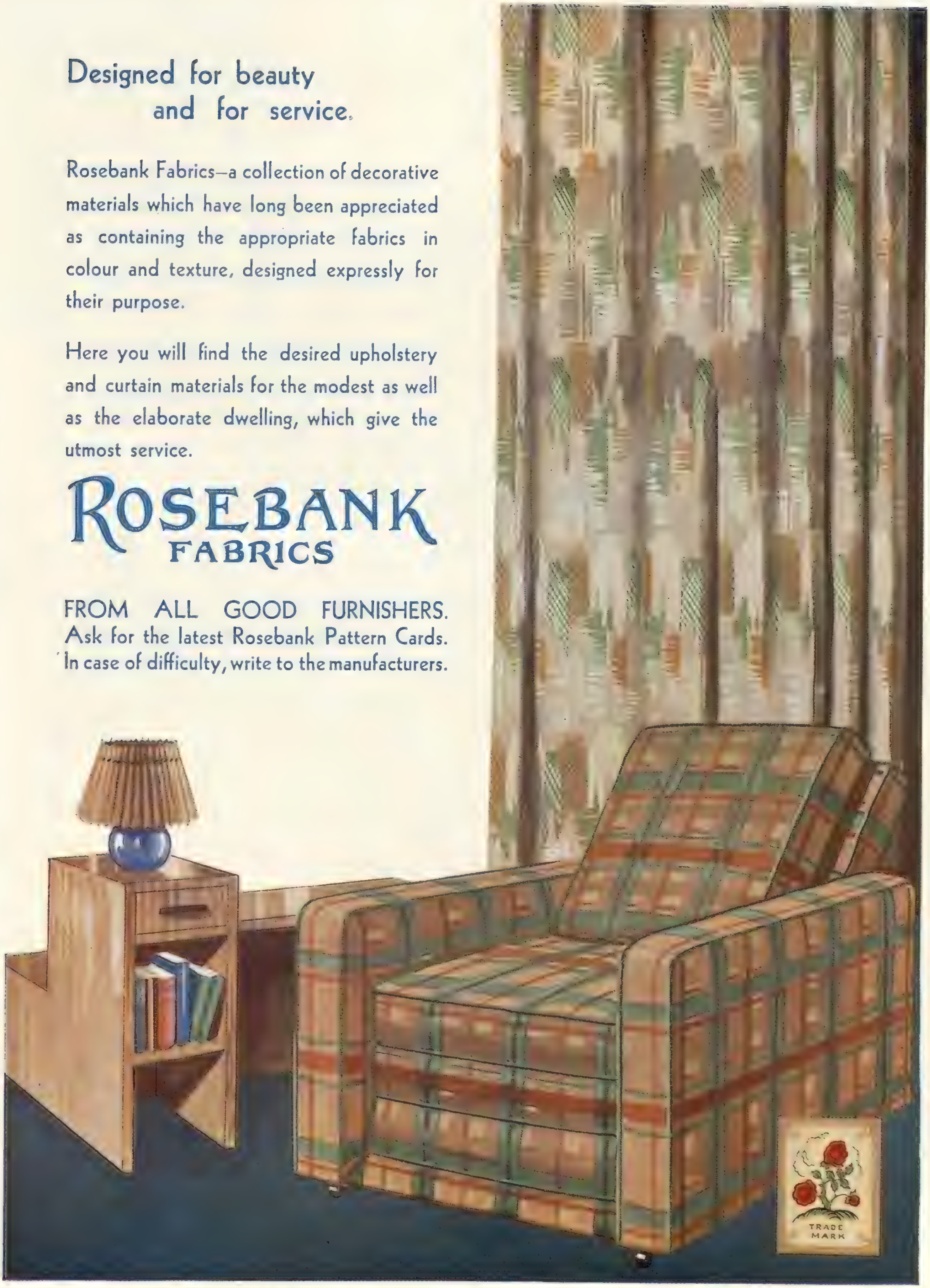

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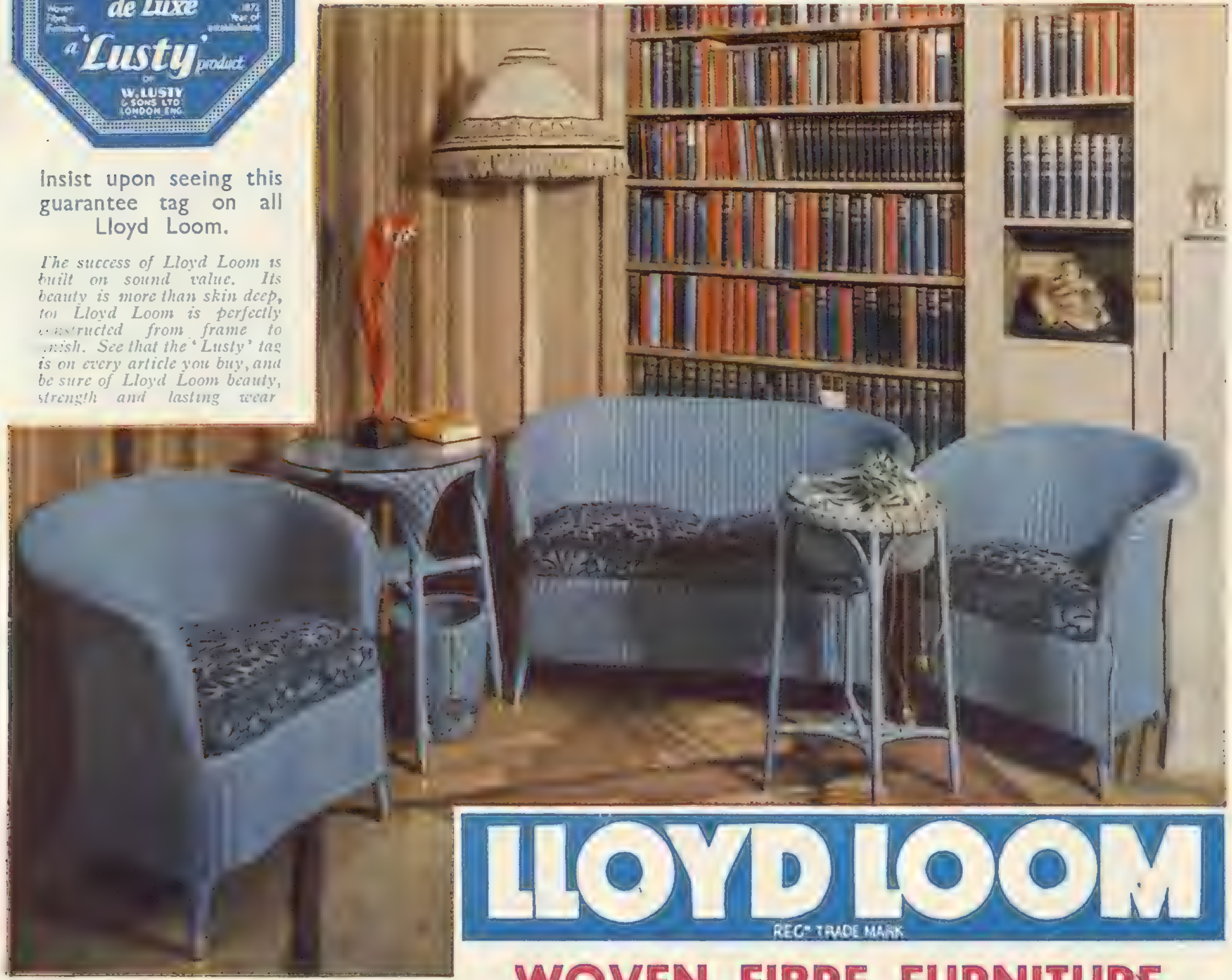

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Prices of Models shown above from left to right: Tub Chair No. 394, with spring cushion, from **55/-**. Table No. 3AX, without glass top, from **34/6**. With glass top, from **48/-**. Waste-paper Basket No. 59, with Barbola Decoration, from **11/-**; without decoration, from **6/6**. Settee No. 396, with spring cushions, from **103/-**. Work Basket No. 73, from **31/-**. Tub Chair, No. 394, as before.

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Decorative *and* Practical LIGHTING for *Modern* Homes

By Shirley Darbyshire

A CLOCK let into a mirrored recess above the fire-place and lit by a concealed bulb makes a decorative feature in this panelled room. On either side of the chimney breast are electric candles supported on glass shelves

THE photograph above shows to what excellent purpose a disused door or unwanted cupboard could be put. The glass shelves hold jade ornaments and jewelled trees and the whole cabinet is brilliantly lit by concealed lamps

A STRIP light is hidden beneath the plain wooden pelmets of this window and shines down on the patterned chintz curtains. Note also the glass-topped fitment in the recess of the wall, which is lit from beneath. By courtesy of *Marjorie Castle*

DJO-BOURJOIS designed this room, which has its artificial light falling from the same direction as its daylight. This is achieved by a false ceiling of three-ply and glass concealing powerful bulbs and giving the impression of continual sunlight

THE function of lighting has changed a good deal lately. Once it was regarded purely from a utilitarian point of view—that of giving illumination. Now we require much more of it in this respect, and it has to be decorative as well.

Decorative lighting is playing an increasingly important part in modern furnishing schemes. Illuminated curtains, for instance. You can't read by them, certainly, or sew by them, yet why ask them to be anything but simply attractive? This function they fulfil well. One room I know has silvery curtains of a quite inexpensive material lit from behind the pelmet with lamps sprayed in red, so that they throw down a warm, rich glow, giving the folds of the curtain an effect of shimmering loveliness. And in attic rooms, where the windows are often set in deep embrasures, the same idea can be carried out. One deep alcove I saw, its beige curtains shining under a golden light, made a little sitting-room unit, for two easy chairs were drawn up near the curtains, and for sitting and talking in a quiet half-light no other lamps were needed.

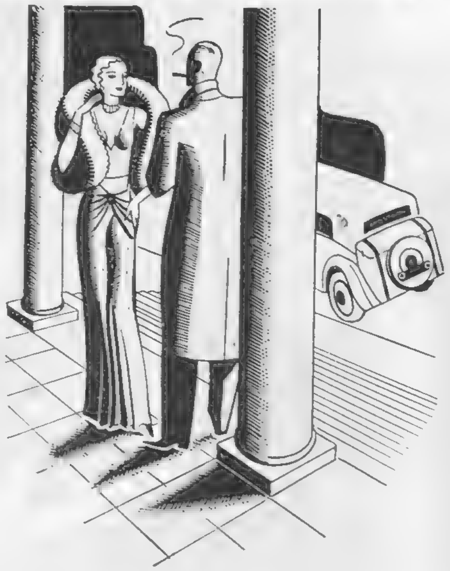
Cornice lighting is to be advocated in small rooms and narrow passages, since it gives an effect of spaciousness. Narrow tubular lamps are so easily concealed that they appear in all kinds of unexpected places. Lighted bookshelves are new, and here the practical aspect is strikingly combined with the decorative. For what more pretty than to have a soft light concentrated on the cheerful bindings of one's books, and what more sensible than to have their titles clearly illuminated?

Then there is practical lighting to be considered. A maximum amount of illumination is required from a minimum of current. Many fitments nowadays are made of opal glass because it diffuses light—the secret of good lighting is that you should be able to look straight at it without seeing the lamp behind the shade at all, nor yet be dazzled by any glare. Taffeta diffuses light, too, and is therefore a better choice than ordinary silk for making lamp-shades; imitation parchment also has this quality of diffusion.

Cupboards can be simply and inexpensively lit by having a little 25-watt pearl lamp let into the top or the side of the cupboard. In a bathroom the light should be placed over the shaving mirror. If you choose ordinary fitments they should be enclosed ones of opalescent glass with chromium-plated frames, so that there is no danger of rusting.

The same fitting should also be used for kitchens. Curiously enough the kitchen, which should be the best lit room in the house, is often the most neglected. Here you want localised light, one lamp over the table, another above the sink, a third above the oven. And in each case, enclosed dustproof fittings should be chosen. For the centre light over the table, a 100 watt pearl lamp is best, above the sink and the cooker, 40 watt lamps are sufficient and they should have their own bakelite switches so that they can be turned off and on easily, in the interests of economy.

MOLYNEUX . . .



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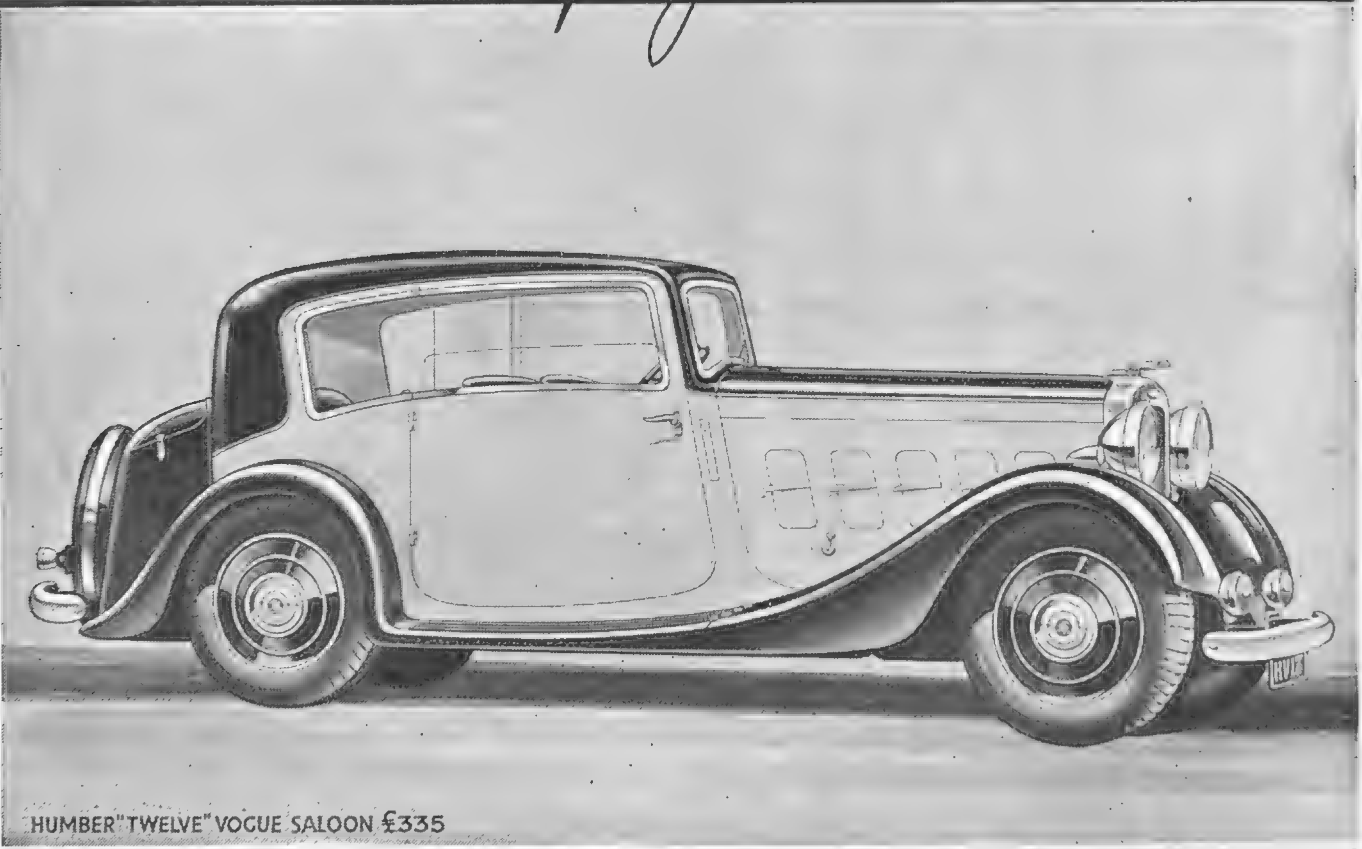

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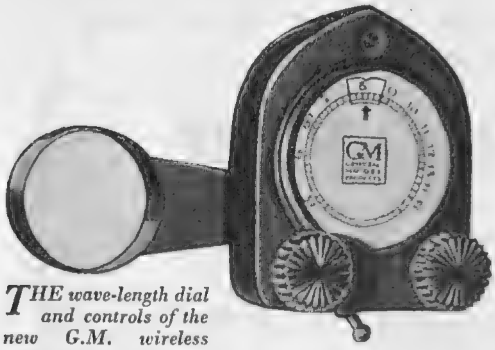
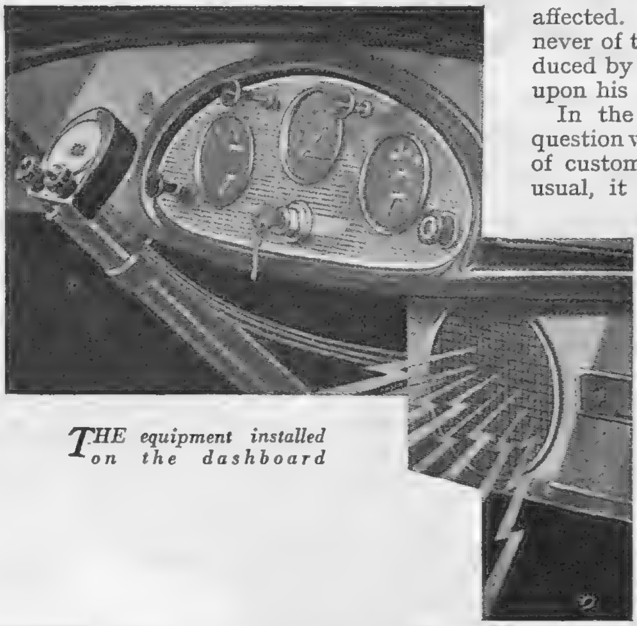
Wireless *and the* Modern Car

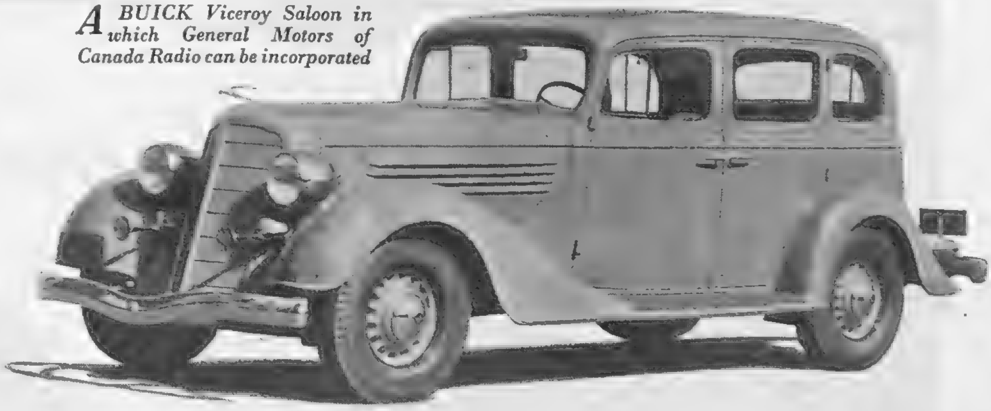
By The Earl of Cardigan



THE wave-length dial and controls of the new G.M. wireless equipment for cars



THE equipment installed on the dashboard



A BUICK Viceroy Saloon in which General Motors of Canada Radio can be incorporated

AMONG the many novelties which are to be seen included in the fittings of 1934 cars, none will attract more attention, or give rise to more divergent opinions, than the special built-in wireless set. There are a good few cars now on the road possessing full wireless equipment, and many more are being supplied with provision ready made for such an installation. Meanwhile, all progressive manufacturers of wireless sets are making active efforts to interest the motorist in their wares.

As I see it, this alliance between motoring and radio must suggest two important questions to the ordinary driver. In the first place, he will want to know whether the result, from the point of view of music and entertainment, is genuinely worth while. Secondly, he will have to ask himself whether it is really desirable for his car, and likewise the other fellow's car, to be equipped with a device which may tend to distract attention from the prime business of driving.

As regards the first point, my own impressions, based on an actual run in a radio-equipped car, are distinctly favourable. The tone and volume of music transmitted by the compactly fitted set appeared to me astonishingly good—hardly inferior in any way to what one expects from a first-rate household installation. "Tuning in" proved to be a very simple process, and there was a remarkable absence of "interference," even when the car was driven through busy city streets.

Altogether, I was left in no doubt that a car wireless set is perfectly well able to do what its makers claim for it. Indeed, in certain circumstances, I can imagine myself being very grateful for such an amenity. On a longish run, for instance, over good and easy roads, when there is no occasion to be in a hurry, it must be very pleasant to drive for an hour or so to a musical accompaniment. The milestones must slip by in less tedious succession, and the subconscious strain and fatigue of travelling be correspondingly reduced.

We may take it, then, that the possibility of combining the pleasures of "listening in" with those of motoring has now become an established fact. Hence we come to the second consideration—as to how, in the course of ordinary, give-and-take running, a musical or other programme is likely to affect the efficiency of the average driver.

Let me state at once my conviction that, where a really skilled and experienced driver is concerned, no form of outside interruption is going to upset his concentration to a dangerous extent. A fully capable driver could, with perfect safety, transport an entire brass band along with him, or the traditional wagon-load of monkeys! The only probable effect would be to make him drive rather more slowly, and with more deliberate precaution.

THE disturbing influence of wireless is, by contrast, very slight; yet it is not imperceptible. My own experience suggests that there is a distinct tendency, when "exciting" music is being played, to drive more boldly, and, to a dreamy melody, to moderate one's pace. In fact, when a dance band suddenly changes over from a slow waltz to a brisk foxtrot it is quite difficult to refrain from a sympathetic pressure on the accelerator!

Then again, when some item of special interest is being broadcast, there is no doubt that some part of one's mind is distracted from the task of studying the road ahead. The sensible driver, naturally, will make allowance for this by slightly decreasing his pace. He would act similarly if accompanied by a chatty passenger, a restive dog, or any other such source of distraction.

The question is, however, not how the prudent driver will react, but rather how the novice, the unpractised or the naturally inexpert motorist will be affected. Will his margin of safety, never of the widest, be perceptibly reduced by the claims made by wireless upon his attention?

In the end, I suppose, the whole question will resolve itself into a matter of custom. When a thing becomes usual, it automatically ceases to be dangerous. There was a time when one was besought, on the score of safety, "not to speak to the man at the wheel." Nowadays, conversation with the driver is quite usual, and no apprehensions are aroused. One can scarcely doubt that, within a few years, the same toleration will be extended, and with equally good cause, to the wireless set.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note how the popularity of this new item of equipment is continually spreading. It has just been announced that Buick cars are to be sold with radio as an optional fitting. All Buicks which we see in England are, as is well known, manufactured in Canada, and the progress recently made in such installations by Transatlantic firms has been decidedly impressive. The new G.M. wireless set, used in this instance, will be well able to receive not only English, but also many Continental programmes.

The method of fitting the set into the car is also extremely ingenious. It takes up no useful space, and remains practically invisible to the casual eye. The entire "works" are contained in a single neat box which is bolted into a position, behind and beneath the instrument board, opposite to the front passenger's seat. There is no diminution of leg-room or obstruction of any sort involved.

As to the controls, these consist merely of a dial and two "tuning" knobs, fitted as a single small unit on to the steering column. It is hardly necessary to glance down in order to obtain immediate, perfect reception. So well-planned a set should prove a real attraction to a great number of prospective buyers.

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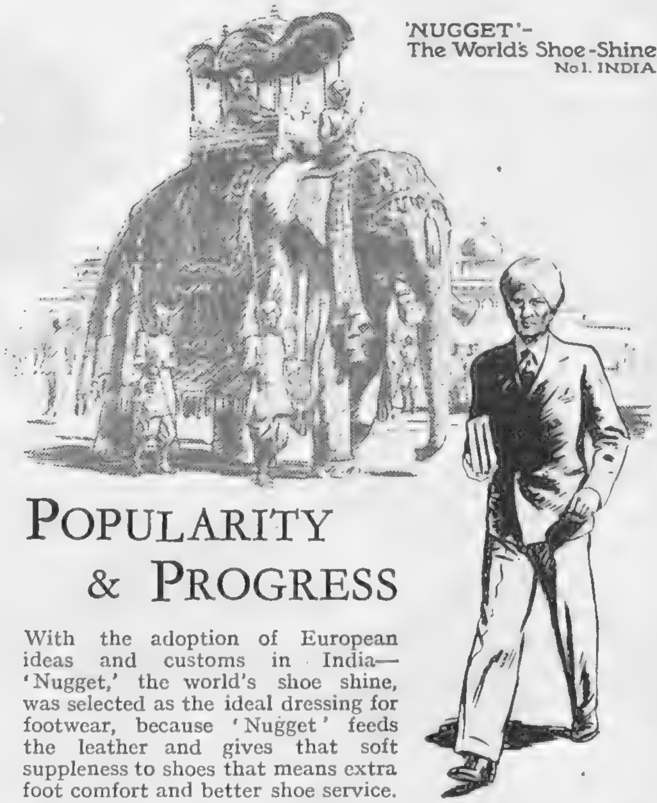

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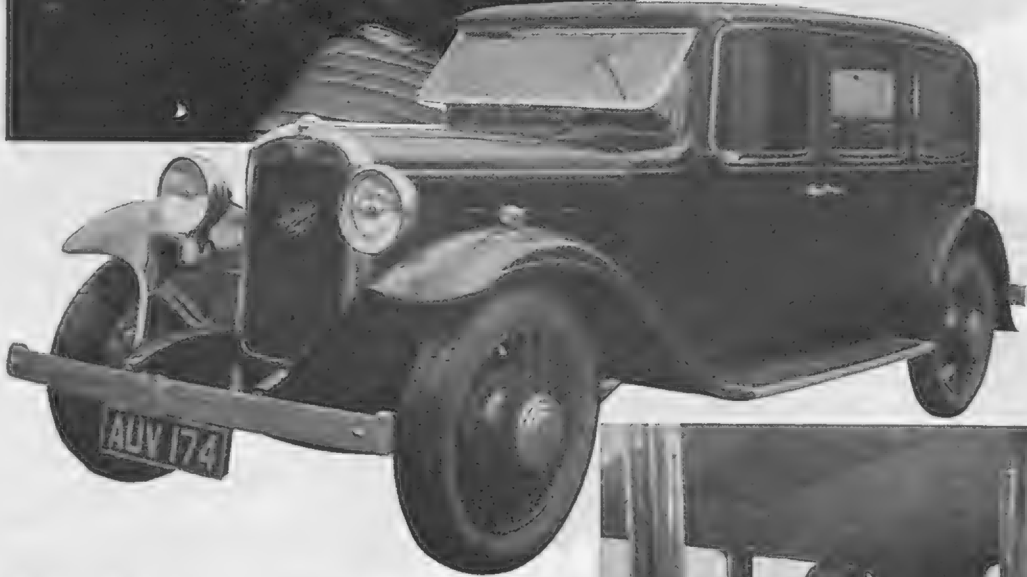
N/I/7

A New Austin

The 18 h.p. "Carlton" Saloon

A Road Test by The Earl of Cardigan

THE Driving position is comfortable and the controls conveniently placed. The instruments are all grouped opposite the driving seat, leaving space on the near side for a very large and useful cubby-hole



THE new 18 h.p. Austin is a comfortable large car, carrying really luxurious coachwork

BACK seat passengers, besides enjoying exceptional leg room, have also the advantage of being able to adjust the seating angle in this very simple and effortless manner

THE 18 h.p. Austin may fairly be called a new model, although it is actually a logical development of the familiar and popular "sixteen." The 1934 chassis is longer, body space has been increased, and the 18 h.p. engine may be exchanged, if the purchaser so desires, for one of 16 h.p. only. Here is one of several instances in which the latest Austins offer, without variation in price, a choice of two different sized engines.

In the case of the 16/18 h.p. car, it may be said at once that either the small or large engine may be trusted to give an entirely satisfactory performance. The car loaned to me was an "eighteen," as stated above—but it quickly proved itself to be of such abundant power that the deduction of a mere two horse-power would obviously not have impaired its efficiency to any undue extent. Its capacity for swift acceleration and for vigorous hill climbing was, in fact, a very striking feature.

Once or twice, indeed, the extreme liveliness of the engine was demonstrated at the expense of road holding. Driving conditions happened to be very bad, owing to a combination of fog or drizzle, and wheel-spin was apt to develop when the car was accelerated in rounding a corner. In other respects, however, it showed itself steady enough, no sign of a skid being experienced except in conjunction with the wheel-spin.

The new four-speed gearbox is notable for its extreme ease of operation. Third and top gears are assisted by synchro-mesh mechanism, and therefore cannot be "crashed," and second gear also is an exceptionally simple ratio. So easily can the latter be engaged that, after perhaps a dozen soundless changes, I actually had to make a deliberate "crash" change in order to assure myself that no special mechanism was aiding me! Even without synchro-mesh, therefore, these Austin gears would deserve commendation.

As to actual performance, a speed of 60 m.p.h. can be reached in top, and a good 40 m.p.h. is available in third gear. The engine at all speeds is very smooth and remarkably silent, besides being more than ordinarily flexible. For this reason, very good average speeds can be maintained, no time being wasted, after traffic blocks or other hold-ups, in "getting off the mark."

THE brakes are very smooth and powerful, and the springing is comfortable at all times. The steering is light and agreeably definite, although having little or no self-centring action. Whether the latter point is a merit or a defect I am not prepared to say. Opinion among owner drivers seems to vary widely, and it is clearly very much a matter of personal preference. The Austin designer, in taking a middle course, has no doubt succeeded in his intention to satisfy the vast majority.

The 18 h.p. Austin in brief

ENGINE. 18 h.p. six cylinder with side valves; very smooth and silent.

GEARBOX. Four speeds, third and fourth synchromesh.

PERFORMANCE. Top gear 60 m.p.h.; third gear 40 m.p.h.

BRAKES. Mechanical; smooth, but of ample power.

SPRINGING. Semi-elliptic, comfortable.

STEERING. Not much self-centring action, but good and definite.

COACHWORK. Exceptionally roomy and lavishly equipped.

PRICE. With "Carlton" saloon coachwork, £328.

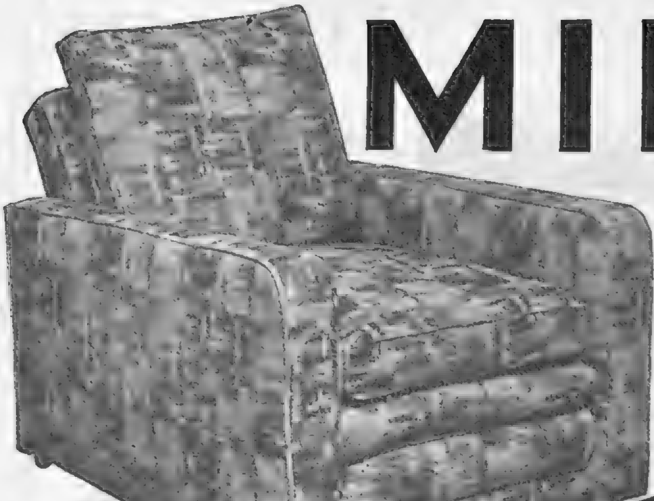
The "Carlton" coachwork deserves special mention. Seldom, I suppose, has a more thoroughly comfortable saloon body been produced, or one more fully equipped with convenient features. It would be no exaggeration to describe this Austin model as the family saloon par excellence.

In the first place, the amount of useful body space is not only adequate, but positively lavish. Although the "Carlton" is normally a four- or perhaps five-seater saloon car, it is actually capable, without much alteration, of accommodating two occasional folding seats and thus becoming, for a small extra charge, a genuine six/seven seater. This is remarkable, and it gives some idea how ample is the leg-room when the occasional seats are not included.

AN attractive feature is the provision of two large glass side screens, projecting at an angle from the windscreen pillars. With these screens properly adjusted, it is possible to lower one or both of the front windows without encountering a direct draught. This provides a very simple, but thoroughly satisfactory, means of ventilation. The windscreen itself is rather less well planned. It can be opened, but not sufficiently to ensure a clear view of the road through the somewhat narrow aperture. This might prove awkward, in the event of the car being driven on a day of combined fog and frost.

In general, however, coachwork details have been wonderfully well thought out. A most valuable novelty is the device by which the entire back seat may be adjusted to whatever angle is most comfortable to the passengers. This fulfills a real need, and might well be generally copied. It is safe to predict that, priced only at £328, this new Austin will speedily take its place as one of the popular models of a consistently successful range of cars.

MINTY CLUB CHAIR



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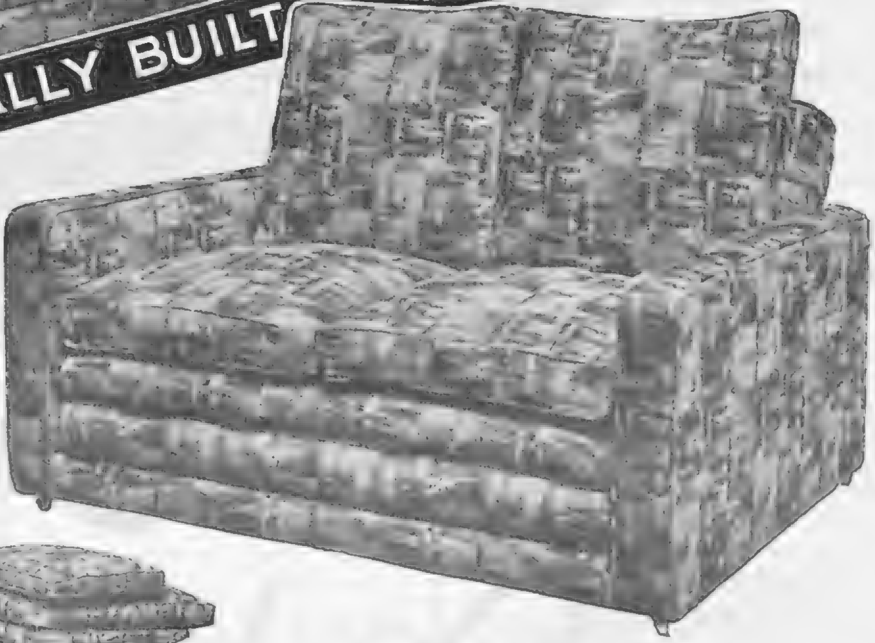
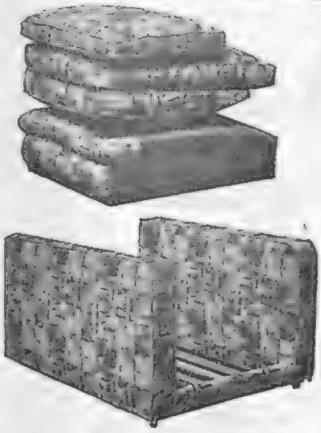


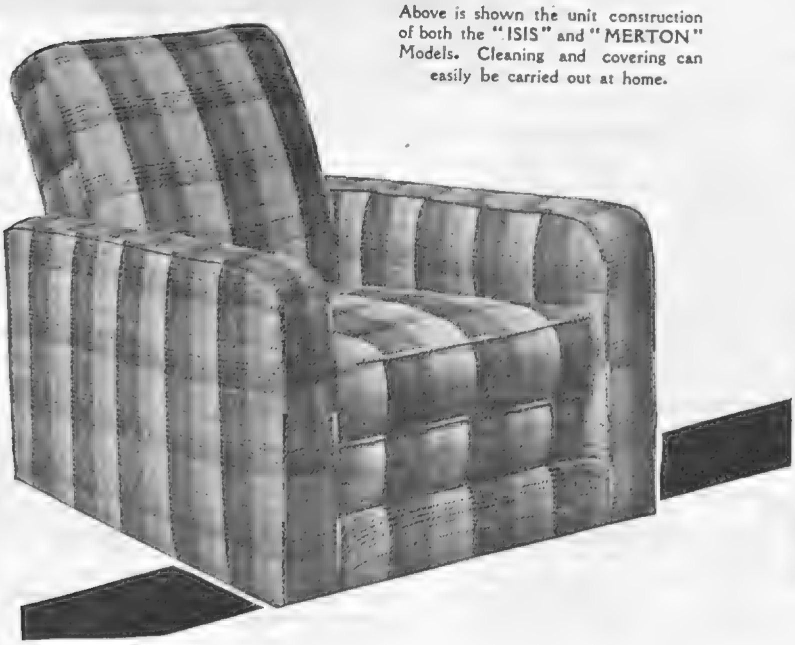
● Modern stress calls for Modern rest—not only for modernity of design, but a perfect union of ease and appearance. Minty Chairs have evolved on these lines.

The new "MERTON" Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.

The "MERTON" ECONOMY MODEL



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" Models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.



● THE "ISIS"

Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

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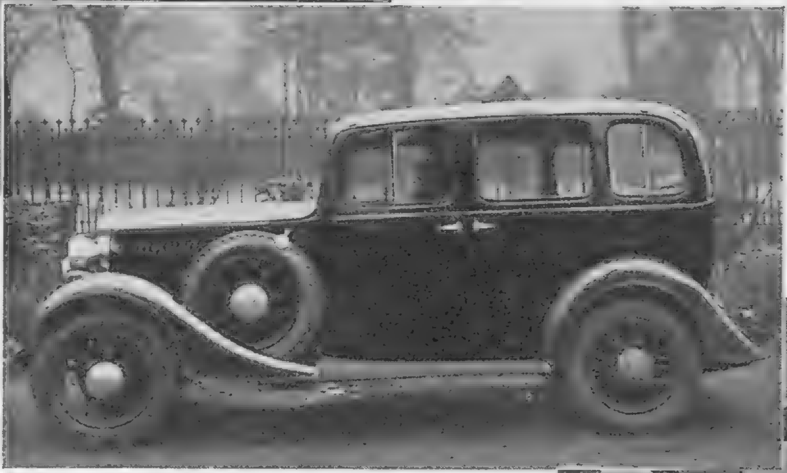
A Remarkable Light "Six"

The 14 h.p. Vauxhall

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE gear lever comes very readily to hand, and all the controls are similarly well placed. The windscreen has a good opening, in the rare event of the two screen-wipers proving unequal to their task



THE 14 h.p. Vauxhall is a good looking car of comfortable proportions. The special "no-draught" ventilation panels of practical utility should be noted

NOWADAYS, to examine a new Vauxhall model is to study a car which, whether large or small, is designed on pre-eminently sound and practical lines. This is very clearly the case, as a road test soon reveals, where the new 14 h.p. light "six" is concerned. Here is a well-equipped saloon, selling at only £215, which yet lacks nothing which the ordinary motorist will demand in the matter of performance and roadworthiness.

On the contrary, as regards speed and liveliness this Vauxhall rather exceeds one's expectations. In top gear, it can reach 70 m.p.h., and, owing to the extreme smoothness with which the engine turns over, can cruise at 50 or even 60 m.p.h., without apparent effort. Vibration is conspicuous only by its absence. Acceleration and flexibility are very good, and, when required, the very useful speed of 50 m.p.h. can be attained in third gear.

The gearbox deserves more than a passing reference. It gives four speeds, with synchro-mesh engagement and very quiet running in the case of the two highest ratios. In addition to its practical advantages, it is of interest also as being directly developed from the first synchro-mesh gearbox ever produced in this country. To Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., must go the credit for introducing this form of gearing to the motoring public, and for foreseeing the wide popularity which its "fool-proof" qualities were destined eventually to enjoy.

Road-holding with this new Vauxhall is distinctly good, the car being steady and well balanced at all speeds. The steering is light and definite, and has a little, but not very much, self-centring action. Braking efficiency is above the average, for the brakes are very powerful, require only a slight touch of the pedal, and at the same time manage to avoid any fierce or sudden action.

The springing likewise is notable for the thoroughness with which it does the work required of it. Nowadays, it is not very easy to find a really bad surface over which to test a car's suspension system—but I know of one stretch of road where a continuous series of "ripples" provides quite a fair trial ground. I took the Vauxhall over this at a good speed, and was distinctly impressed by the ease with which the "rippled" surface was smoothed out, as it were, by the effective action of the springs and shock absorbers.

When one looks for the weak points of this car, indeed, it is necessary to be quite severe in order to find any fair scope for criticism. One possible defect, although I have no personal objection to it, is that neither of the front wings is visible from the driving seat.

THERE are more good points, and no defects even of this minor order, when the coachwork comes to be considered. There is plenty of space, and both front- and back-seat passengers are enabled to stretch their legs in enviable comfort. The back seat has a central arm rest, and, when this is raised, there is sufficient width for any three slim people to sit abreast.

The special Vauxhall "no draught" ventilation system is to be noted. This is very far from being a "stunt" addition to the coachwork. It is of genuine usefulness.

Most cars nowadays may lay claim to providing good value for money. The modern motorist will not make a purchase unless this is so. At £215, however, for the de luxe saloon, the 14 h.p. Vauxhall may be regarded as an investment which, in its own class, is second to none.

The 14 h.p. Vauxhall in brief

ENGINE: six cylinder, 14 h.p., with overhead valves

GEARBOX: four speeds, third and top gears synchro-mesh

PERFORMANCE: top gear 70 m.p.h.: third gear 50 m.p.h.

STEERING: good, light

BRAKES: very good and efficient

SPRINGING: remarkably smooth

COACHWORK: very comfortable and well equipped

PRICE: with de luxe saloon body, £215

THE back seats provide a generous amount of space. The front seats were not pushed forward when this photograph was taken, but were fastened in their half way position

THIS MONTH'S MOTORING HINT. *REVERSING SIMPLIFIED.*

IT is noticeable that practically all novices, and even some drivers who have been motoring for years, are distinctly unhappy when reversing a car into a confined space, such as a garage with a somewhat narrow doorway. The trouble is not that they are unable to accomplish this manœuvre, but rather that they are unable to do so with any degree of ease and confidence.

My own recipe for backing into a narrow space is simply this. Ask yourself first, "Is there, or is there not, room for the car to go through the opening?" If the answer is "Yes, with about one foot to spare," then steer the off-side back wheel to within six inches of the off-side door post. Take no notice whatever of what is happening on the other side.

Similarly, as the car goes in, steer the off-side front wing within six inches of the door post. You know perfectly well that there must be as much or more clearance on the other side. In other words, look after the off-side wheels (which are easier to see), and let the near-side wheels take care of themselves.

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Blood Money

(*Continued from page 21*)

Senga was ready to go, bearing off her new heirloom in triumph. She hadn't a doubt where it belonged, and why should she? Of all the heaps of pottery about there was nothing comparable to this except that which glowed like secret fires in the bungalow. She showed it to Burton that night, telling him where she found it, and I took care to be where I could observe him unseen.

He was shaken; not a doubt of it, but he kept his pose well. He had been keeping it so many years. . . .

"When was it lost?" asked Senga. "Did Grandma ever know? She'd be horribly upset if she had ever known."

"No," said Burton, slowly. "No. She never knew."

It was curious, and yet not so curious perhaps, how Senga's imagination had centred round her grandmother in connection with the china and with England. Her mother she dimly remembered as a dark, fat, not-too-young woman, and her father not at all. He had always been away trading, she said, and it was once when her mother went with him that a squall caught the cutter and they were both drowned.

But her grandmother who had come from England, her grandmother who assuredly had brought as heirlooms for her granddaughter to cherish all those porcelain dreams of ecstasy on the shelves—Senga was never weary of making up stories about her grandmother whom she had never seen.

"I think maybe she was the daughter of an earl," she told me once. "I think perhaps my hands are like hers, and that's why I take such care of them. They are rather pretty, aren't they?"

Oh, she was wicked in those days when we all fed out of her small slim-fingered hands. Planters came sailing through the narrows to anchor their sloops in the lagoon and ask her to share their struggles with blight and falling markets on some cocoanut or rice plantation even as far off as Sumatra. Plump young Dutch officers from the Barracks over on Paliti (more than one had a native wife or two, as I didn't hesitate to tell Burton) sang her love-songs grotesquely to guitars, or tried to involve her in long arguments concerning the reasons why the Dutch made the best husbands in the world. Young fellows of fortune, such as myself, knocking out a living by picking up a cargo here and another there, were thick as flies round that pretty bungalow with its glowing treasures.

But we couldn't get Senga. She was waiting for something, and one day she told me what it was.

"I will never marry a man who hasn't heirlooms that I won't be ashamed to put my grandmother's beside," she said.

So there was the end of it until a British Commissioner came along from Borneo on a health-trip one day. And Senga, just then in the height of her beauty, appeared to him desirable above all women. And there was no doubt whatever about his heirlooms. He carried them in his looks and manner no less than in the indisputable family mansion with its suits of armour and Gainsborough portraits away in England.

SENGA was lucky. She might have gone a lifetime and not come across another man like Sir Harry Ross. They were engaged, and now Burton showed an unexpected side. He had been rather queer of late, I thought. More the watching and waiting look on him than ever, and as soon as he heard of the engagement he demanded an instant marriage. There were reasons, political and other, why this didn't suit Ross, but the more he demurred the more Burton insisted, until Senga, who was never one to allow matters to be arranged for her, declared that she would not marry until Ross's time was up in the East and he could take her to England.

That meant a year's delay at least, and Burton was so upset that she nearly quarrelled with him.

"Do you want to get rid of me?" she cried, blazing in that thin flame-like way she showed sometimes, and which always struck me as more Indian than English. And to his half-hearted "No, no. Of course not," she returned a fierce "You do. I can see it," and raced down the beach and was away in her row-boat under the evening sky before he could move.

Burton looked at me, and the stillness in his eyes had gone. He showed a kind of passion that, I imagine, must often have been there as a young man; must have been there when he. . . .

Well, I gave him back look for look. I was not pleased with him, either. Nor was I more so when he begged me to use my influence with Senga.

"I have no influence," I said. "And if I had I wouldn't use it to make her marry Ross. I want her myself."

He put that aside with a gesture. He must have heard it from so many love-sick young fools.

"It is vital that she should leave the Group soon," he said. "I hadn't known what I was going to do, and then Providence seemed to show a way out, and now . . . all this nonsense. She must marry and go at once."

I didn't see the necessity, and told him so, rather brutally, perhaps, for I was feeling sore enough. He slumped down into his long chair on the verandah and clapped his hands for drinks. He was an abstemious man generally, but he tossed off two brandies before I'd finished one, and then sat up with a sudden jerk and wiped his grey moustache.

"I must tell someone," he said. "If I tell you perhaps you can suggest a way out. You've got more brains than most of 'em." He hesitated, and then said slowly, with an intonation that sounded very strange and solemn in the twilight with the tall trees drooping and the bats already beginning to flick to and fro under the eaves: "You know what that china really is, Poole?"

"Yes," I said, promptly, for I wasn't going to let him off now. "Slave-china. Blood-money. You sold good flesh-and-blood for that."

"I sold my English wife for it," he said. "And her lover. Forty years ago."

I sat quite still. I couldn't have spoken or moved for the life of me. Senga with her talk of her grandmother's china. By God! It was her grandmother's china all right!

Burton went on quickly in the way the most reserved Englishmen often do once the ice is broken, I've noticed:

"Aimée and I came out when we were very young. I had a weak chest, and was ordered East. We went to Java first, and there she created a furore, being—er—something rather different from the ordinary Dutch colonial vrouws. Through that heavy atmosphere she seemed to go sparkling like champagne. I got jealous and brought her to Maloppi, where I took up rubber-growing. Not here. Over on the other side nearer Pagang." Pagang was the village with the tombs. I had nothing to say about that either.

"She resented this," said Burton, "and we quarrelled a great deal, although I loved her more than ever. This life is bad for young people; not enough manual work, and the heat soaks away your self-control. That must be my excuse . . . not that I'm excusing myself," he added fiercely. "What you or any man thinks is of no moment to me."

I could understand that. What he himself must think was more than a load for one mortal. He went on in clipped sentences that showed up with curious clarity the boredom of the young wife, the slow sapping of her love before his passionate demands, his unreason. Then the coming of the second man with the dark narrow-eyed subtlety of the East in him. Her attraction to that soft secret something so different from the hot blood-and-thunder English temperament of her husband. The attraction deepening, growing as lush unhealthy creepers grow in the swooning heat of the jungle. Burton's own blindness; his English arrogant belief in the inferiority of the dark man of mixed bloods; his affection for the little dark child so unlike himself; his sudden wakening to the truth.

Well, which of us dare cast a stone at what he did? It had gone on so long. The child—not his child—was eight years old. The man who had robbed him was not even white, although he passed for white. The Chinese traders classed him as white on the night when they bought him and the woman down in the Pagang tombs where they had been used to meet. That, said Burton, speaking always low and rapidly, was why there was so much of the good china. When he sent word up to Shanghai he had said there would be two white slaves, and he wanted the best china. It was all so easily arranged in the very early days. The traders ran in with a covered sampan to the beach where Burton met them. And then they walked up to the tombs and caught them there.

Why had he demanded china in exchange, I wanted to ask. But he explained that. "Pottery of all sorts was the legal barter then. I wanted them to see that they were really sold as slaves according to the accepted and legitimate law. And they did see. The china was counted out and put into reed baskets before them, and by that they knew the transaction to be binding. I had stipulated for the best china because they were worth it. I meant to have my money's worth. I meant to have the worth of my old family name that they had so desecrated."

His old voice had become young and terrible, ringing out to the quiet jungle-night beyond the verandah, and somehow it made me see the tragedy as he had seen

(*Continued on page 84*)

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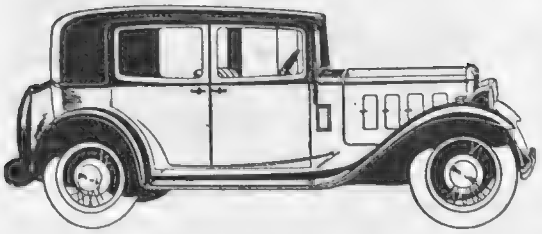

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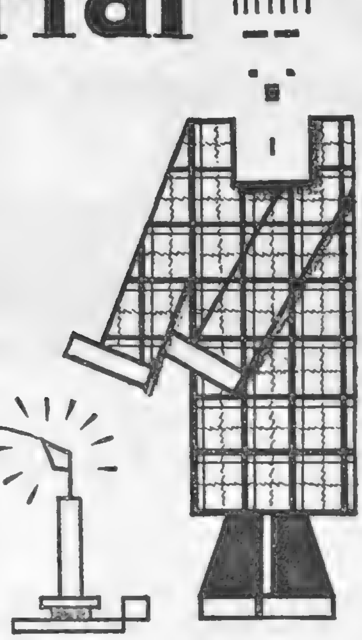

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it. The big proud Englishman, merciless with the vulture tearing at his soul; the white woman, her blue eyes anguished, in the arms of her impotent dark lover; the white-draped Chinese merchants watching impassively with their slant eyes as one watches a play. And then the dim walls of that musty tomb dulling the glory of that delicate heaped porcelain which had bought a man and woman body and soul. I could see the dragging of them over the white moonlit sands to the sampan where their shrieks (a Eurasian cries just like a woman) would be taken by any stray Pagang native for the calling of ghosts, and the return of Burton to his lonely bungalow, there to set on his shelves the price of his revenge and to contemplate it in silence for half a lifetime. Now I could guess just a little at what he must feel when Senga made him use that china, when even to me each cup had seemed filled with blood and tears.

But I could never have guessed at what he told me next. He was having her back. After forty-odd years he had found her again, and he was having her back. That was why—not knowing what was before him—he wanted Senga out of the way.

It appeared that after Senga's mother died—Burton had brought her up as his own and married her to the man who ran his trading-cutter—he had seen in that visitation the hand of the Lord and set about making such restitution as he could. He knew all about the secret and endless webs of information and obstruction in which the whole East is tangled. With the right entry you can find out anything. Lacking it, you can't discover what lies hid just under your nose. Oh, it's a queer place. . . .

Burton's big reward was the right entry; and although it had taken more than twelve years to trace his wife, she was found at last. She'd lived through it all—and what that all had been I didn't even dare wonder about, and in a few weeks a Chink was bringing her down from Penang to deliver the goods and claim the reward.

It was just here that I began to realise. Burton's wife Senga's grandmother. Senga's fairy-tale grandmother with her priceless porcelain heirlooms a debased old forty-year slave among Malay pirates and Chinese! And Burton was having her here. It was too fantastic. Too horrible.

"You can't do it," I said. "Man alive, you can't do *that* to Senga."

But he could, it seemed. The whole man was changing, had changed in some queer occult way. He had never ceased from loving her, and now he was subtly excited, desirous, and the notion of having her back was quickening his long-dead youth in some inexplainable fashion which great lovers may understand. I can't. But he was no fool. He guessed pretty shrewdly at what he might be letting himself in for, and though he was prepared, even eager to undertake it, he wanted Senga out of the way first. I argued, but it was arguing with a stone.

"She's my wife," he said. And so I suppose she was, whatever experiences she might have had since she left him. Then, quite suddenly, he slumped down in his chair. He was an old man and the mere telling of this had worked him up until he was completely exhausted. "You talk to Senga. You get her away. I leave that to you," he said.

There was a legacy for a man. I tell you no one need have envied me as I went into the living-room and lit the lamp and stared at that damned china as though it would help me at all. There it was; moonbeams, sunbeams, starlight, gems of Araby. There it was, the dumb and lovely witness of woman's weakness, man's passions, the brutality of revenge. And witness, too, of little Senga's pride and love and care.

Smoking miserably I did not hear Senga come in until she slid her small hand under my arm, looked up with her flushed flower-face.

"Pater's asleep," she said. "Why does he want to send me away, Dick?"

I mumbled something. "But why?" she insisted.

"To tell you the truth," I said, clutching at the first lie that came in my head, "he's thinking of marrying again."

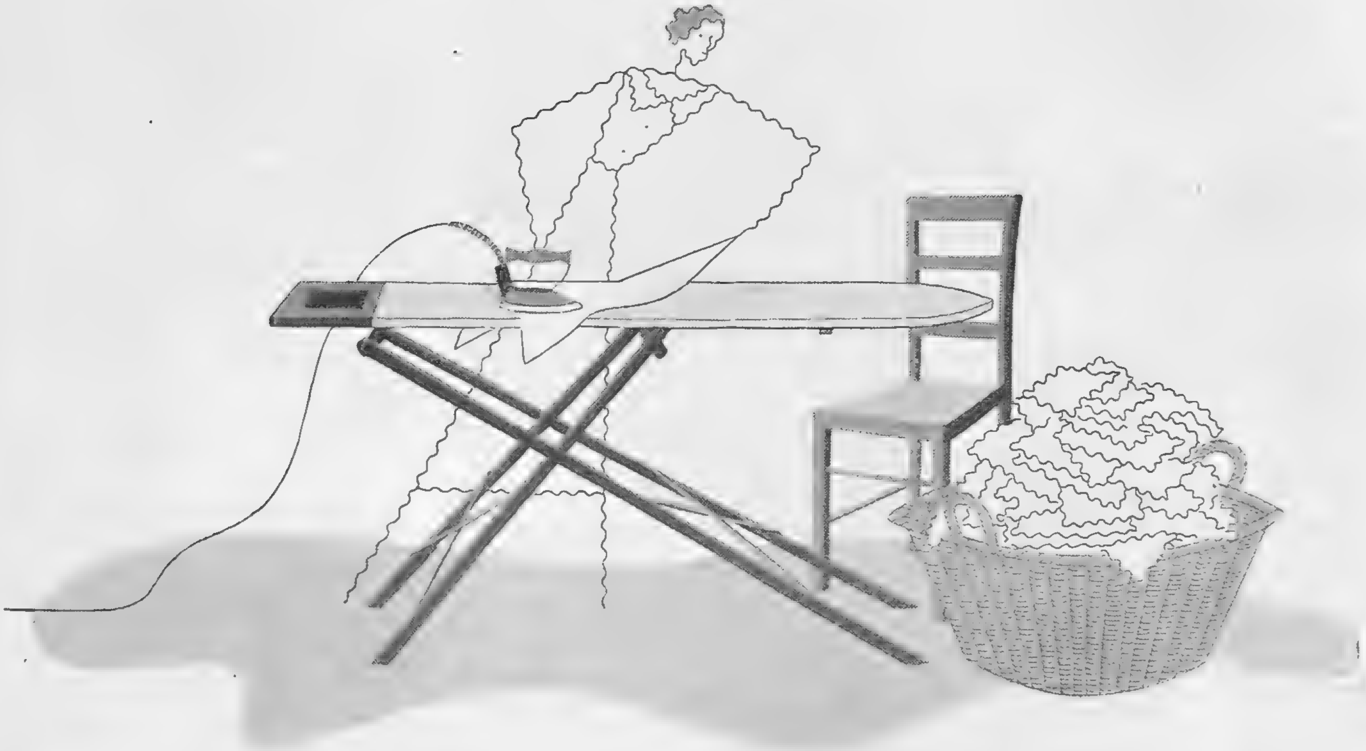
She dropped my arm and stared, all resentment in a moment.

"That was for him to tell me. Not you," she said, proudly.

Having begat the lie I had to father it. Burton was shy, I said, of setting his practical old-age marriage against her beautiful young romance. He hadn't meant her to know till later. But it would be better for him, I urged—not, of course, thinking anything of the kind. "A man needs a woman about him, Senga," I told her. "A man needs a woman."

I needed her myself then, God knows. I needed most terribly the right to take her in my arms and comfort her (*Continued on page* 86)

WHY BE A SLAVE TO YOUR IRONING BOARD?



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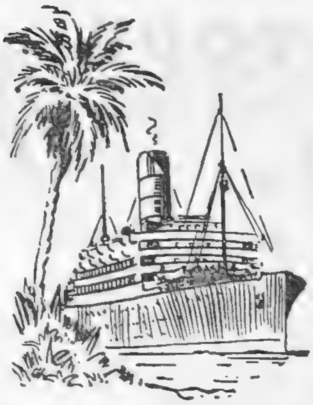

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against what was coming on her, what she indubitably would have to know soon. But I got her to promise to go away until the new wife had arrived and was settled in, and that was something. And I knew that if it was all too terrible I would see that she didn't come back. I promised myself that, anyway, although why I should have been so tender of her I don't know. She was never tender to me.

Suddenly she began to cry. Soft, silent, yet burning tears that she wouldn't let me wipe away. And then, going to the shelves, if you'll credit it, she began to take that china down, piece by piece, fondling and crying over it in her pretty girl-way. I made out through her murmurs that she was sort of apologising to it and to her grandmother.

"No one will ever love you as I do, darlings. . . . And she's your spirit. She lives on in you . . . even if others forget I never will. . . ."

I can tell you it made me cold to hear her, knowing what I knew and what she would have to know pretty soon.

"Perhaps your father will give you the china when you marry, Senga," I suggested, and then had a panic. How if old Burton's "restitution" included the return of the china?

She said nothing to that, and very soon she left me and went off to bed. Burton was still asleep on the verandah with the bats wheeling above him; so I ran down to the beach and had myself rowed out to the sloop. It was one of the most perfect nights I ever remember, with the stars big and soft in a velvet sky and a little breeze making off the forested headland, heavy with land-scents, lemon and myrtle and all the sweet wild things. Hanau lay shimmering like a green pearl beyond the coral gap, and white ibis were flying home in a long zig-zag across a nearly full moon. I could hear the gentle plop-plop of paddle in the lagoon, and a girl singing. But there was no magic in that night for me. I got the sloop under way as soon as the breeze strengthened and fairly ran for it. I felt certain I'd made a damned mess of the whole affair, and I wanted to get away.

IT was a month before I dared show my nose in Mallopi again; and when I stepped out of the dinghy and found old Burton waiting me on the beach I was dumb. He gripped my hand, looking like a man who has seen a nightmare lifted but doesn't dare believe it won't return.

"Senga went up to Singapore a week after you left to buy clothes," he said. "She's not back yet, but my—my wife turned up on Friday."

"Oh," I said. For the life of me I couldn't say more. He walked beside me, his heavy feet crunching the shell path. In some way he looked a little loosened up, more human all over, if you know what I mean.

"Poole," he got out with a jerk. "She doesn't remember anything. She's—gone native. But she's a damned good cook. I give you my word," he said with fervent relish, "I've never tasted better cooking in my life."

Somehow, seeing all that had led up to it, that struck me as the funniest thing for Burton to say that I'd ever heard. I began to laugh. I laughed all the way up the path and up the steps and across the verandah and into the living-room where Burton's wife was laying the table for supper. It may have been nervousness. I don't know. But I can assure you that when that jolly old brown wrinkled woman in her sarong and white jacket put her fat hands on her fat hips and laughed back at me I just dropped into a chair and fairly yelled. It was all so unexpected, you see. I'd looked for tragedy and found—a fat cook. Life does play you these kinds of tricks sometimes. I remember . . . well, never mind that now.

Burton stood looking at us, grinning rather shamefacedly.

"Mr. Poole is glad to see you, Lulu," he said in Malay.

"Then I'll give him a good dinner," she answered promptly in the same tongue, and we went out on the verandah to have a peg and wait for it. And I tell you she was as good as her word . . . and better.

Well, there it was. Burton was quietly positive that she was his wife, and I suppose he had means of knowing that I, of course, couldn't ask about. But she had forgotten even her English and her name; and, this being so, he had given up his intention of acknowledging her as his wife—for the present, anyway. Forty years among Chinese and Malays had wiped the white woman out of her, and she had undoubtedly taken to native life amazingly well. Probably she had natural instincts that way. You remember she'd chosen an Eurasian lover? Probably many women who don't get along in the environment they're born to would be happier in some other that you'd think quite impossible for them. I often wonder. I wonder if some woman who can never be content with any one man for long wouldn't perhaps settle down quite comfortably in a harem where the one man was so valuable that she'd be content to share him. You never can tell. . . .

Anyway, old Lulu, whatever she had endured while she was still Aimée Burton in her own consciousness, had billowed and bumped and laughed her way into happiness now. That natural gaiety which, to use Burton's words, had sparkled through the conventional Dutch society like champagne, carried her, seasoned by Lord knows what experiences, into a rich and mellowed Rabelaisian old age. Heavens, how she made Burton and me laugh while she waited on us that night at dinner!

I was there nearly a week before Senga turned up, and I don't think I ever fed better or laughed more in my life. Old Lulu had an easy tongue, and what she didn't know—and tell—of men and life isn't worth telling. Apparently she had never shirked experiences, any more than she shirked describing them. Your true adventurer, who under ordinary circumstances might have sunk into a stale, dull, virtuous wife. At least, that is how I felt about her. I felt somehow that perhaps she didn't owe Burton such a grudge after all. As for him, he soon ceased to look anxious and shamefaced. Her humour blew all that out of him pretty quick. One could have no weak notions of repentance or reticence with Lulu around; her face as brown as a native's, with the white teeth gleaming, her grey hair in a careless knot on top and her heavy brown feet flop-flopping out of her list slippers. The skin between her short white muslin jacket and the batik sarong was brown and polished as a berry. She used to tell us wild stories of how she'd lived with river pirates up and down the Yang-tse and other dangerous channels of Eastern China. Possibly she got a sun-tan then that never came off, just as she got a philosophy which wore equally well.

But her stories! My hat!

"Look here, this won't do before Senga," I told Burton. "You must give her a hint, you know."

It may seem queer to you, my talking like that to Burton about his wife. But I never could think of her as that. She was the genial good-wife of the world, and I never doubted that she would carry through her first meeting with Senga triumphantly, whatever the rest of us might do. Senga, I know, was nervous, although Burton had written up to Singapore saying he'd changed his mind and taken a native housekeeper instead. But that, I fancy, only suggested complicating and illegalising an affair which Senga naturally felt anxious about in any case.

She had become very much the young lady now, and it was a gloved hand she had on Burton's arm as they went up the shell path to the bungalow. How he felt I don't know. Pretty queer, I should think. To me the meeting of these women, so closely allied and so ignorant of it (if Lulu was so ignorant as she seemed, which I sometimes doubted), was one of those extraordinary and impossible things that seem to occur so often in real life. I could tell you a hundred stories which you'd scarcely believe. . . .

Well, there were Senga and her fairy-tale grandmother face to face at last, and between them on the table the "heirloom" china. They looked at each other: Senga very pink and pretty in a blue hat with a feather and a looped-up blue dress showing her pretty grey boots, and old Lulu with her brown rotund body shameless between her two sketchy garments. For once Lulu didn't smile. She had her own dignity and she would be quick to read the hostility in Senga's eyes. Burton made the introduction with some awkwardness. I don't blame him. How would you have felt yourself?

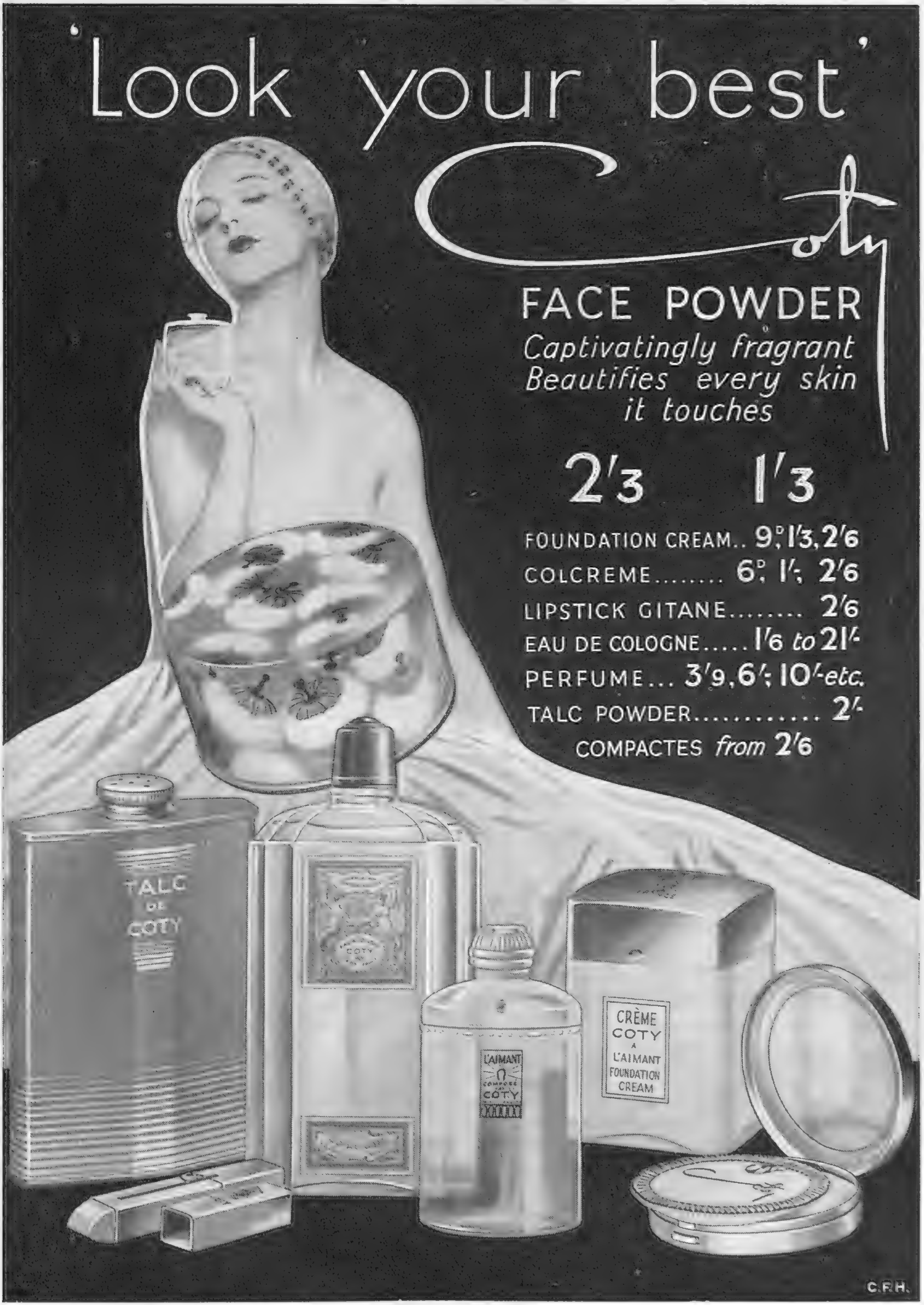
"This is my new housekeeper, Senga," he said. "She looks after us very well. Her name is Lulu."

"Good evening, Lulu," said Senga at her very high-and-mightiest, and went to her room without another word.

There was some constraint at dinner, with Lulu waiting on us in silence and Senga talking a great deal about Singapore. I could see Burton getting restive and a new fear struck me suddenly. Wife or no wife, Burton had settled down with Lulu in the way old men will settle into a chair that suits them. He had nothing now in life to keep a stiff upper lip over, and he didn't keep it. For the first time in his life he was, I imagine, really comfortable inside and out, for it would have been ridiculous to feel pity or remorse about Lulu. She had lived her life with a gusto and completeness not attainable by many women, and if that suggests a—well, to put it mildly, a lack of refinement in her, all I can say is that many folk are less refined inside than they appear.

Being so comfortable, then, I could see that Burton didn't mean to have his comfort destroyed by Senga. He'd tell her the truth sooner than that. And this was the thought that sent cold shivers down my back, for I was not quite over my attack of love yet.

Soon enough there was a real grievance. Senga came rushing out (*Continued on page 88*)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into the compound next morning where Burton and I were counting out the bundles of rattan, and her hands were full of broken china and her face all tears and flame.

"Look," she cried tragically. "I found this in the outhouse. That horrible old woman has been breaking my heirloom china."

There was no doubt about it. Lulu had. And no doubt either that she went on breaking it whenever she got the chance. Of course, she had a hearty slap-dash way with her, being the kind of woman who would have the place cluttered up with golf clubs and Sealyhams if she lived now. But Senga believed she did it on purpose, and so did I. She would know, undoubtedly, that it was slave-china, blood-money. Whether she knew it was her own I could not guess, although I had my suspicions. And so, I believe, had Burton. At least he never tried to stop her, but seemed rather pleased than otherwise, as though each plate and pot that disappeared was one shackle less on his soul. And indubitably if anyone had a right to destroy the stuff old Lulu had, although I confess that to see it done went to my heart almost as much as to Senga's.

So here was a strange position. Senga fighting tooth and nail for her cherished "heirlooms" and the sacred memory of her grandmother, and the grandmother gaily and systematically making away with the evidence of her own shame. It came to a show-down at last, as I had feared it would, and to the end of my life I've been thankful that I happened to be there in order to avert something which, I honestly believe, Senga would never have got over.

I heard the voices of the two women in the living-room that morning; Senga's cold and dictatorial, and Lulu's her usual chuckling, rolling guttural. Senga said:

"I forbid you ever to touch my china again. Do you hear?"

"Yiss. Sartin." Lulu used her few English words like a native. "I must dust the room," she added in Malay.

"You shan't dust it. I'll do it myself. Do you hear?"

"Yiss. Sartin. Will you sweep it, too?"

"Certainly I will. Now . . . go away."

"Yiss. Sartin."

There was a crash, a scream from Senga, and we rushed in. Lulu, swinging the broom-handle round to present it to Senga, had contrived to rake a whole shelf first. The damage was complete. Shards of every shivering exquisite colour lay scattered on the floor, and I'll swear that old Lulu shot a wink at Burton when he looked at her.

Senga's voice was deadly cold. She never condescended to rages before a native, being surprisingly conventional in many ways. Curiously enough, she, with a native drop in her, was far more English than the grandmother who was responsible for that drop.

"This is the end," she said to Burton. "Either that woman goes out of this house to-day or I go."

Burton tried his best. He reminded Senga that the china was really his. "And if I don't mind, darling . . ."

"Of course, everyone knows why you don't mind," said Senga with cold scorn. "I don't occupy quite the same position towards your—housekeeper as you do."

She threw all the insult she was capable of into the words, and it might have sounded funny if I'd had time to think of that. Senga condemning Burton for what was possibly one of the most lawful acts of his life. Burton said helplessly:

"Now, don't get annoyed, my dear. Don't get annoyed."

I suppose flesh and blood couldn't stand that. Anyway, Senga's couldn't. She called her grandmother—oh, Lord!—that fairy-tale grandmother of her dreams—by such names as a woman rarely used in those days, and Burton suddenly woke up. He came forward, seeming to tower over us all, a veritable giant of rage.

"I'd have you know, miss," he began in a roar. And then I butted in. I was terrified. Horrified. I knew instinctively that Senga would never bear that revelation. Stripped of her heirlooms, her background, she would be doomed. She would not even marry Ross, for there was in her something of Burton's capacity for making a good hell while she was about it. I said . . . well, I don't know what I said, but I got him stopped somehow. I got Senga to see that since she was going soon in any case, a few days the sooner would not matter, and that Burton had never had indigestion since Lulu began to cook for him. I said and did all kinds of idiotic things, I know, and—the long and short of it was that I did manage to patch up some kind of truce that lasted until Senga sailed for Singapore two days later when a trading-vessel called in that took her across to Sarawak.

She was too proud to (*Continued on page 90*)

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ask for the rest of the china, and Burton did not offer it. I feel sure that he felt that its full destruction was necessary for the ultimate peace of himself and his wife—if he did think of Lulu as his wife. That was one of those interesting problems a man is often coming across and rarely has cleared up for him. I would give a lot to know the truth of that even now.

AFTER seeing Senga off we walked back to the bungalow, feeling rather miserable and guilty, although relieved. At least, I did. Burton was always rather a clam. There was a crashing sound as we came up the steps, and we looked into the living-room to see old Lulu, a big strip of skin showing between jacket and sarong as she swung her arm, having a go at the last of the china with a couple of Burton's boots.

I went away then; but I often called in at Maloppi and got such a welcome as I never had elsewhere. Burton and old Lulu were as happy as the days were long. What their secret relations were of course I never knew, but they seemed to understand each other perfectly. Many and many's the evening Burton and I have sat smoking on the verandah above the still lagoon while Lulu talked. One doesn't laugh like that now. I've known the monkeys come out of the jungle and jabber to hear us laugh.

He left her all he had when he died, and she went down to Macassar and opened a boarding-house for seamen. You can guess it was popular. She never wore any but native dress, and whether she ever knew that she wasn't a native is more than I can say. She carried that secret to the grave with her . . . and half the town followed her there. I forwent a cargo in order to be at that funeral.

A queer story, eh? You would almost think that Burton's revenge had been the means of enlarging and developing that woman's life in a way that could never have happened otherwise. At any rate, I'm certain that he got more years of misery out of it than she did; and, although morals are so unfashionable just now, I must say that I've often noticed it to be so in cases of this sort.

As for Senga, I saw her in England a few months after I had attended her grandmother's funeral. She had all the elegant country-house-with-appurtenances that she wanted, and three pretty little girls with long yellow hair. One of them showed me a small square-sided Satsuma vase on a bracket. It was cream with gold overlay, and I knew it was the one Senga had picked up in the tomb. Apparently she had felt justified in taking that with her to England. The little girl piped up:

"That's our heirloom. Mamma says it's the most precious thing in the house. Mamma says there were lots more, but a nasty old woman broke them. Mamma says it belonged to her grandmother, and she was a very great lady and lived in a castle and was the daughter of an earl."

I looked at Senga, and she seemed to believe it, too. Perhaps she did, for she must have told the story so often. She had lost all trace of her native charm and become a very good English citizen. So perhaps there was justice in the whole affair somewhere.

Poole stopped talking, and the peat-fire fell together with a soft murmur. Outside the lodge the wind still howled. Macrimmon knocked out his fourth pipe thoughtfully.

"I wish I had known Lulu," he said. "Some folk have all the luck. And would you be calling that story a tragedy or a comedy, Poole?"

"What is all life," asked Poole, "but a more or less judicious mixture of the two?"

And then, somewhat silently, we trooped up the narrow stone stairs to bed.

END

A Woman *in the* Desert

(*Continued from page* 29)

thief, which trotted in and out of the salon. For women, Madame Abd-el-Krim told me, there is no such thing as freedom. They only change their master.

WHEN the Legionnaires escape they frequently make for Morocco. The Tafilalet, centre of religious fanaticism, has been throughout the ages the cradle of adventurers and pretenders to the chieftains' thrones. For years the French have been trying to penetrate it. In 1917 they got as far as the *oued*, or river, of the Ziz valley. It was the Cherif Semlali, paid by German gold, who preached a holy war—the holier the more ruthless—and attacked the French advance posts. General Lyautey harnessed a good deal of Africa for the French, but he could not harness the Tafilalet. There were further victories for the French under General Giraud in January, 1932. Thirty thousand families of the great oasis made their submission, but the chief rebel, Bel Kacen, made his escape.

IN sheep-raising in Sud-Oranais, one can count on nothing but chance. You buy your flock through a negoçiant, then you hire your berger. Endless discussions are necessary before you arrive at the age-old arrangement which both sides intend to accept from the beginning. The arrangement is that you buy your berger a burnous—or perhaps two burnouses—a rhaima (shepherd's tent) and sometimes give him an infinitesimal sum for food. You brand your sheep; you see them for a day or two grazing or sleeping somewhere near the oued. Of course, you do not know they are yours, until you are told, because the brand might mean anything. Then, one day, sheep and berger disappear. They have followed a waterhole reputed not to have dried up; though when they arrive after a week's travelling on foot, they may find the wetness an exaggeration. It will always be a mystery what the flock feeds on, for there is no grass but some tough undergrowth and small dry shrubs in the bled. Shepherding is the oldest profession in the world. Since the Christian era the procedure has remained the same. You are rich one day, penniless the next: it is all a huge gamble, which depends upon the drought, sirocco, prevalence of sheep disease, inundations and fluctuating exchanges. It helps if the berger is honest, but one seldom counts on that. Nothing but the unforeseen is reliable. When your flock has multiplied, you sell the following year, giving half of the profits to the berger.

SOME days later, on foot, we followed our berger, with a guide and a donkey carrying our kit. We started at four a.m., when the sun was rising, and traversed a mountain beyond the Djebel Aissa, which was uncharted. The guide found his way by observing stones closely laid upon each other, marks on shrubs, and the position of the sun behind a peak. No path, not even a mule track. We siested sitting on hot rocks, moistening our lips with the precious tepid water from our bottle. Lizards and chameleons darted about our feet. Bou-Ziane, our guide, killed a snake. We observed in the mauve valley below four objects which looked like small inverted thimbles set in mist. They were mountain peaks which had seemed formidable from their base.

We found our berger, his brother Abd-er-Rahman, and their two families. The women shared the one tent communally, the men, in their burnouses, sleeping on the ground among the sheep. Everywhere there were children and flies. At four a.m. we were wakened by the sheep being herded together to travel to the water-hole, six kilometres distant. The sun was high and hot as a furnace at six, and we spent the rest of the day doing nothing, lying in our gitoun—a tent nine feet long with a centre partition to separate day and night quarters. Transport being so difficult, we had no books, practically no writing materials, and we could not walk. Then we knew what *cafard* meant, that corrupting *nostalgie* of the spirit. We ate *cous-cous* daily, which is the traditional dish of the arabs, made with barley and moistened with water. My husband and I were only allowed one litre of water a day for everything, the waterhole not running to more. We hardly ever knew what it was to be without thirst. At night the scent of panther frightened the animals; camel, horses, sheep and dogs huddled against the tent for protection, ourselves in the centre. When Miloud shot a jackal he spitted it over a fire in the sand and we ate it with relish. It was like strong hare. But later Mustapha said that the flesh of panther was better—white, tender with a delicate flavour. Not so far away the usual desert skirmishes were taking place—degorgements and abductions.

A nomad kaid, Beni-ei-Heyah, a charming and rich man, but one of the greatest thieves in Sud-Oranais, gave a mechoui or feast to my husband. The whole tribe lived under two principal tents with a scattering of smaller and filthier ones. Beni-ei-Heyah sent camels to fetch us and met us near his encampment. His vague eyes were wedded to the horizon, his figure erect in a hieratical gesture, with something of Egyptian bas-relief in his fine profile. The principal tent was divided shoulder-high by a suspended rag of dirty carpet, one side being for the men and the other for the women. It is a curious belief among primitive peoples that the face of a woman is responsible for bloodshed. Apparently the rest of her may be discarded as negligible, for when Beni-ei-Heyah wanted his favourite little Yahamina—his fourth wife whom he loved dearly and pathetically—he stood by the dividing carpet and called her name. The other ladies might be engaged with the toilette, or nursing their numerous progeny, or labouring in childbirth if it came to that, but

(*Continued on page* 92)

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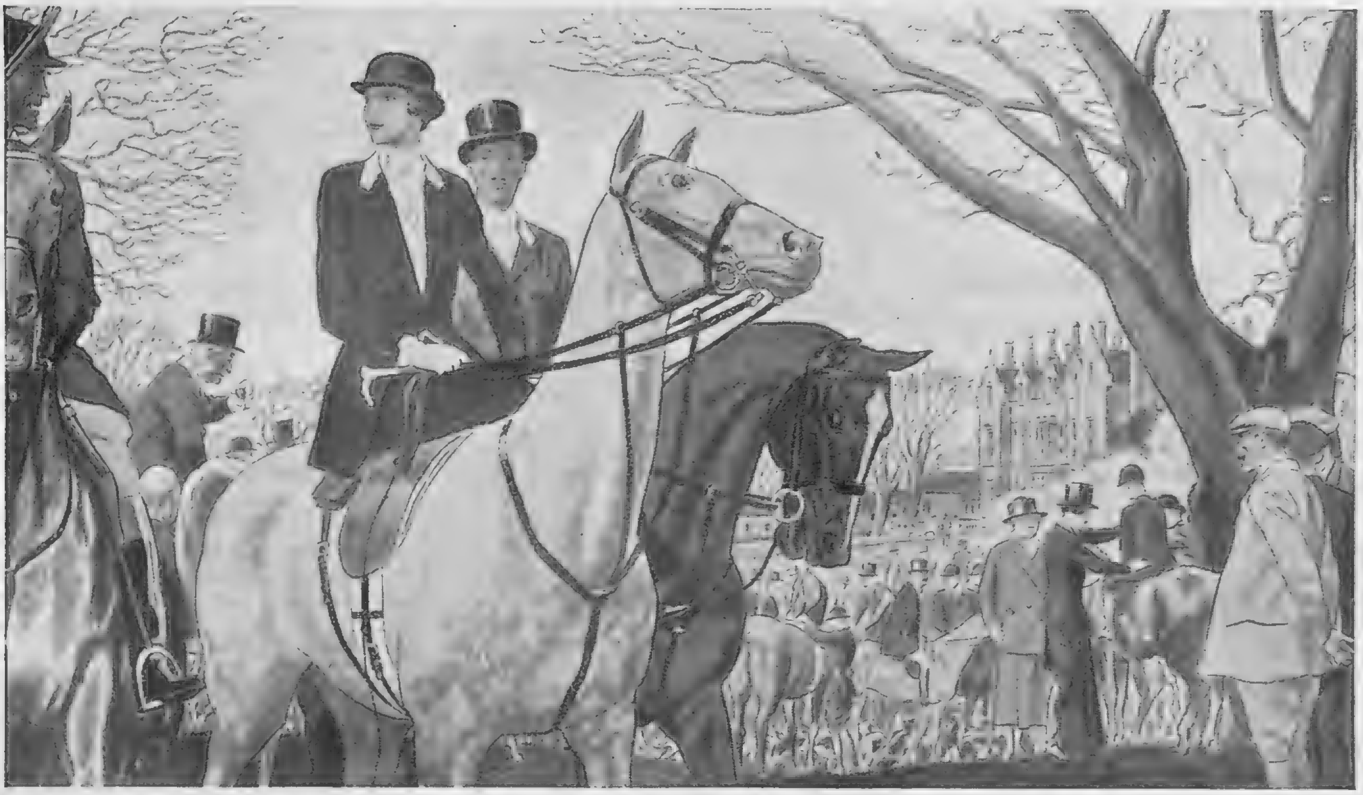

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providing they drew a piece of veil halfway across their faces, honour appears to have been satisfied and Beni might look over.

For our feast Beni-ei-Heyah served a sheep stolen from our flock, and having observed our nods of approval solemnly drew a knife across the creature's throat, taking care to conserve the blood. While it cooked over a hole in the sand, we slept in the males' tent on mattresses, our shoes kicked off. The great carcass was brought in excellently grilled, and we ate with our fingers, the rest of the tribe huddling at the open flaps of the tent watching us and ravenously catching the unwanted pieces which we tossed over our shoulders. Communally from a gourd, we drank warm, opaque water, smelling of cinnamon and rancid butter.

SAVE Isabella Eberhardt, I was the only European woman ever to be admitted to that Legionnaire Hospital. Disguised as a man, she had made the forced marches across the desert with the Legionnaires, which it is inconceivable a frail woman could have made. The daughter of a Russian father and French mother, brought up in Tunis, she had married an Arab and embraced the Mussulman faith.

As the hospital was not intended for women I could not go in a ward, where there were too many slit throats in any case—a column of soldiers having arrived after "adventures." So the *médecin chef* gave me a room reserved for officers en route for Colomb Bechar and charged me twenty-three francs a day. There was one other woman beside myself—a mauresque—under strong guard in another building; for she was mad, laughing like a hyena half the day and all the night until she was removed to the *Hôpital Civil* at Oran. As there was never any female staff in the hospital, a one-year conscript—in ordinary life a chef in Monte Carlo—was appointed my nurse. Although attached to the Legion he was not a Legionnaire, conscripts usually being allowed to serve anywhere. Then I heard of *Cafard*—the canker of the spirit which turns men into idiots. *Cafard* is recognised by the military authorities and every fifteenth day the Legionnaires are allowed to get drunk without punishment. They would in any case. In the hospital no knives or glass vessels were issued. While Gaston made my bed and washed my face, a Legionnaire cooked for me. I seemed to live on macaroni flavoured with garlic, and bottles of weak tea and tinned milk. The sieste lasted from eleven until three and during that time swarms of flies came to sample what food I had left. At night there were, of course, other visitors; more horrible the more one thought about it.

Gaston told me of some of the tricks resorted to by the Legionnaires to get sick leave or discharge. There is a bean which when rubbed under the eye-lid causes temporary blindness. Certain vegetables can send up the temperature. Most of the Legionnaires feign madness, but that is not easy. In the barracks a madman was slowly dying. All day he screamed and fought in frenzy, shouting Legion obscenities. No one knew anything of him save what he wished them to know. The name he joined under was not his own. Suddenly he cried out with authority in perfect English and with an educated accent "Left—right. Left—right."

The French make good gaolers. They say that the English do not make good Legionnaires; they are either too good or too bad. The ranks are made up of seventy-six per cent. of Germans, owing to the unemployment in their native country, Russians and some Swedes. When the Legionnaires catch a scorpion they bring it back to the barracks in a cleft stick, then fling it across the mess room. Immediately dullness is forgotten. This is a favourite game, the one who introduces it seldom being caught. Scorpion bites are treated by an incision with a knife in the form of a cross. Spirit is then poured into the cut and lighted. It is a complete cauterisation.

A Jewess took me to a *Bain Maure*. The procedure here is more or less the same as in a Turkish bath, save that one sleeps on mattresses or gossips to the sleepy sound of falling water. These baths are always decorated with handsome blue and green tiles in the Moorish manner with arches. Zorah, the Sudanese, who acted as attendant, was black as a sloe, thin as a spider, and naked as the day she was born. Children and boys up to the age of ten are allowed to accompany their mothers, and it is a touching sight to see them playing the equivalent of hide-and-seek in and out of a score or more of naked ladies. There I met a charming girl, walnut-coloured, submissive, gentle-eyed. She had the true Arab loveliness and allure. She bathed in a great deal of jewellery. She told me that she was her husband's fourth wife, that the others served her and ordered the menage. She told me proudly "My husband keeps me for love."

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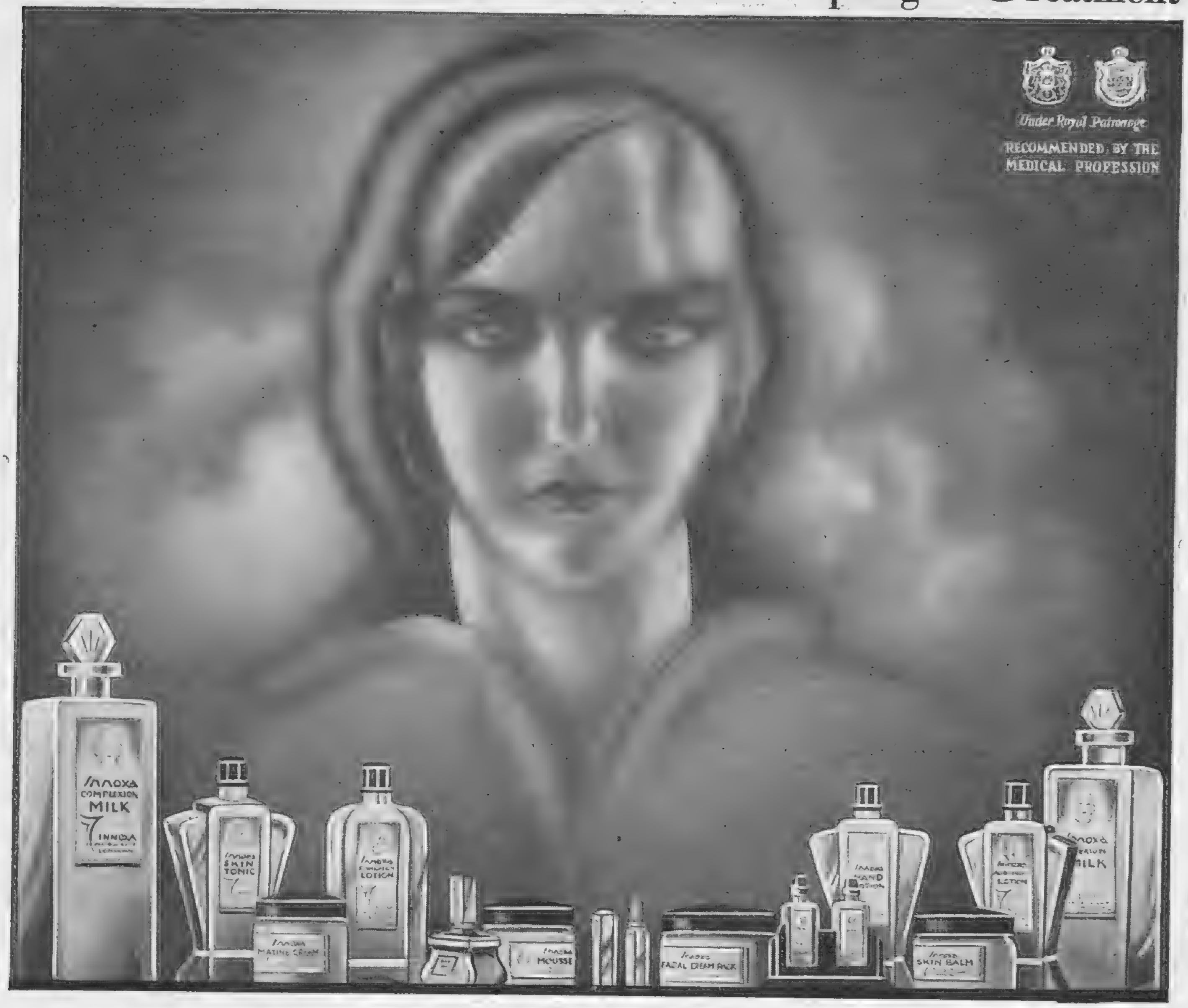
Under Royal Patronage
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
Innoxa Complexion Milk
Innoxa Skin Tonic
Innoxa Lotion
Innoxa Matine Cream
Innoxa Mousse
Innoxa Facial Cream Pack
Innoxa Hand Lotion
Innoxa Skin Balm
Innoxa Complexion Milk

WINTER has asked much of your complexion. Blustering winds and grime laden fogs have inevitably impoverished the tissues. Bitter cold out of doors has chilled pores relaxed by the over-generous warmth of heated rooms. The absence of tonic sunshine has robbed the skin of its opportunities of stimulus and nourishment.

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INNOXA SALON, 38 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Imperfect Sympathies

(*Continued from page 37*)

much more? I mean this: if your uncle were to marry again——" He looked straight at her and away, without sharpness or haste, and smiled. He was not at all startled. "Would it affect you?" *That girl was breathless. She was crimson. She COULD lip-read.* "Would you be angry, or unhappy, or embarrassed? Forgive me."

Oliver's hand was raised before she had finished.

"Thank you, Miss Pemberley. I understand you. He told me years ago that he hoped one day to marry you. Hoped. He said if you *would* ——" He gave the smallest stiff wave to his hand. "So I've always wanted you to do it."

"You still want me to?"

"I still want you to."

Rhoda laughed, not without emotion.

"Hm. I must think it over," she murmured. Black looks from Madame Amelia. Aha? Married for his Expectations! "Well, Oliver—for I'm going to call you Oliver, because I like you—I'm very fond indeed of your uncle."

"Hurray!" said Oliver, gravely. "*Do* marry him! Please!"

Nice boy. Nice boy. Obstinate, serious, perhaps maddening to a high-spirited wife; but very nice. And no longer a catch for the digger. Was that a very big price to pay? Rhoda, from the tail of her eye, saw Amelia move impatiently, angrily away with Lascelles. Was she finished?

"Well, if I'm your aunt," she said, "I shall insist upon looking after you."

"That will be splendid," he said, with blue eyes intently fixed upon her. No humour; great seriousness instead. "I need that, you know." It was pathetic to see his appeal. "Most awfully. Most *awfully*."

"I shall find you a thoroughly good wife."

"Please do. You fill me with hope——"

"You can consider it settled." Rhoda was laughing outright—in happiness. She patted his hand, rose, took his arm. "Now come and look at the roses, because I want to have a real talk with you."

"THERE'S one thing, Charles," said Rhoda, as they left their hotel in Cannes. "There are two things. First, that it's going to either rain or snow in this land of balmy sunshine. And, second, that nobody could possibly imagine that two elderly people like ourselves are newly married."

Charles smiled quietly.

"And yet I have already been congratulated by the proprietor of the hotel," he remarked.

"Hm. Ill news travels fast," said Rhoda, unperturbed. "Walk on the other side, and keep the wind from freezing me. If a husband can't be used as an artificial bluff or promontory, his points are diminished."

"That sounds as if you were happy, dear;" suggested Charles.

Rhoda, alarmed, put her hand upon his arm.

"Charles, I'm perfectly happy. "I really can't *keep on* telling you so."

Charles laughed heartily.

"Yes," he said. "Pretend that I worry you for protestations! Well, I'm happy. I don't care who knows it. Look, shall I tell that policeman, these trippers. I'm happier now than I've ever been. I say *ever*." He looked down sharply. Benignantly, but with decided sharpness. Rhoda knew it. Just as she knew that the wind was reddening her nose. Eyes, too?

"I'm purely happy, Charles," was her reply. In her case, such comparisons, indeed, were dangerous. They were impossible. She knew it, and she didn't want Charles to know it. This was happiness without alloy. A lovely, confident, contented happiness. Happiness to last a lifetime. But she had known something else, long ago, an ecstasy which never, never in all her days, could come again.

As if Charles—who couldn't possibly have done so—had read her thoughts, he retorted summarily:

"You talk like an old woman, Rhoda. Pure happiness, my eye? Now I've got to go and get some money from the bank. I feel humiliated by such a shortage of francs. Will you come?"

They walked rather briskly along the quays, by the yachts and flower-sellers, under the noble and bare-armed plane trees, where usually brilliant sunshine makes the scene gorgeous. But this day was overcast, and for once Cannes had a wintry air. Shiveringly so. Shiveringly, depressingly so, thought Rhoda, who needed brilliance and sunshine to check this suddenly pensive mood.

"I shan't come in with you," she said, impulsively. "I'll stay here, and watch the people."

"Won't you be cold?"

"You won't be an hour, darling."

She stood interestedly observing the spectacle of life about her. This was better than it would be within the frowsty bank, with its endless forms and violet ink, its bowings and morose courtesy. Here at least she would be alone—and entertained. She saw palpably English people in their odd clothes, and Americans in pale toggery; all kinds of Europeans (who might be shabby or smart, but who never were otherwise than exciting to a foreign eye); and a galaxy of living romances such as no novelist could invent. This was life as one found it picturesquely displayed nowhere in England.

One pair of passers so attracted Rhoda that she watched them during the whole of their promenade. Both were French, both short and stout. They were husband and wife; they appeared to be quarrelling. Their gestures were violent, superb. She expected a dagger, a blow, a scream, flight. . . . And all at once both these passionate creatures smiled broadly. They exchanged arch looks, and shrugged. The man took the woman's arm; and the seeming tragedy had turned to broad comedy. Irresistible! Rhoda forgot the cold. She was so occupied with that little scene that she did not see a tall woman who had come out of a shop at her back, and who now paused irresolutely within a yard of her.

But Rhoda ignored this woman for an instant only. The mere cessation of neighbouring movement was enough. She looked up, was struck by a familiarity, looked again. The woman was young, tall, fair, beautiful——

"Elizabeth!" cried Rhoda.

Elizabeth turned and saw her. She hesitated, half-smiling.

"I know I *know* you," she said, slowly. How well Rhoda remembered her voice, and the movement of her lips! "I just can't think. Wait a bit. The train—you're the woman on the train! She coloured faintly; her eyes shone; she smiled with great candour. "It's all coming back to me. That awful day. Yes, and you gave me bad advice."

"Bad?" asked Rhoda. "How glad I am! Because I see that you didn't take it.

Elizabeth looked in both directions before she spoke.

"I'm waiting for my husband," she said.

"And I for mine," Rhoda admitted. "He's in this bank, getting money."

"You're married!" cried Elizabeth. "So am I—well, you know that." She gave a slight embarrassed laugh. "I've been married exactly five years."

"To——" Rhoda stopped. The colour in Elizabeth's cheeks deepened. She was completely happy, and completely natural about it; and the sight of her gave Rhoda delicious satisfaction. "How splendid."

"I'm as happy as can be. And have been. As I promised you. From the very first. We live here for part of the year. My husband's working here. He's writing a book, and illustrating it, too. I've got two of the loveliest babies——"

"Come!" cried Rhoda, clapping her hands together. "That's all great news."

"But it's against your advice."

"Look here," Rhoda murmured. "We'll say no more about that. I'll just warn you not to be surprised if you see *my* husband. You've met him. He's Charles Lorimer."

At the name, Elizabeth lost her colour.

"Then you know Oliver," she said, breathlessly. "How is he? Is he married?"

"Well, and unmarried. Don't be glad, you little wretch!"

"Glad?" Elizabeth's eyes darkened. "Oh, no; very sorry. I treated him very badly. I'm ashamed of that. I want him to be happy. I did *hate* him, because I'd treated him badly. Not now. I want him treated *very well*."

"You want everybody to be as happy as yourself!" laughed Rhoda. "Well, set your mind at rest; I'm going to look after him. He'll be all right. I'm tremendously relieved to know that *you're* all right. I've often wondered, and hoped—against hope. You see I knew you at once."

"Yes," answered Elizabeth. "Though I'm a lot changed." She pressed her hand lightly and expressively to her bosom. "Are you happy?"

"Calmly happy."

"Oh, dear! How dull! I'm not calm. It's almost painful to be so happy."

"After five years, that's marvellous."

"Yes. It will be the same after *twenty* years," replied Elizabeth, confidently.

"I'm saying nothing! Nothing!" laughed Rhoda. "You see, I daren't!"

"No. You were a bad prophet. You depressed me a lot. I was wretched until I got to Toulon. Then that was over. I'd wired him to meet that train; and there he was; and it all began." She sighed with happiness.

"Delightful!" murmured Rhoda. "And extraordinary."

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Imperfect Sympathies

"Yes. You see, my husband is a really extraordinary man. Ah, there he is!"

No mistaking the pride, the arch, loving eagerness of her tone. Rhoda, laughing, glanced first with relish at the bright face before her and then in the direction which had been indicated by Elizabeth's quick movement. A big man in rough clothes, with his hat pulled over one eye, a pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, was coming briskly along, looking about him with an eagerness similar to Elizabeth's. No style, but power, resource and character. He too had an air of happiness. He had not seen them, for of course he was seeking one woman only, the woman of his heart.

"I must go," murmured Elizabeth. She was smiling—half anxious to go, half desirous of dazzling Rhoda by a meeting. "Unless you——"

Rhoda's laughter had died upon her lips. The blood was frozen in her veins. She turned away in the most disordered panic she had ever known. A surge of hatred for this girl ran through her and shook her so violently that she trembled from head to foot.

"No, no," she said, roughly. "I can't stay. My husband's here. Run along. Go to him. I'm glad . . . I'm glad . . . glad you're so happy."

She did not touch the girl, or look at her. She only turned blindly away—anywhere—anywhere to escape, to hide, so that she might not meet Adrian face to face and betray the fact that she still loved him as she had always done. She could not bear to witness his greeting of the little fool he had married. As she turned, she stumbled against Charles; and although at first she recoiled from him, she quickly recovered, caught his arm, and pressed closely to his side.

"Charles! Charles! Come along!" she cried, loudly, almost screaming. "What a time you've been. Seventeen years! Seventeen years, at least! It's an eternity! I'm frozen to death!"

THE END

The Taunters

(Continued from page 43)

containing the loaves of damper he had baked the evening previous. All other provisions had gone, but why had these been left?

"I reckon they were in a hurry," Floyd thought, but was not wholly satisfied. The bag of damper and the waterbag could hardly have been overlooked so easily.

While he stood frowning in the sunshine, the tracks of the camels drew Floyd's eyes to the stubs of rope remaining on the tether pegs. He went and examined them. They were cleanly cut. His gaze shifted to the hacked branches of the tree where the prisoners had been secured; sharp cutting stones might have been used there, but these ropes showed the clean cut of a keen knife. But this proved nothing beyond what he knew already—that station blacks were among the Myall tribesmen.

FLOYD went back to where he had slept among the saltbush and picked up his rifle, finding time now to wonder why that had not been stolen along with the keys. But the lubra would not have bothered with the rifle, and he saw that no other tracks showed near. If the blacks had waited to steal his rifle, he ruminated, he would not be alive now, for they would have casually murdered him during the process. They had contented themselves with the grub and the camels and freeing the prisoners.

The small amount of food remaining to him was a guarantee of immunity from long pursuit, for he could not track them many days and live, unless by his rifle, and with the camels and the stores they had they would pick out the arid desert tracts where game was scarce.

"No," he concluded moodily, "I just can't chase 'em far, and the beggars know it. Reckon they're laughing up where their sleeves ought to be, especially them gins."

His chagrin deepened with thought of the lubras, who had harassed him over so many miles. If it hadn't been for the lubras keeping him awake nights and trading on their sex's immunity from a white man's bullets, he would not have slept so soundly in the end, and the prisoners would not have been freed—nor, going back to earlier portions of the trek, would Narawulla have been taunted from the camp and killed. They had played the devil with the trek almost from the beginning, and he held them accountable for all his difficulties. Yet in his heart he could not blame them; they were human and they were their men he had been taking away. He yielded to a sneaking admiration for the tenacity with which they had held to his trail and the manner in which they had won out over him, even if he did not wholly believe their tactics were self-conceived. He still believed there was an unseen mind in the background—a runaway

(Continued on page 96)

Beauty, to endure,
must be built patiently...

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NOURISHING
CLEANSING

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station black or a cunning old witch doctor—scheming more cleverly than the lubras against that hated and incomprehensible thing, the white man's law.

Floyd turned again to the bag of damper and the water-bag that remained out of his pack of provisions, and suddenly, as he regarded them, he thought he knew why they had been left. The loaves of damper were just sufficient food to take him to Yagoona Station, and though the water barrels (left by the blacks, as likewise the cumbersome camel saddles, because of their awkwardness) were no use to him, the waterbag would almost carry water over the longest dry stretches. So they had left the grub and water-bag as a bait, thinking he would take the easiest way, which was to head on instead of trailing them, a thing they believed he would have attempted if left out of grub and desperate, and with a chance of life only in his recovery of the camels.

It was a cunning plan, and Floyd was again constrained to admire the scheming brain in some black skull, even though he saw a flaw in the plan in that his arrival at Yagoona would mean his outfitting with stores and another black-tracker to hunt them down. Yet his death would have meant a more clamant hunt for them, because a dead white man was a white man whose death might be unknown only when he was not a trooper.

Floyd stood for a moment, letting his gaze rove about the encompassing waves of desert, as if trying to reach a decision as to what his trail should be—whether he would trail the blacks or head for Yagoona—and then, as if resolved, he tied the bag of damper and the waterbag together with a short length of rope, slung them over his shoulder, and, picking up his rifle, took the pad to Yagoona.

But he did not go far in that direction. If the blacks could scheme, so could he. A mile out of camp, where the track dipped into a fold in the plains covered with a growth of mulga and bulwaddy, he turned off at right angles into the thickets.

He believed that eyes would have been watching for the route he took from his camp, and was fairly confident he would not have been followed to make sure he kept to the route. If he started out on the track to Yagoona with the grub that would just get him there but nowhere else, that would be sufficient conviction he would not leave the track and that he had given up any hope of recovering his camels.

Keeping to the thickest of the scrub, Floyd walked back parallel with the track but three or four hundred yards distant from it. When he came again in sight of the water barrels and camel saddles that marked the site of his camp, he stopped in a clump of bulwaddy and remained for some time watching. But nobody appeared.

Floyd was moving nearer the camp when tracks in the dust pulled him up short. They were the prints of boots and he stooped, examining them. Then his glance followed them to a thicket where they ceased, and he went there and looked at them again. Some of the black station deserters with the Myalls might have worn boots, he decided. Anyway, they were fresh—somebody had stood here in the thicket last night, watching his camp.

But that gave Floyd little food for wonder, since he believed there must have been many around the camp in the night when he had chased the lubras and captured a buck. Nevertheless, these tracks were alone, and they intrigued Floyd. He followed them where they had doubled back after leaving the thicket. They were not imposed over the tracks to the thicket, and plainly were those of one who had walked in the dark, not seeing the way he had earlier come.

Sometimes they crossed the earlier tracks, but did not keep to them. But after he had followed them a hundred yards or more, Floyd found they returned to the same starting place—a patch of scrub, where the trooper paused to stare at horse tracks leading on from where the boot prints ceased. Distinctly he saw where the horse had been tethered in the mulga, and he stood there awhile, lost in frowning thought.

"Them station niggers with the Myalls must have run off with some horses," was his decision. "And that explains how they kept hangin' to my heels, and how them lubras were always so lively. In a few hours on horseback the niggers could cover what I made in a day, and rest up the remainder of the time."

His frown cleared with the explanation, but there lingered a little perplexity, not of his reason but instinctive—a feeling somehow that his theory did not explain everything.

Still convinced that the camp would be re-visited in order to pick up the water barrels and camel saddles, he was returning to the bulwaddy where he had formerly watched, when a shift of wind, warmed by the hot rays of the sun, brought to his nostrils something that made him instantly stop and face into the light breeze.

In a little while he moved off on this changed course, his face becoming grimmer as he noticed dingo tracks in the red dust among a sparse studding of boulders. The dingo tracks converged in a small flat space where the scavenging dogs had pawed and scraped the earth aside.

Floyd went to the spot, and was there some time. When he came away, looking like a man in the grip of nausea, he went into the scrub some distance and stood leaning against the slim bole of a mulga, examining a flattened bullet in the palm of his hand, the while his mind wrestled with a new grisly theory.

"A white man, dead some weeks, and buried in flat earth with no stones or anything to mark the place"; the facts of his discovery moved clamantly through his brain. "Looks like somebody wanted his death not to be known, and this flattened bullet proves why. Murder. But who by? Was it niggers?"

He reflected that it was a little to the north of here that he had first picked up the tracks of the cattle killers, and he put the burial of the body he had discovered at somewhere about that time. He turned the bullet over in his hand again. It was no more unusual for deserting station blacks to have firearms than for them to have horses, but one fact impinged on his mind—the fact that when he had picked up the trail of the cattle killers, as well

(*Continued on page 98*)

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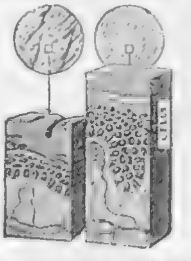

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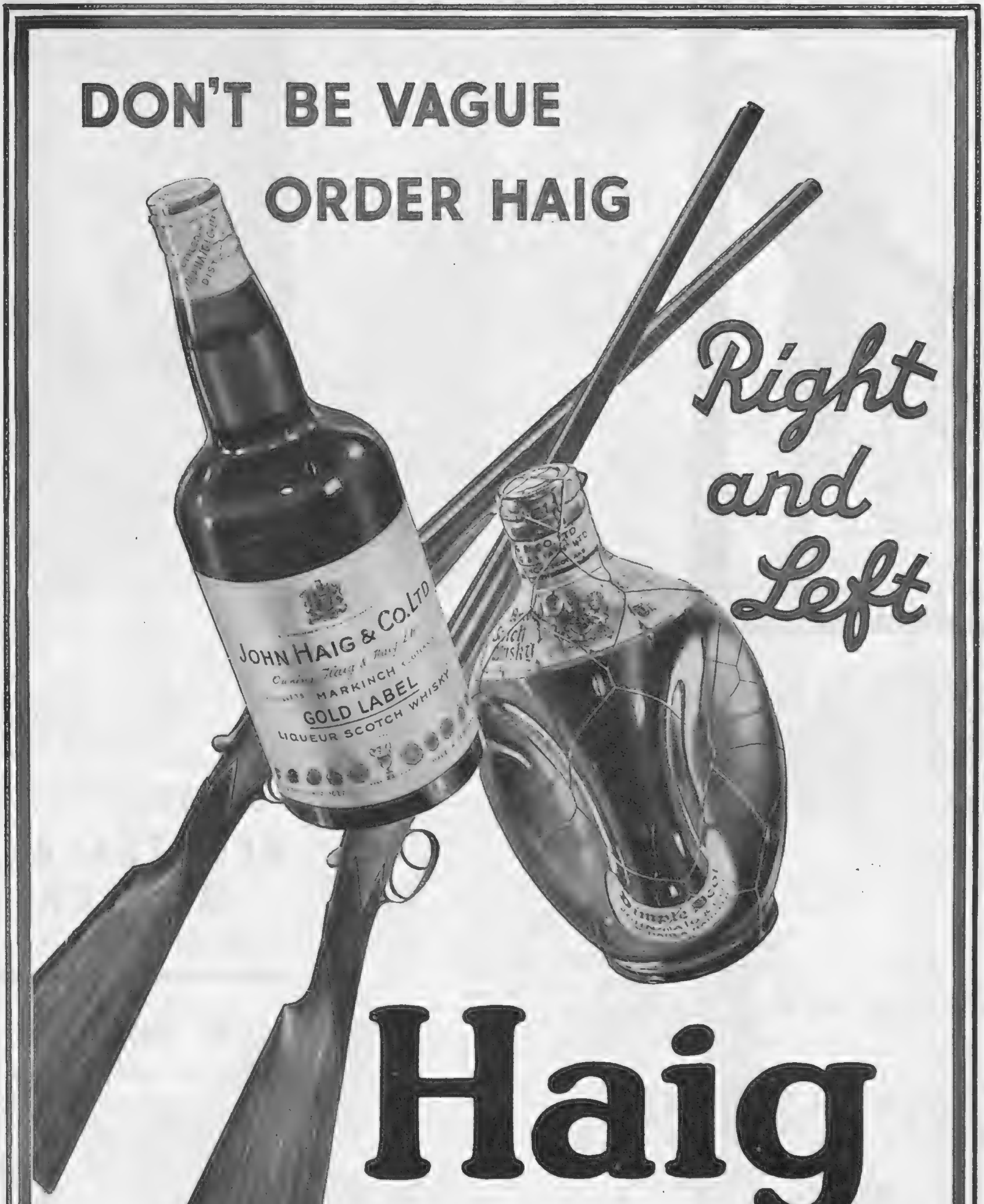
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as all the while he had followed it, there had been no horse tracks. Yet horse tracks were connected with those who last night had raided his camp and, with the help of the lubras, freed his prisoners. . . .

After a moment, still grimly following his new theory, Floyd carried out his interrupted intention of returning to the thicket where he could watch the camp site; and in a little while his patience was rewarded.

A black came into the camp and, after looking over the remains of the pack dump, stood gazing back into the scrub, obviously waiting for somebody.

Floyd wondered if he dared run the risk of getting nearer to the camp, and as the black was not facing toward him, he decided upon it and crept forward from cover to cover, making as little sound as possible.

Having succeeded in getting closer than he had even hoped, he lay hidden in good cover in a position commanding the camp and the faint disused cattle pad that led to it and the waterhole.

Came presently the soft slurring sound of camels' feet in dust and the lesser sound of human footsteps. He saw his file of camels, led by a black, come over a near rise and through the stunted scrub to the camp. Other blacks walked by the camels, but he had no time to seek familiar faces among them before another figure impinged on his eyesight.

It was that of a white man, walking at the tail end of the file, a rifle in the bend of his arm, his face dark with the shadow of his big hat and a black stubble of beard.

"Joe Ryan!" Floyd ejaculated mentally, with instant recognition of a man well known to police records and whose lanky frame he had more than once seen in the cells. "What's he doing in this state—thought he was in Queensland," Floyd wondered silently.

The camels reached the water barrels and saddles, and Floyd waited motionless while they were *hooshed* down. A couple of the blacks began saddling the camels, while several stood idly about Ryan, who sat on one of the barrels and watched the saddling.

"What you do along'm thass camels when they are saddled?" Floyd distinctly heard one of the blacks ask Ryan.

"I'm going to take 'em for my own use," Ryan said. "You ain't got no need for 'em."

"But, boss, by'm'by thass trooper feller get'm to Yagoona and catch'm new plant, and we fright of trooper now," the black objected. "We not get little piccaninny time jail like those other fellers for cattle-killing; we get altogether hell for kill'm Narawulla."

In his concealment Floyd gave a start. Although he had only seen him at night previously, he thought he recognised the black as the one he had fought and captured. He studied the group about Ryan, but saw none of his other prisoners, nor were their lubras with the camel party. But Floyd felt pretty safe in concluding that in the group about Ryan were accomplices in the murder of Narawulla, and the chief actors, save for the lubras, in the freeing of the prisoners. And the mind behind all, Floyd realised now, was of no black, but Ryan. For a reason that he fairly confidently divined, Ryan had been reluctant to see the blacks taken to the cells.

"Well, you can have the horses," Ryan answered the black's hesitant fears. "I need the camels where I'm going—that's where nobody's going to hear of me for a long while. You better take the horses and do the same. Anyway, you got to look out for yourselves. I got you free when the trooper nabbed you when he was chasin' the lubras—now the bunch of you'll have to see to it you keep free, that's all."

He rose from the water barrel; and at the same instant Floyd rose from his concealment in the scrub. Ryan was in profile to him when he called out, but at the sound of his voice the lanky figure, instead of responding to his command with upraised arms, whirled with a lightning movement and fired.

The bullet nipped the flesh of Floyd's left arm, and his rifle sights danced for a fraction of a second before he answered the shot. With a leg shot from under him, Ryan fell, and fired again from the ground. He changed his heavy rifle for his revolver; and Floyd dropped again into cover to avoid the bullets.

At Floyd's first appearance some of the blacks who were near Ryan had bolted for the scrub, but the group about Ryan had too far to go to reach cover and, taken by surprise, they had not budged.

Ryan's bullets splashed dust about Floyd, but did not touch him again. When in desperation and rage Ryan had emptied his revolver, Floyd showed himself again, his rifle lined on the prone figure in the dust.

"It's all up with you—quit!" the trooper warned as Ryan changed

(Continued on page 100)

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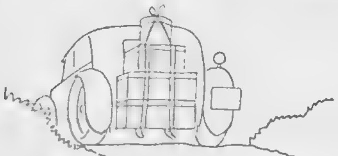

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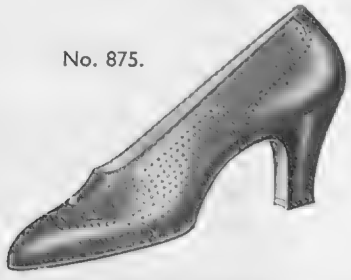

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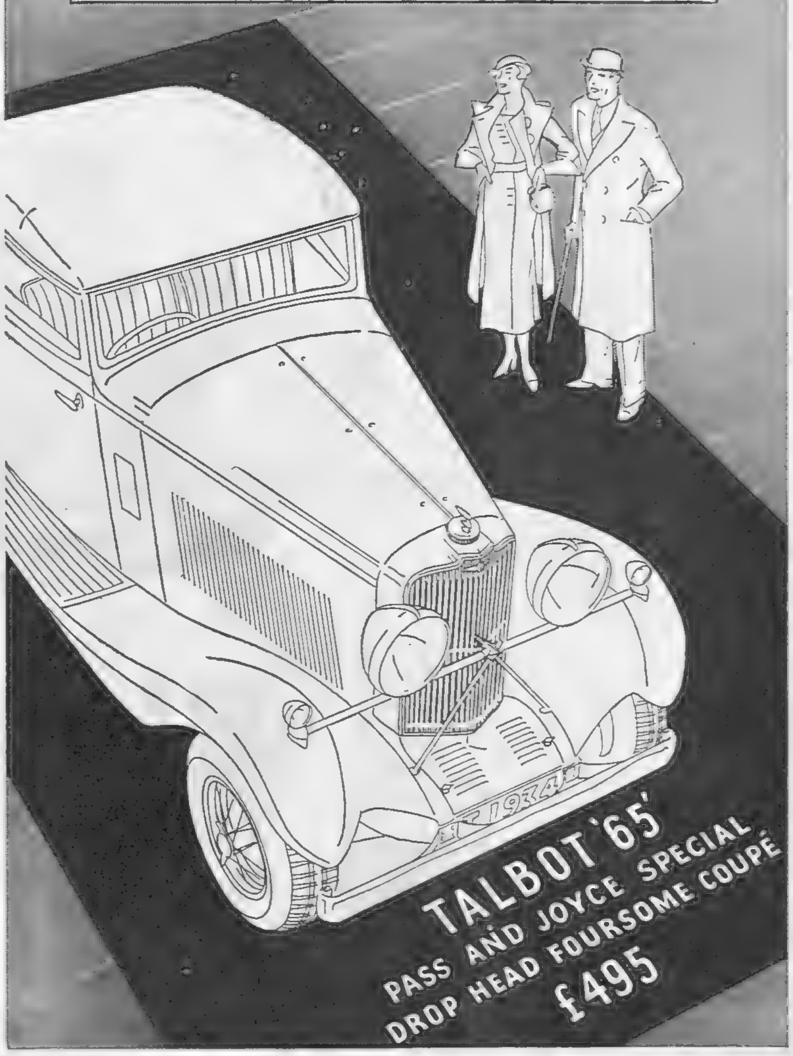

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back to his rifle and started to rise painfully on one knee.

"All right," he yielded all at once, seeing Floyd had him covered. "You hold the cards, blast you!"

A couple of minutes later Floyd had disarmed and handcuffed Ryan, and marched the blacks to the tree where the chain still lay. Securing them, he went back to examine Ryan's leg.

"Reckon it's not serious."

"No fault of yours—I reckon you're pattin' yourself on the back for doing a good single-handed job," Ryan sneered.

"Had to do it single-handed since Narawulla's been killed," Floyd returned.

"Is that the charge? That I killed Narawulla?" Ryan asked derisively.

"No," Floyd said, and then added quietly, "I think I've got Narawulla's murderers in the bunch yonder."

"But you ain't got the cattle-killers," Ryan maintained his jeering tone. "Is that what I'm up for?—helpin' free a bunch of poor, down-trodden niggers that's committed the heinous offence of killin' a few steers for beef? I'll plead guilty, damned if I wont."

"Will you plead guilty to your reason for letting them go?"

"Sure I will. I was sorry for 'em."

"Like hell you were," Floyd said. "You've got a heart like flint. I know you, Ryan—and why you let those blacks go." He watched Ryan's face, but it betrayed nothing.

"Between two and three months ago," Floyd went on, "you killed a man and buried him within cooee of this camp. The blacks knew about it, and you were scared that in the calaboose they might squeal."

"A pretty lame theory, trooper, and you got nothin' to back it up except a few wild guesses."

"And the dead man's grave and the bullet that killed him," Floyd said. "I reckon that bullet compared with another fired from your rifle will show the same bore scorings under a magnifying glass. Anyway, you're coming right along with me to Yagoona and Nullagine."

The derision returned to Ryan's uneasy eyes. "We'll see about that," he jeered.

That night, in his camp twenty miles eastward, Floyd thought he understood what Ryan meant, for the blacks appeared about the camp again, and the yelling, sleep-destroying lubras. The mind that had schemed for them was now in the net, but the tactics had been successful once and might easily be again. But Floyd had not expected the lubras now their own bucks were free. Yet the killers of Narawulla also had lubras, Floyd thought moodily.

He set his teeth against the yelling and the taunts, and the angry impulse to get up from his blanket and drive the lubras from the camp. He succeeded in ignoring them, but dared not sleep. In the darkness he saw the chained, squatted figures of his new black prisoners and the handcuffed figure of Ryan, who seemed to be grinning at him.

NINE days later a heavy-eyed white man, leading a file of police camels, marched a batch of prisoners to a halt before the veranda of the Yagoona homestead, asked for an empty hut and a guard to stand watch; held out till both were provided, and then turned into a bunk with his clothes on and shut his eyes with a profound sigh of relief.

But some time afterward—he did not know how long, nor did he care—he was wakened by a sound that brought him instantly alert, with a tight-lipped, cursing mouth—the yelling, taunting voice of a lubra.

Not till his eyes swept the walls of the bunk-hut did Floyd realise he was not still on the trail. At the same instant the yells without changed from a taunting tone to one of mortification, and a half-caste boy burst into the hut.

"Trooper, you better come on and stop it. Jimmy Nongawarra's beltin' daylight out of his lubra."

Floyd half-pulled himself from the bunk, but the taunting yells still echoed in his ears and he thought of his weary ordeal on the trail.

"Ah, hell," he said, sinking back into his bunk, "let 'im keep going!"

END

THOSE readers of "BRITANNIA & EVE" who were interested in an advertisement which appeared in our January issue, headed "Lilia Points The Way To Healthy Freedom," were puzzled to discover no address in it to which they could direct enquiries. This was the result of an unfortunate error. The address to which their requests or enquiries should be sent (for the medical booklet or the samples offered) is:—Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. S10), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, N.W.5.

The Faithful Friend

(*Continued from page 27*)

moment's shocked silence, " Oh, Rannie ! " in the tones of a bewildered child.

Randal had puzzled every master who had ever had the misfortune to have to handle him. Out of the miasma of his mediocrity would rarely flash a ray of real brilliance. Such a ray enlightened him now. He saw his way as clear as Broadway.

" Sweetness," he said, urgently, even hoarsely, for he felt so excited and so determined to persuade her, " you must go to him—now—at once."

" Oh, Rannie ! " she exclaimed, but her aspect added : " Go to him ? Back to Ivor ? Don't you love me, then ? "

" Sweetness," said Randal, drawing back, but gripping the tip of her fingers, " don't you see it's the only possible thing to do ? In Beebeeceedic ' dangerously ill ' means dying."

She flushed and gulped and momentarily he was cold with the dread of her being sick.

" Think what people would say," he went on, hurriedly. " To leave him—on his death-bed. Sweetness, we can't be—we aren't so selfish as all that. We'd never forgive ourselves. If I hinted at—at our carrying on as though nothing had happened, you'd get to hate me. You'd look back and see I'd selfishly let you down—prevented your playing the game. I won't face that : I love you too much."

" Oh, Rannie ! " was her stupefied comment.

" I've got to let you play the game however much it hurts. Sweetness, I'll dash you up at once to—where was it ?—I remember, Burden Heath. You've your part to play, however painful, and I shall be waiting—in the wings, as it were, for the fall of the curtain—and you."

A few minutes later Lorina hung back at the door of the two-seater.

" But suppose—the curtain doesn't fall ? " she whispered.

" I'll be waiting just the same," said he. " All our rapture is—just post-dated, sweetness ; that's all."

Seated beside her, starting up, he recalled a most unfortunate contretemps with one of his post-dated cheques. He hadn't been able to meet it when it fell due. He wouldn't be able to meet this one either. If Ivor lived the affair would be as dead as mutton.

Whirling through High Wycombe, ten miles on, however, his assurance of Ivor's end comforted him and made thoughts of that post-dated promise to take Lorina away no longer disturbing . . .

As they were passing through Bradenham, Lorina said :

" I was going to tell you. I'd forgotten that you might not know. It's about my money. You see, I—"

" The proviso ? " he broke in. " I know. I've always known. It's what till lately held me back. I was ruining you and it seemed so horribly cruel and selfish. But in the end I couldn't help it, sweetness ; I just had to ask you—had to at any cost."

" Darling, darling ! " exclaimed Lorina, causing a mighty swerve as she caught at his arm and pressed her cheek against his shoulder . . .

They had reached Princes Risborough before the thought that had been the mainspring of everything that Randal had lately said or done crossed her mind and she said :

" And there couldn't be a divorce case—if I was a widow, could there ? So I'd not lose a penny, would I ? "

" I never thought of that," said Randal, looking astounded.

" Because you're such a perfectly unselfish darling," said she.

The two-seater reached St. Peter's Hospital at half-past eleven. The matron spoke to Lorina and Randal in a waiting-room. There had been a head-on collision where the Burden Heath road forks north-west. Ivor had been pinned inside the wrecked car, an arm and a leg were broken, four ribs stove in, a grave head injury and—shock.

" There's—no hope ? " whispered Lorina, and Randal realised what observant fellows authors are who make their heroines go white to the lips —only yellow might have been a more exact description.

" While there's life there's always hope, Mrs. Darrell," said the matron.

But she evidently didn't believe in the saw when, having taken Lorina to Ivor in his private ward, she rejoined Randal. Twenty-four hours at the most, she opined . . .

" Have you got hold of any of his relations? " asked Randal.

Nothing had been done beyond telephoning in vain to the Palace Gardens house and communicating with the B.B.C. Randal got busy at the telephone. Ingeniously he traced Ivor's sister, Nancy, to a flat in Acton where she was spending the evening with her old Nanny ; cajoled a neighbouring chemist (*Continued on page* 102)

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to bring Nancy to his telephone; and broke the news to her . . . Next: he tracked Kenneth Fawcett to a house at Luton where the solicitor was staying the night with a client who only switched the radio on for Symphony Concerts . . .

Presently Randal received sobbing Lorina, her nerve shattered from the sights upstairs, tried to calm her and finally urgently whispered:

"Sweetness, remember this: we met accidentally when you were on your way to your club. I begged you to come a trial run in the two-seater I'm thinking of buying. We were having a puncture mended at the White Hart at Burden Heath when we heard the S O S. and beetled here like red shanks. Got it? Stick to it, then. And always remember I'm waiting, sweetness—loving you and putting in the very hades of a thin time."

"As if I could forget," Lorina was murmuring when Nancy Darrell, chalky and tremulous, was ushered in.

When Randal had given her the latest bulletin about her brother and repeated his story of the trial run, Nancy said impulsively:

"It was dear of you hunting me out so cleverly, Mr. Young. I'll never forget it. Thank you—most sincerely."

Randal waited till grateful Kenneth Fawcett arrived and then departed in the two-seater.

"If Ivor lives," he summed up, as the two-seater rattled through Great Missenden, "I shall only have to face much the same sort of scene as I'd meant to face at the bungalow. That's unavoidable. But if Ivor—well, doesn't live, everything will be plane sailing for the husband of a pretty widow with fifteen thousand a year!"

SEVERAL weeks later Lorina's voice unmistakably crackled in the receiver of Randal's telephone.

"Yes, he's going on splendidly," Randal heard. "We got back yesterday from Cannes. The doctors are simply amazed. Ranny, I've got to see you at once—I've just *got* to."

"Not yet," he said. "You'd never forgive yourself. You've put your hand to the plough and all that. Wait till he's fitter. We can't—"

But Lorina interrupted. She was insistent. Reluctantly Randal agreed to meet her at St. Govor's Well in Kensington Gardens at eleven the next morning. On a sheet of paper he then proceeded to jot down the arguments a man in his shoes might advance against die-casting, Rubicon-crossing and boat-burning . . .

It was all very difficult, but somehow she had got to be choked off. Ivor was active and the proviso wouldn't be passive either . . .

Recognising Lorina while still a hundred yards of the Broad Walk separated them, Randal realised that to choke off a woman, the mere sight of whom made everything else seem vanity, was going to be an extremely difficult and distressing task.

At fifty yards' distance he wondered if poverty, however grinding, with Lorina weren't preferable to the hell of living without her; at twenty-five yards he was certain no price was too heavy to pay for all her radiant loveliness. When three feet away, his mind was made up.

Damn the proviso!

"Sweetness!" he said, catching at his breath and her hand.

"Don't, Rannie!" exclaimed Lorina fearfully, glancing anxiously about her. "Anybody might see."

"Let 'em!" said he, smiling.

"Oh, Rannie!" said she, sighing, and drew her hand from his and stood there gazing down at the gravel, her head bent and her shoulders drooping.

"Sweetness, what's happened?"

"Let's—walk," said she.

As they sauntered across the grass towards the east end of the Round Pond, Lorina, speaking very swiftly, said:

"You don't understand. I didn't either. I hadn't a cent when I married Ivor. I never dreamt that Old Uncle Andrew, who disapproved of me and ignored me all my life, would leave me a penny. And then suddenly all that money came. Ivor changed. How was I to know why? But he's told me. He hated living on my money. He's that dear foolish kind. He determined to make good on his own. It wasn't neglect, Rannie, it was just that he loved me and wanted me to be proud of him and look up to him and not despise him as a lap-dog idling on *my* money. That's why it was."

"That's what he says the why was," amended Randal, glad that spite enabled him to overcome muting dismay.

"That's why it was," repeated Lorina. "Rannie, all these weeks when he's been helpless I've got to see things differently. You see, he says my coming to him saved his life. Darling, you've been a darling, (*Continued on page 104*)

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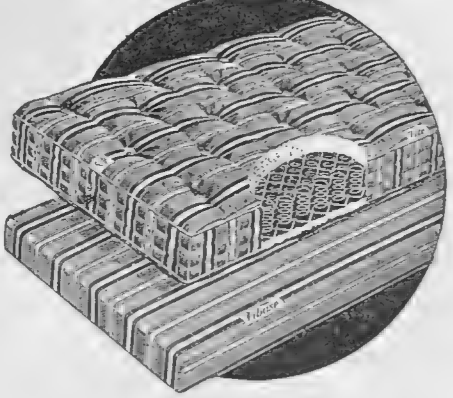

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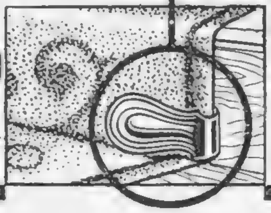

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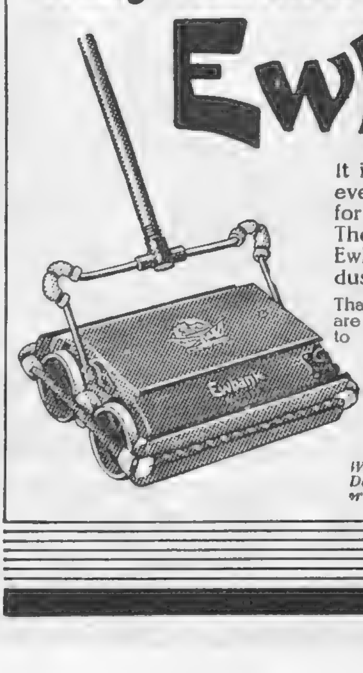

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The Faithful Friend

but you—mustn't be any longer. I've made a mistake. I was—just reckless. I was burning my boats because I thought he was through with me. But he isn't. We've been fools, Ivor and I, but we aren't fools any longer."

"You've—come together again?" he managed to ask.

"Yes, Rannie," she answered.

"My God!" said he, taking off his hat and coming abruptly to a standstill.

"Be generous and sweet—as ever," she pleaded. "I love him. I know now that I always loved him. I've treated you shamefully and I've no defence—no excuse. Rannie, I've been a beast, but try to forgive me, will you? Will you?"

Randal stared at his hat, wondered what it did in his hand, clapped it on his head and said:

"Your happiness is my one and only consideration. Count me out. It's—all over."

A tall man, leaning on a stick and limping, was coming towards them.

"Your husband!" ejaculated Randal, under his breath

"I told him everything weeks ago," said Lorina swiftly. "I asked him to meet us and thank you. I told him it was all my fault, how I'd encouraged you, tried to make you take me away because I was so miserable and reckless and wicked. I told him it was you who insisted on taking me to the hospital, forced me to go against my will, simply made me play the game. To you, you see, we both realise we owe all our present happiness. Randal, you're so sweet, such a great heart, please, please be—be nice to Ivor, meet him half-way, show him you're the splendid friend I've told him you are."

Smiling Ivor neared them and Lorina ran to him, slid her arm through his and spoke eagerly in undertones. Ivor reached Randal, held out his hand and said:

"Lorina's told you the exact size in fools I was and you already know the—" He pressed Lorina's arm and stared down at her, smiling—"the exact size in fools she was. At first I saw frightfully red, but now I see we owe you more than can be put into words."

Randal found his fingers gripped in Ivor's . . . With radiant Lorina, an arm through an arm of each, they made for Queen's Gate . . . With them in a vast limousine Randal was driven to the Ritz and lunch . . .

Now, slightly grey above the ears, delicately paunched, he accompanies Lorina's son and heir to Lord's and Twickenham, to Maskelyne's and Tussaud's, or sees Lorina's daughter off to boarding-school if her mother and father are too busy, goes to Barker's armed with Lorina's shopping-list and is dear old Randal, the faithful friend of the family.

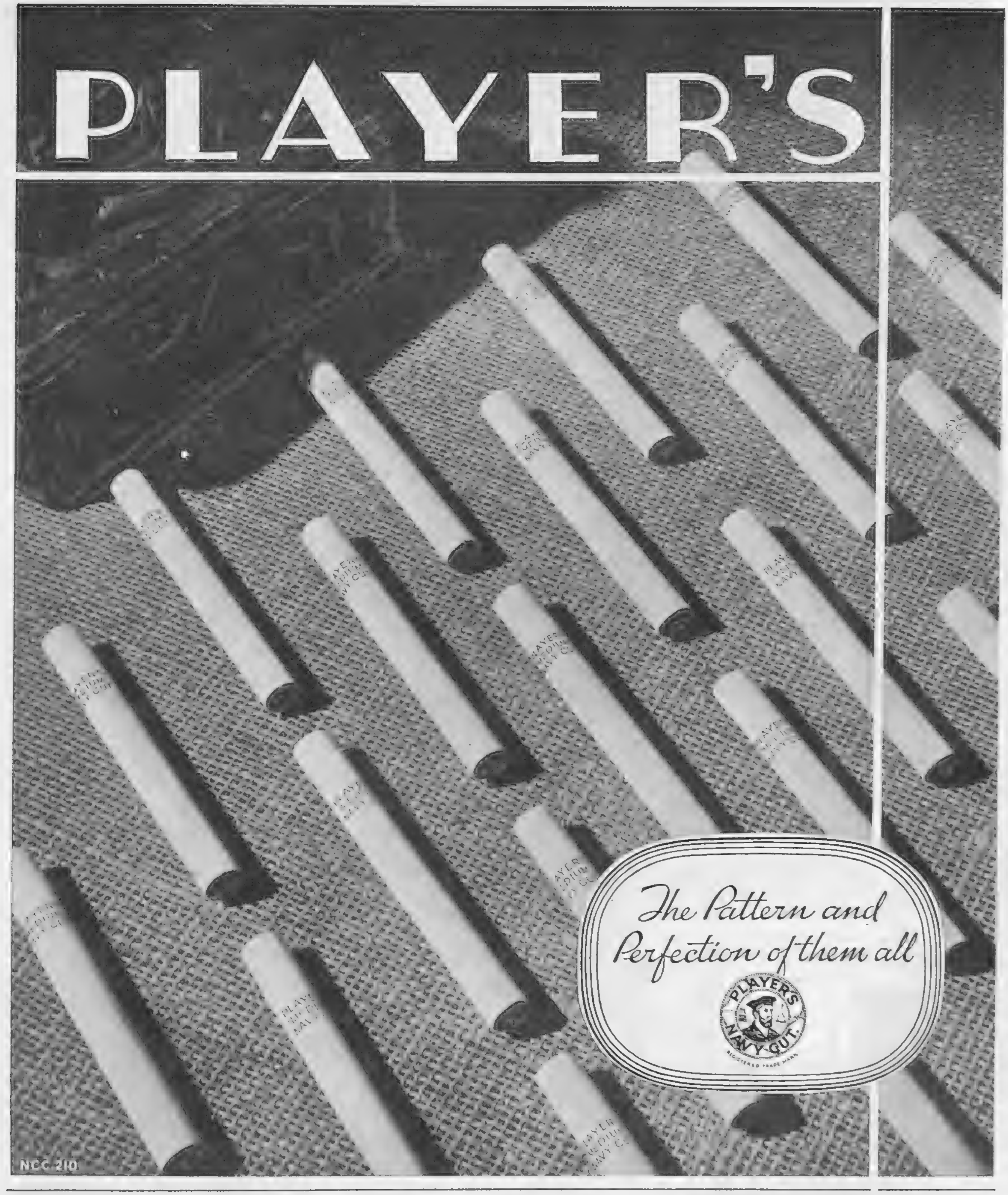
Pearls

(Continued from page 31)

gather the baby oysters. So no hideous memories of death and fatal accidents need detract from the pleasure we experience at the beauty of our pearl necklace. The women wear brightly coloured cotton kimonos, which they quickly discard, and dive with glass screens to protect their eyes, nose and mouth from the water. Unlike the men divers engaged in deep sea diving for wild pearls, they are healthy, long-lived, and their work does not take them into the dangerous shark-infested waters.

A great industry with world-wide interests has grown from that one young man's dreams. He is still alive and lives in a large house overlooking the bay where his first efforts were made, a rich man who has changed the face of one of the oldest industries in the world—that of creating ornaments for women to wear. Fashion may come and go, but the desire to dress up and to please never wanes and is never absent, though it may sometimes express itself in strange ways. But one of the most stable of all fashions is that of wearing pearls. We are told that Cupid and Psyche were united by a rope of pearls, and to this day a string of pearls is considered the most perfect wedding present for all those who can afford it. That number has increased, not because the world is suddenly becoming vastly richer (although that is true, too—but is another story), but because pearls, through this intense culture, have become within the reach of those of comparatively moderate means.

The output of some of the best of these far-away beds of oysters and potential pearls has been acquired by Tecla, a firm which has already done so much to delight and decorate women. They have first choice of the lovely harvest from this strange cultivation, retaining the best specimens but rejecting all pearls which are not absolutely perfect. Experts select them, experts determine their value and experts bore and string them. Some are made into rings, earrings or other ornaments, all of which reflect the good taste synonymous with the name of Tecla, but the majority are strung into necklaces—heirlooms which are within the reach of many.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Adds charm
to your Lips!

PRETTY as a picture; Yet men used to criticize her for using "too much lipstick." A man's way of saying her lips looked painted! . . . She took the hint and bought the new kind of lipstick that accents natural colour in lips *without painting them.*

Unlike any other lipstick

Tangee is entirely different from the usual run of lipsticks. It isn't paint. A strictly scientific formula that changes to your natural colour the moment it's applied! In the stick, it's orange. But on your lips it's a blush-rose shade suited to your type. No wonder smart women are changing to Tangee . . . the lipstick that adds charm to your lips!

Use Tangee yourself. See your lips fresh with glowing colour all day long! Its cold cream base prevents chapping. Sold at toilet goods counters for same price as ordinary lipsticks. Yet it lasts longer.

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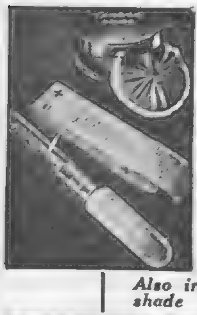

The Man Who Knew Him

(*Continued from page 39*)

you suddenly heard his name. The man he had grappled with, and who was arrested when the police came in, turned out to be the daring gunman for whom Scotland Yard had been searching for months.

He had held up banks and railway stations. He had frightened whole suburbs, all the tradesmen in which had feared that, one day, he would call on them. Sensational journalism had given him fancy names—"Masked Mike" and fancy titles like that. And Scotland Yard had been jeered at for months, because they could not catch him.

And now this desperado had been caught by a man called Thomas Smith!

* * *

Thomas Smith went home from the Old Bailey, one day, in an Underground train. He was a national hero. The Judge, passing sentence on the gunman, had praised him, a couple of hours before, until Thomas Smith, burning with pride, had nearly been scorched up by the glory of it all.

Photographers had snapped him when he came outside the Court, and a crowd had cheered. A newspaper had started a public subscription, and another newspaper, snatching him away from the others, had bought the story of his life.

He had been taken off to make a little speech for the News Reel, and he was to be, the next night, the Surprise Item on the wireless, speaking from the dreaded fastness of the B.B.C.

All around him, as he sat in the train, were people reading evening papers. There was his picture in each one of them. And, on every front page were printed, in black type, the Judge's words: "Thomas Smith, you have earned the grateful thanks of the country."

A man next to Smith looked up from his paper and spoke. He did not recognise him. For Thomas Smiths look all alike, and snapshots are deceptive.

"That's an extraordinary story, Sir," he said. "Here is a young man, just nobody, rises to an emergency with the courage of a Nelson, a Raleigh or a Scott. And now he's a national hero. Yes, sir, we're proud of him."

"Yes," replied Thomas Smith. "*I went to school with him.*"

END

Books

(*Continued from page 51*)

reveals that mixture of the poet and the man of action found only in the great ones of the earth. He was, of course, he must have been, a rare bird. Much depends, for France, on just how rare he was. Two or three more men like him, or two or three less, will make a big difference to the history of a generation. He has left this journal, which may well prove an inspiration to a select band of those who come after him. If I had a son, I should give him this book to read; not, of course, with the limited notion of making him an explorer, but in the certain knowledge that he would grow up a braver man for having encountered it.

THE author of *Indian India* (Jarrolds, 18s.), Mr. C. W. Waddington, C.I.E., M.V.O., was head of the Chiefs' Colleges at Rajkot and Ajmer, where many of the Indian Princes, the present Rulers of the Indian States, were in his charge. His book, and the charming drawings with which he has adorned it, show us Rajasthan, that district, extending for six or seven hundred miles across the central plateau of India, occupied by the Indian States, the home of the Rajput rulers. We are accustomed to books on British India, but here is a work which deals with—to use a popular description—the stately homes of India. Although rather costly to buy, this very handsome volume cannot be described as expensive. Another high-class publication, of a very different kind, is *Sketches in Stable and Kennel*, written and illustrated by Lionel Edwards, and issued by Messrs. Putnam in three styles, at five guineas, twenty-five shillings, and half a guinea. There are twelve coloured plates and numerous pencil drawings, all of hounds and horses; the frontispiece shows a paddock at Norman Court, where, amid half a dozen other brood mares, old Blackaton disports herself, the dam of Grassmoor and Becka.

END

I Rediscover America

(*Continued from page 17*)

People in Washington who think believe that the American nation is over-optimistic, that Roosevelt has done his psychological stuff a little too well and that, in consequence, any minor set-back in the general scheme of recovery will again produce universal despondence.

At any rate, Roosevelt set out to do one thing, and he has done it—he has taught the Americans that there is more to civilisation than the ability to buy an automobile on the deferred payment system. In other words, they now realise that money is not alpha and omega.

The American husband and wife have also discovered something. In a facetious way, I like to make the American woman responsible for the slump.

After all, if she had not come to the conclusion, shortly after the war, that she had a "soul" fitted for better things than housework there would never have been the scope for high-pressure salesmen to mortgage the entire prospective earnings, for years to come, of the American man.

As far as I can see, pre-slump America was a vast economic fallacy built up on a popular edition of the works of Freud.

However, now that the car, the mink coat, the subscription to that dollar-a-copy magazine and, in another class of society, the Park Avenue penthouse and the yacht have gone west, American wives have discovered that husbands have unsuspected sterling qualities.

Similarly, the American husband has found that his wife, stripped of all the ballyhoo and removed from the cellaphane wrapper into which he put her, is, after all, just a woman—and quite a help in trouble.

I am told by art connoisseurs that America's bad times are bound to lead to great things in that field. It is said that a wave of collecting always precedes the birth of artists of genius.

In 1928 people interested in American painting looked in despair for young to patronise. Now that dealing is at a discount one hears the names of four or five young artists who are expected to form the nucleus of an American school of painting.

If we can liken the American to a sadder and wiser schoolboy with regard to the depression, the simile holds good when we come to Prohibition Repeal. No schoolboy wants to smoke until he is told not to do so.

Most people realise the appalling results of the mentality produced by the Volstead Act, but the full effects on consumption of telling the schoolboy that there will be jam every day, instead of only when teacher is not looking, or is bribable, remain to be seen. From what little of post-Repeal Americans I saw, I am optimistic.

It is easy enough to say that the war produced the mentality necessary for the passing of Prohibition; that it was put over when two million men were fighting in France. You have to go back further than that.

It gained ground in diverse directions. Georgia, Massachusetts and Ohio began toying with it and eventually the Prohibition party was formed in 1869. So it went on, until in 1913 31 States were more or less dry.

In 1913 the Anti-Saloon League tried to get an amendment to the Constitution and failed to get the required two-thirds majority in both houses.

It is funny now to look back on some of the extravagant statements made about Prohibition—"No more crime or poverty; a nation that would be strong and safe and clean and pure." Pussyfoot Johnson weighed in with the prediction that the world would be dry in 1950.

The results, as we know, were so appalling that even its most ardent supporters had to climb down. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for instance, had contributed millions to the Anti-Saloon league. He abandoned it and left them to work out a revenge, if any. Alfred P. Sloane, president of General Motors, asked that "Prohibition be given a chance," and had eventually to say: "My own views have been reversed by the result of the experiment." President Hoover in 1928 called it "noble in purpose" and left the rest to the imagination. Bernard Baruch now openly regrets that he was "a former advocate."

So these well-known figures had to climb down about Prohibition, and it is interesting to see what was necessary before the whole, or sufficient, of the American people could be persuaded that it had made a mistake.

First of all, when the 18th Amendment was passed, surplus stocks were sold by the saloons. Then liquor began to be stolen from warehouses and breweries sprang up. Then they started diverting industrial alcohol—a far greater source than is realised—smuggling it from Canada, Cuba and the Bahamas. Next came the gang wars, culminating in the mutual killings of the "big shots" with their £2,000

(*Continued on page 108*)

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funerals. And, developing throughout, drunkenness, especially among youth, such as has never been seen.

On my first visit to America in 1924, I remember being shocked by the way young men and women behaved at dances.

At one débutante dance I attended, the gentlemen's cloakroom was continually packed with young people of both sexes drinking "straight liquor" out of flasks. And it is significant that this occurred in spite of the fact that the hostess had provided champagne from her pre-Prohibition cellar. It will take America years to get back to a taste for wines.

Altogether about 3,000 people died from drinking bad liquor and about 2,000 were killed in one way and another.

The Bedlam that was Prohibition bred lawlessness and madness in everything. Broadway went crazy, typified by Texas Guinan, naked shows, racketeering in everything from laundries to taxicabs, Marathons, wild parties, "necking" and "sugar daddies."

Repeal has done great things already. It began having a mental effect as soon as it was known that Prohibition was really coming to an end.

On arrival I found a different New York from the one I had left ten years before. True, Broadway is still pretty vulgar, but it is not as blaring and blatant as formerly. When repeal night really came it was a complete anti-climax, not only because Utah, in its determination to be the last State to ratify, had delayed so long that New York could not be properly supplied, but because the moral (or immoral) obligation to drink in defiance of an absurd law had been removed.

One clergyman, in a New York paper, put the thing graphically:

"I reckon," he wrote, "that in the past fourteen years, I have consumed 14,000 drinks that I did not want. I did so because my parishioners would not have respected me otherwise. At least I am now relieved of that burden."

Of course, there is one aspect in which, whether for better or worse, the repeal of Prohibition cannot put the clock back. Supposing that it had been possible to put back every glass, bottle and patron exactly where they were in January, 1920 you still could not restore the mood and habits of that time. The more drinking is the same thing, the more it changes—and it has changed a lot in those fourteen years.

We are told in lurid accounts that the male prerogative of drinking was leading to the annihilation of family life.

Whether you are nearer or further from that undesirable objective now that the whole family has a cocktail in its own home-bar and goes to eat in a "speak-easy," I am not prepared to say.

Some writers in America are inclined to make Prohibition the bogy-man of all America's evils and to predict that Repeal will be a panacea.

There is another side to the question, for universal sobriety is as desirable an ideal as universal free trade. The Prohibitionists simply cooked their own goose by attempting to force the natural development of public opinion.

But there is no doubt that, though the price was far too great, Prohibition made for comparative sobriety in certain sections of the population It substituted the home-still for the evils of the saloon, among the poor, and gave the rich man the mixed "speak-easy" instead of "men only" drinking clubs.

And I am not even sure that I blame it wholly for the invasion of the American home by alcohol. Nor can you blame the whole of what women choose to call emancipation on Prohibition any more than you can make the fact that they drove lorries and wore red crosses in the war entirely responsible.

But these writers toy with what they call "escape psychology." The nation, they say, escaped Prohibition repression by going in for fast driving, jazz dancing, rapid-fire wireless announcers and all the other madnesses, including the desire of débutantes to associate with gangsters.

These writers naturally expected all "ballyhoo" to cease overnight. It did not, nor will it. But the effects of Repeal can already be seen far beyond the mere phenomenon of having less drunk and incapables on your hands if you give a cocktail party. There is a general sobering in everything, for if you do not feel yourself impelled to consume ten Martinis before dinner lest you let down the Statue of Liberty, you are less likely to drive wildly about your home-town bent on some crazy "whoopee," to get married on leaving a night-club or shoot somebody up.

Well, there you have the new American—post-depression and post-Prohibition vintage. He preserves the good qualities of frankness, loyalty, sociability, efficiency, industry and propensity for trying anything once and at once.

In a word, depression and Repeal have enabled him to go a long way towards "debunking" himself.

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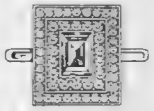
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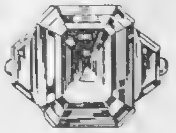
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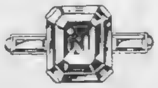
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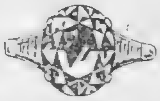
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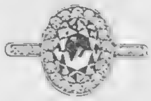
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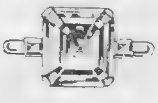
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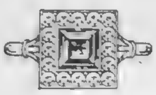
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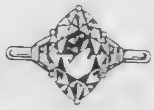
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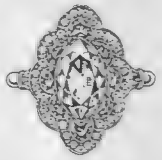
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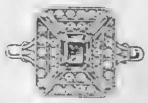
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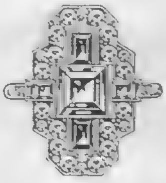
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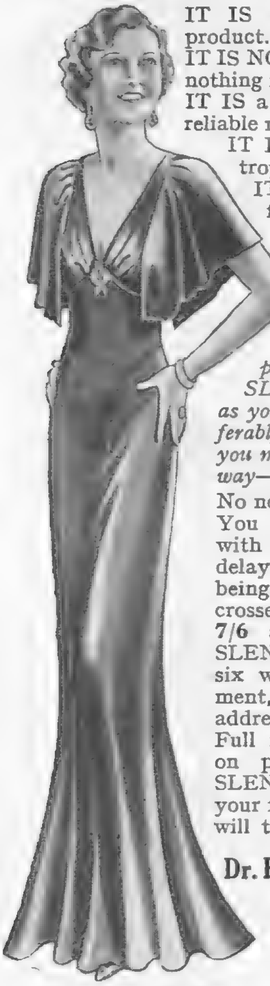

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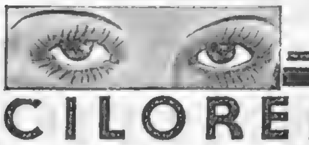

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The Skeleton *in* their Cupboard

(Continued from page 15)

The bank loans were repaid by share issues to the public, which now began to follow his star. Once started, he had to go on. It was world match control now—or downfall. At all costs he had to secure larger markets and control those markets, so that he could presently raise the price of matches. Otherwise his debts would overwhelm him. It was to meet this problem that he invented the match monopoly—a loan device.

It was a great idea. Post-war governments were hard up. Their credit was strained to the limit; they could not raise loans. But he could. He would lend to Poland, Peru, any country that would deal with him, and take in return a concession to manufacture and/or sell matches in the national market for a long term of years. He had sucked the Swedish capital pool dry with his match factory purchases at home and abroad. But war-rich America had not yet been tapped; and that country, bursting with money, was eager to invest large chunks of it in Europe.

Ivar understood Wall Street men. He knew, too, that he impressed them—a still-faced Swede, incisive, ingratiating, serious, quiet, astoundingly successful, opening up vistas of fabulous profits, commissions, new markets for exploitation, and masses of bonds, just the sort of thing the American public were then clamouring for.

Lee, Higginson provided him with a contact. This Wall Street banking house had been profitably associated with him when he doubled the capital of Swedish Match in 1922. They placed half the issue in London and introduced the shares on the London Stock Exchange. His talk with them resulted the next year in the successful flotation of the International Match Company, with a capital of £26,000,000. This company acted as a pipe line, drawing money from the American capital reservoir for those monopoly loans on which he now proceeded to build his match empire.

His 1927 deal with Poincaré put him on the peaks. Poincaré wanted cash for his franc stabilisation manœuvres. He saw Poincaré, offered him £15 million in exchange for a 20-year match monopoly. Poincaré accepted, stipulating that the 5 per cent. bonds he would cause to be issued to cover the loan might be placed with banks, insurance companies, and finance houses, but must not be sold to the public for two years—such a weight of paper coming on the market would depress the already low price of French *rentes*.

This suited Ivar. He turned round and made a quick profit of a million out of the deal. He made his American corporation take up £10 million at the issue price of 93½. Then he had the corporation issue its own 5 per cent. bonds for a like amount. The public snapped these up at 98½. Marvellous! Kreuger credit stood higher in the world market than the credit of the French State! Here were his bonds selling to the public at 98½, when the French Government dare not risk offering its bonds to the public at 5 points less.

It was enough to turn any man's head. But he knew how it was done. The world distrusted the French State, which looked half bankrupt. On the other hand, Kreuger reports and balance sheets looked like news of a new El Dorado. Profits rose year by year as infallibly as the sun in the morning; and prospects seemed to be illimitable.

On the tide of the great boom markets, he soared up. Kreuger stock reached £48 on Wall Street. In 1928, the winning answer in a newspaper competition for the best four investments of the day included Kreuger and Toll at that price. Up to the time of the big crisis which nearly saw his end, the public had bought £45,000,000's worth of those famous Kreuger and Toll participating debentures.

And then, slump! A fearful time. The Americans panicked and stopped lending abroad. Everywhere bankers cut down on credits, called loans, making themselves as liquid as possible for fear of runs on them. Abruptly, he had found himself squeezed on all sides.

His combine was not operating at a profit. In 1930, he had been obliged to pay a fat dividend out of other funds, and to falsify the balance sheet accordingly; for a Kreuger loss now would put a stopper on any further credits, break his back. The situation looked desperate. Might as well be hung for an elephant as a mouse, he had told himself; and he had increased the stakes in his gamble—subscribed for £15 million of the Young Loan, and bought a 32-year monopoly of the German match market in return for a loan of £25 million to the German Government.

Forty millions now to find from somewhere! The public will provide, he had thought. But he got a shock when he made Swedish Match and the International Corporation take up a great chunk of the loan, and offered £20 million worth of new shares to the public at 150 per cent. The public left him with a load of the paper. He had to take up the balance himself, so as to be able to announce another success. It would never do for a Kreuger issue to fail. He paid for his shares with an IOU. Worth nothing, of course, but he could write it into the Kreuger and Toll balance sheet as an asset.

Luckily he had tied Swedish finance and industry to his tail. The Swedish banks stood by him; in the year before the Paris show-down they advanced him credits of seven millions. But the "rats," the international bear syndicates, seemed to suspect. They had begun to gnaw at Kreuger securities on the *bourses*, worrying them, pressing them for sale. Unable to fight them with money, he had fought them through an international brokerage organisation which he used to manipulate the price of his paper. But nothing would stop the steady drift down, down. By the autumn of 1930 things began to alarm him. He looked around for lifebuoys, and saw two: the Boliden gold-mine and the Ericsson telephone concern.

He contracted to buy the gold mine. But the gold boom he foresaw was 18 months off, and he could not get the public excited about the mine. It was the Ericsson company which helped him out. He acquired control, and got the bankers back of the big International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation of America excited about Ericsson prospects. His control suggested a new world enterprise, linked up by monopoly contracts to his match trust, and offering fabulous profits. The American giants took him on their board. Better, as a preliminary to closer association, they took a financial interest in Ericsson, paying two millions cash for 510,000 shares.

But unluckily, after the cash had been paid over, Ericsson shares took a nose dive, and Colonel Behn, chairman of I.T.T., got suspicious, scrutinised the balance sheets again, and discovered that half the assets were claims on other companies and that the big "cash" item was nothing more than a debt owed by Kreuger and Toll. Then the fat was in the fire. Behn had warned Morgan's, the National City Bank, Lee, Higginson's.

He had felt all of his 52 years, very discouraged, back in autumnal Stockholm, when the cables arrived demanding explanations. Ericsson had got him out of one jam, only to land him in this new one. He could not permit a probe of its affairs, because he had looted its treasury of £3,000,000 as soon as he got control, beside mortgaging £2,000,000 of its assets, shunting two millions' worth of that sticky German loan on to it, and making it issue £1,250,000 of 5½ per cent. debentures secured on nothing. (The four Swedish banks which had signed the prospectus did not know that he had gutted the company of everything portable and pawnable.)

Then began those four nightmare months, when, cornered, he had fought for his life. The Americans thought he would go direct to New York from Stockholm, but he kept them fuming for a month while he pulled strings in Paris for a monopoly contract for the Ericsson company (he already had Poland signed up). Armed with a French telephone monopoly, he might defeat Behn, swing the profit-hungry American bankers over to him again. But there was nothing doing, and he had to sail for New York empty-handed, the prey to fearful anxieties.

New York was a nightmare. Scenes, reproaches, questions he could not answer. Bad news flowing into his pent-house retreat over the trans-Atlantic telephone and cables all the time. He had come to get fresh loans and renew old bills. Instead, he found the well dried up. Worse, he had to agree to cancel the Ericsson contract and repay the two millions by September. Worst of all, they had begun to suspect. . . . A Morgan lawyer and two of the Higginson partners were on the boat coming home.

Back in Paris, everybody was waiting for him—British, French, American, Swedish bankers, all requiring explanations. Littorin, his right-hand man, had looked at him oddly as they lunched at his flat in the Avenue Victor Emmanuel V, on his arrival that morning on March 12; Rydbeck, too, when he went up with Littorin to see the Swedish banker at the Hôtel du Rhin at four. His heart had contracted when Rydbeck mentioned the Italian bonds. Twenty-five millions! Couldn't he raise money on them? He had said, no. Poincaré had wanted his bonds kept off the market. Mussolini wished the very existence of his kept secret—he couldn't afford to have it known that the Fascist State had borrowed from him. But when Rydbeck suggested that he might sell them back to the Italians at a discount,

(Continued on page 112)

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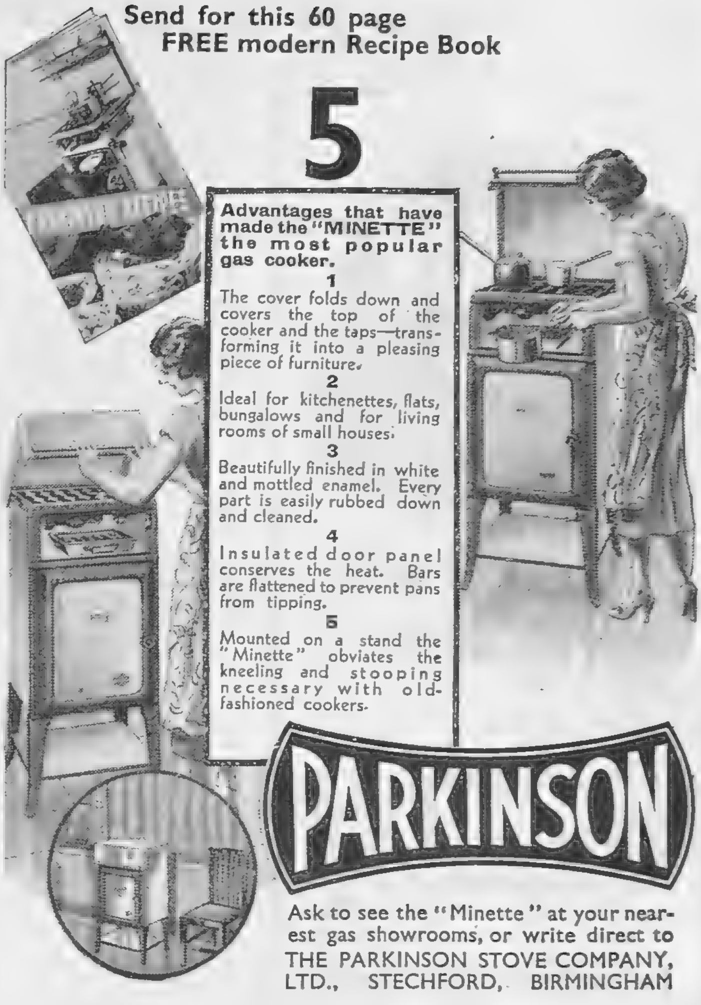

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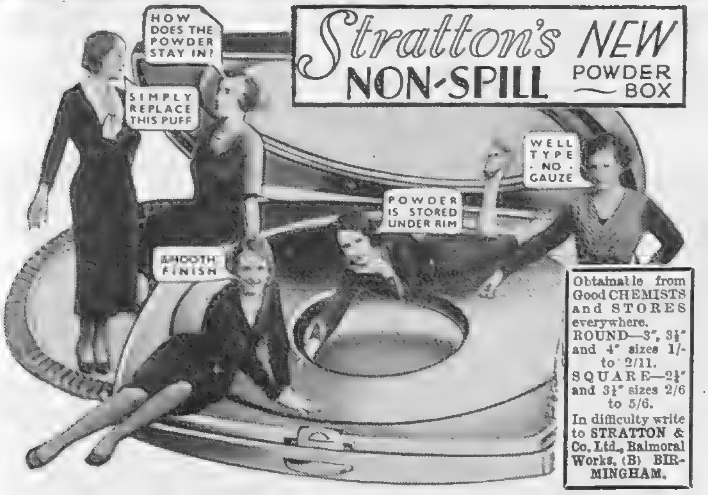
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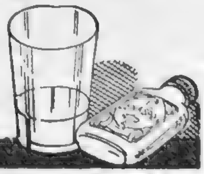

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he had been floored. He had to say that it might be done, but he would have to return to Stockholm first.

Back in his flat that night, he had felt terribly depressed. Millions had passed through his hands. He had been able to indulge his taste in silver, Rembrandt etchings, old masters, books, and women. But he never had the time to enjoy any of them. No one had ever really shared his life, or his heart; and soon all would be cursing him. His life's work would vanish, leaving nothing but a bad smell.

Then he fell into an uneasy sleep, and had fearful dreams. He dreamed that it was morning and that Littorin had come up after breakfast for a final talk before the meeting with the bankers at the Hôtel du Rhin at eleven. Then Littorin had gone, and he had found himself with a gun in his hand. It was all over. He could no longer keep up the struggle to appear solvent. Why, he must be 50 or 60 millions in the red! Now, they would find out everything. He could not face them, or the future; and, calmly, he lay down on the bed, opened his waistcoat, pressed the gun to his chest where his heart beat, and fired. . . .

THE match king found, with a start, that he was sitting with his face in his hands, and that his face was wet with sweat. Amazing, how vividly those old Paris memories returned, how real was the fantasy of the might-have-been even after twelve years.

Of course, the worst couldn't possibly have happened—not to him. He had made some bad mistakes, but he always pulled through. His bad night had fatigued him; but in the morning he had been heartened by a return of his customary luck. At nine, a telephone call. There had been a change of Ministers, his friends were in power; the Ericsson telephone monopoly had gone through after all. That was good enough to put the bankers off another day.

When he got back, elated, from the Ministry, he found a Russian emissary waiting. The Moscow crowd were tired of fighting him for the world match markets. They had changed their policy. They wanted to come in with him on sharing terms. He had said he was not interested unless they would pay cash for an interest. They would. Three millions; a million down and the balance in a month. The money was in French banks at that moment.

It was three days before he met the bankers; but they had lost their first impatience, for, through Littorin, he had let them in on the great news.

Everything, now, ran sweetly. After talking with their representatives in Paris, on the trans-Atlantic telephone, the American bankers changed their minds again about the Ericsson deal. A Paris group of capitalists came to his aid on the strength of that telephone monopoly. A London group took a big interest. Given this breathing space, and feeling on top of his form, he had gone down to Rome, seen Mussolini, and swung the deal which enabled him to replace those forged Italian bonds with genuine ones—a loan of twenty-five millions in exchange for the Italian match market. Morgans headed the group who found those millions.

It was easy now to get the money he needed. In funds again, he completed the purchase of the great Boliden gold mine, held it for six months until the gold boom he had foreseen arrived, and sold it at a vast profit to the public in the great gold boom market of early 1933; got clean out of it. It served its purpose. When the gold boom died the shares dropped to a sixth of the issue price, and he was considerably criticised. But he didn't worry. It was just a side show, and served its purpose of making money to help him out of the match trust mess.

So he had floated out of the slump without a forced investigation of his books. His frozen assets became liquid. All his depressed stocks and bonds rose on the world recovery tide which set in in 1934. The reassured Yankees opened their coffers again. He had been able to expand the Ericsson concern into a world telephone and telegraph trust, using the same methods of State loans and monopoly contracts which had built up his match trust. But, wiser now, he did not force growth. He was more careful, more business-like.

The big day had come when, his match trust complete and consolidated, he was able to raise the price of matches a farthing a dozen over the whole world market, and so notch his revenue up by ten millions annually at one stroke. He bought vast masses of his own paper beforehand, and when Kreuger stocks and shares went soaring on news of the price rise, he took a quick profit and netted millions.

By 1935 he was out of the wood. The profits were genuine, the forged bonds destroyed, the I O U's had been burned and replaced by genuine assets, everything he had taken out had been put back, and the strength of Kreuger shares and bonds on the international market warranted the final financial reorganisation which gave his whole group a fresh start and a fresh set of books. (A little office fire had solved the problem of some records which might not bear investigation.)

The Kreuger Trust was now the keystone of his edifice—his holding company controlling the Telephone Trust, capitalised at £500,000,000, and the Match Trust, which, with its capital of £1,100,000,000, just overtopped the U.S. Steel Trust, and captured from it the title of the world's biggest industrial organisation.

And here he was, Ivar Kreuger, at 64, a little tired, but alive, and well, Sweden's greatest citizen, emperor of the world's biggest industrial and financial empire, hailed as pioneer of a new world order based upon regulation of supply and demand, and stability of prices through world control of essential services and supplies, a control divorced from political vicissitudes and overriding national frontiers, and operating in a world which science and human energy had made interdependent, despite the politicians.

He sighed, and, conscious again of the slight pain in the region of the heart, which had been troubling him for some months now, he lay back in his chair and relaxed, as his doctor had instructed. But the pain increased. . . .

Next day, the Match King's sudden death from heart failure was headline news around the world. He had had a sudden seizure in his silence room, whither he had retired to think.

In his office in the Match Trust building, Director Littorin, Kreuger's chief-of-staff, talked on the telephone to a banker in New York. The chief had died quite peacefully.

"He must have been there all day and all night—dead. We do not disturb him in the silence room, you know. The doctors say death occurred about eleven o'clock yesterday morning."

"Eleven o'clock on March 13?" said the voice on the other side of the Atlantic. "That's queer. Don't you remember, that anxious day in Paris in '32, when we waited up in the Hôtel du Rhin, and thought—you remember?"

"Why, yes, now you remind me. Quite a curious coincidence, isn't it?"

END

Sun *in* the Morning

(Continued from page 13)

Trying to slip in an excuse for the affair of Lady Carol. Trying to tell her just what Hepburn stood for, and what he was doing in the Pacific world.

"It's the last refuge of peace and freedom," he was saying. "And there's room—room—it's the third of the whole world. And mostly it's the bad lots come now, outside of officials and missionaries and a few plantation managers like me. Hepburn's the advance guard of the others. I wish His Excellency understood. I think he's perhaps misinformed."

"The Governor does not think that Mr. Hepburn should have thrown up a diplomatic career as he did," Marie carefully replied.

"Hepburn," said the other, "is doing something better. He's a sort of Thoreau of the Pacific. He'll be remembered when—ever so many other people—are forgotten. Trent Lagoon will be the Walden Pond of the next century."

Marie flashed out—it was as if some other, more primitive woman spoke—"Mr. Hepburn might set a better example than—it seems—he's doing!"

In answer to that, the Queenslander said, "I'm a widower. I had the luck to find what I wanted and the bad luck to lose it. Hepburn's never had either. Deal gently with him, Mrs. Netherleigh; we're not all as fortunate as you."

She felt the stab; it seemed this man was prepared to fight for his friend, fiercely if need be. She danced a little longer in silence, and at the end of the music released her partner with a cool nod. Very angry she felt, very much the outraged queen. Who had the right to criticise her consort?

But afterwards, she thought "That man would die for him." And "him" in her mind did not stand for Eustace.

Some mornings after the dance, Eustace, coming out into the gardens, found Marie strolling by herself in the avenue of flamboyants that cast red snow upon the white of the coral paths at the back of Government House.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said.

"You needn't have," she answered him. "I wanted the morning."

"I don't understand."

She wanted to say: "You couldn't," but instead she asked, "Have you never heard of 'The winds that would be calling at all hours'?"

He said, "Nobody

(Continued on page 114)

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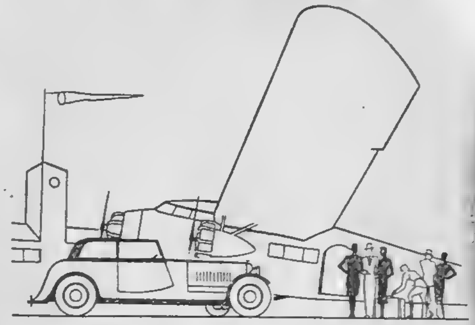

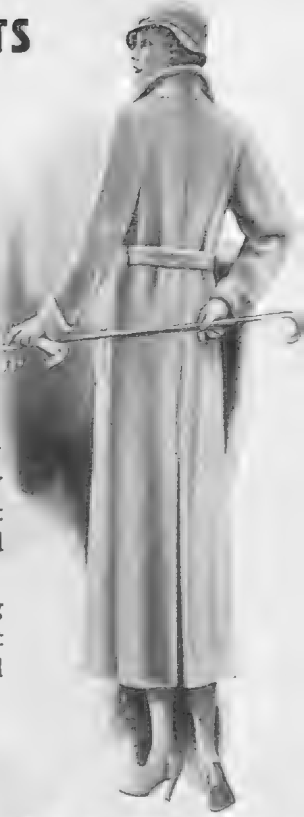

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reads Keats nowadays unless for an examination."

She said, "But history repeats itself sometimes."

"You seem to be talking nonsense, my dear."

"If you weren't so clever, Eustace, you'd understand it," she said.

He looked at her indulgently. "Stay out if you wish. I suppose you have one of your headaches. Shall I send your maid ?"

"No, thanks."

"You will excuse me, then ; I have a deputation." He went.

"When you have a deputation," thought Marie, "what do you do for it ?" She found herself speaking aloud. She found she was speaking to Jim Hepburn. It did not seem astonishing that he should have appeared through the poincianas, that moment.

Gravely he answered her. "Take three stiff whiskies and sodas and go to bed, and in the morning the deputation will have gone."

They laughed together. Their hearts were heavy, so they had to laugh.

Marie was saying to herself, "I can't go about meeting him ; the whole island would talk ; I can't see him again, but I will have this once." And she thought of Lady Carol and the "white petticoat" and it seemed to her that something, somewhere, had gone absurdly wrong. She could see herself, not Carol, in a lacy starchy slip, the kind one's mother used to wear, following Black Bothwell to the "end of the world." She knew he hadn't cared very much about Carol. It seemed to her that Carol had no right to that petticoat. . . .

But, of course, one didn't do those things. One did not, even for a moment, think of destroying Eustace's career.

Hepburn was thinking, "She is more like Marie Stuart than any modern woman has a right to be ; but I suppose the type persists. . . And she's a queen, too, of course. It was written that I should love her." For he believed in his not-too-well-authenticated ancestry ; he was quite sure that the James Hepburn of history had been one of his forefathers.

He said, "I was lucky to find you here. I have to apologise for my guest. There are things—one can't help."

She caught the double meaning. "I understand," she answered.

There was a rustic seat near them, but neither thought of sitting down. It seemed as if they could actually see the seconds, the minutes, speeding past them ; those precious minutes that were like pearls. It was as if they could make them last longer by standing, pretending that every moment was the last.

Hepburn said, "It's like heaven to-day on Trent. I don't think there's such a place. It's a fairy ring that you get inside, and shut out everything else."

"You love it ?"

He said, weighing his words, "I could have loved it—better."

Marie broke out suddenly, "It's no use. Both of us—both——" She could not finish the sentence.

"But if you cared," he said, "if you cared enough, nothing would stand in the way."

"Everything would," she told him, with a catch in her breath.

He was self-possessed, amazingly so. She could not help recalling how Eustace in like case had besought her, almost cried. . . Jim Hepburn just looked at her and said, "Well, what I told you holds good. Life can't help us, it seems. If death does, I'm waiting. Any time, anywhere." He took her hand and squeezed it so hard that the rings cut into it. He lifted his hat. . . .

MARIE grew a little paler, a little thinner, in the days that followed, and there was no brightness now in her honey-brown eyes. Eustace pestered her to see the doctor. At first she flatly refused. Before long an excellent excuse came to help her. The one physician of the port fell seriously ill ; down with pneumonia and pericarditis, his life hung balancing. There was only one nurse available ; the other had gone on leave.

"You should have had two doctors," Marie told Eustace, flatly. "Three women here are expecting babies, and they'll have to go away by the steamer."

Eustace was not sympathetic about the matter of the babies ; it touched a hidden wound in his life and Marie's. They had been four years married and were childless.

"The women will be better looked after in Auckland," was his sole comment. "And you know quite well that the estimates won't run to more than one medical officer for the port. When Dr. Fillmore recovers, you'll have to see him. You look as if you were suffering from chronic indigestion, and you don't eat enough for a sparrow."

(*Continued on page* 117)

AND so it goes on. Another new wing—every bedroom with a bathroom, naturally. More dining room, more gymnasium, another sun lounge....bigger and brighter and better than even the Palace you knew, say, a year ago. Steal a week from Spring. Cheat the lingering Winter in the exhilarating mildness of the Devon Coast. Leave your greatcoat on its hook and bring a tennis racquet. Book for a day or so, but pack for a month. You'll stay on in spite of yourself. Everything—from squash racquets to talkie pictures—included in the terms.

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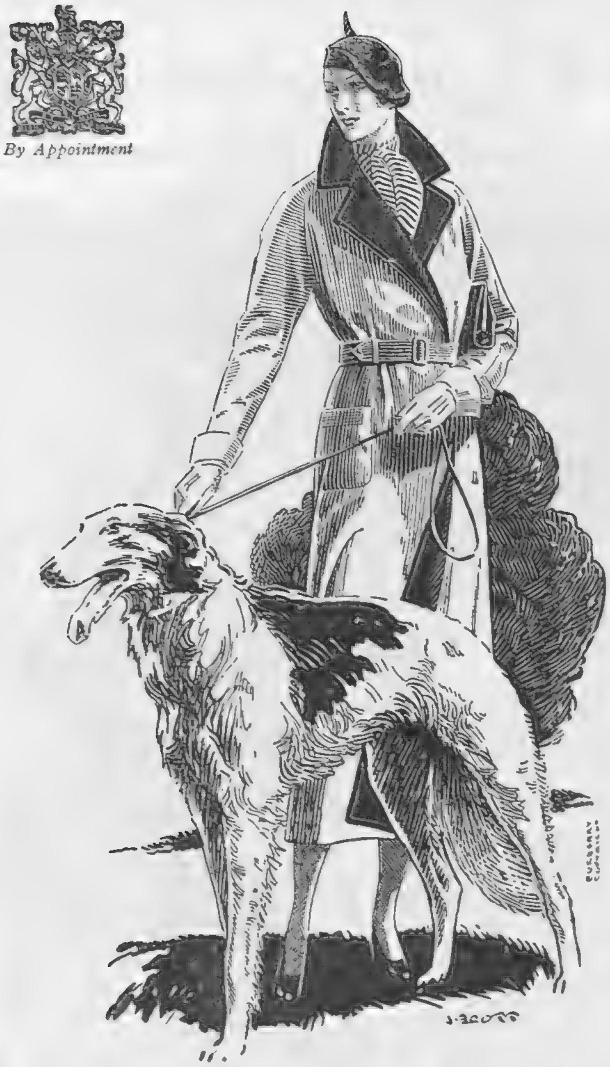

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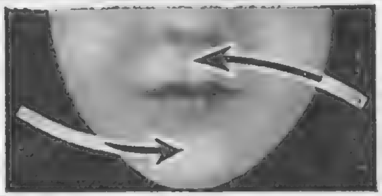

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It was morning, and bright sun outside, with a fierce wind blowing. Marie left the breakfast room and went out, keeping away from the scarlet poinciana avenue. On the lawn a Sheba labourer was engaged in weeding. By his side a friend, a naked little boy, stood cheering him with talk.

Marie had learned a good deal of the Sheba language. She understood what the natives, secure in their belief that white people could not comprehend, were saying.

The labourer said, "Give me a turn at your smoke. Have you any news? I hear the Doctor Chief is dying."

The other handed him a banana leaf cigarette. "Here. Yes, I heard that. But I have other news. We came in with our canoes from the reef this morning, and they smoke-signalled to us from Trent that the white chief there was dying; he will very likely be dead before the Chief Doctor."

"Ou, ou!" said the gardener. "That is news indeed."

As soldiers in the war were known to stand upright, shot through, before they fell, Marie stood upright on the false marbles of the verandah, unmoving, struck to the heart.

The native said, "That white woman did it. She jumped off the reef to drown herself and he went in after her, but the sharks got her and they got him, only his boys pulled him away and took him to the house. He is very bad."

The other, sucking at his cigarette, said, "It's well the Doctor Chief is dying, too, because now they won't make us take the launch out in this bad weather. I have to go when the Doctor Chief goes, because I know the reefs."

"Now I must get away," the village native said. "Take care of that White Chieftainess, she is looking at you angrily. You had better go on with your work."

"Yes, I am afraid of this white chieftainess." He bent to his weeding. "There is something strong in her eye that is not in the eye of the Great Chief himself."

"You will have reason to know that," thought Marie, "before another hour is over."

She had been cold but this moment; she was hot now. The Highland spirit of her, crushed down all these years by the solid Englishry of Eustace, flamed up like whins afire. Once, she had wanted to be a nurse; she had gone through a year and a half of the training. She knew enough, maybe, to help or save. They had counted her able in the Edinburgh operating theatre. . . .

She went indoors, packed a raincoat and a few clothes, took some medical supplies from the store room, and, carrying her parcel, slipped away. The black engineer who drove the launch, and the gardener who knew the reefs, came after her, resistant but helpless.

Whether she thought, during the fearful journey to Trent Lagoon, of another wild journey taken four hundred years ago by another Marie away from the pale, fretful King, to her wounded lover, no one was to know.

With dawn and a quiet dying sea they came to the atoll. Never all her life was Marie to forget the look of Trent in the early morning; that league-long wreath of standing palms afloat on an opal sea; the stain of the sunrise turning the breakers fiery rose, where they burst on the outer reef. The wind was down now; in a shining calm the boat ran through the passage, came to rest, rocking slightly, on the live green of the inner lagoon

Yet, at that moment she saw nothing consciously, knew nothing, until she reached the brown house under the palms, the tall brown house made of bamboo and thatch and set with shining pearl-shell; the house that she had never meant to enter. Near the doorway, on a pile of mats where they had left him when they brought him, Hepburn lay. He was quite conscious and his face grew suddenly bright when he saw her.

She knelt and took his hand. It pressed hers with amazing strength, but it was cold.

"I knew you'd come," he said, smiling as gaily as he had done in the ballroom on the night that seemed a century ago.

"How could you?"

"There's nothing I don't know about you. But you can do no good—Queen Marie."

"I couldn't bring the doctor; they say he's dying. But I've had training. Let me look." She lifted the rough dressings from his body. The mats beneath had been soaked in clotted blood.

A surgeon, at the first, might have done something. Nothing could be done now. The natives had dressed the frightful wounds with their own bush simples; had used a rough tourniquet, and saved his life for the time. No one could do more.

It hardly needed the verdict of the clinical thermometer, of the sinking pulse, to tell Marie so much. The loss of blood had been too great; it was a wonder that still he lived. He would not last much longer. His life had been given, freely, for Lady Carol, whom he did not love, and the woman he had loved at first sight could only watch him die.

She stayed with him all that day and cared for him, easing the last passage with her tender, skilful hands. When he wished to talk, she let him—why not, now? and she told him—why not?—that she had loved him from the first moment.

"But," she said, "nothing could have come of it—you know."

"I know," he said, "that I've more than I ever thought to have, short of heaven."

"Lie beside me," he said, when the night came. Simply, she laid her dark head on the pillow beside his dark head, and her warm hand found his.

"That's good," he said, struggling a little for breath. "More than I ever——"

Presently he said, in a stronger voice, "It was worth it."

His brown hands were plucking at the coverlet, and he did not speak again.

In the morning, just at sun-up, he died. Marie, when she had closed his eyes and straightened his limbs, went out into the light. Pain and relief, longing and a sense of longing appeased were strangely mingled in her mind. Above all, triumphant, rose one thought: "I have had this to remember. I can live."

She saw a launch far out making for the atoll. "That's Eustace," to herself she said. She could not find energy enough to wonder what he might think of her absence.

It was not Eustace, however; it was Hepburn's friend, the planter Wicks, come too late for anything but the one service that Hepburn would have wished—to take back Marie to New Hythe, and tell the truth.

Eustace could be generous, on occasion. He proved to be generous now.

There was only one aspect of the affair that he seemed to find intolerable and that was the fact—later apparent—that Hepburn had left Trent Lagoon to Marie by will. Trent Lagoon, to the Governor of the Shebas, stood for everything that he had distrusted and reprobated all his life. Especially for the people who put foolish things like morning sun before the realities of a sane existence.

He was not to guess that, after his death, Marie, still young, would abandon the title he had given her (for he died Baron Netherleigh) and go, at last, to live in the brown house on Trent, the house that caught the morning sunlight, underneath the palms. That the sons of Marie and of Wicks, the man who loved "Black Bothwell," were to play there under the fruiting and flowering papaya trees. And that Hepburn,

> "*If the sturdy . . . children pulled the bush*
> *flowers on his grave,*"

might

> "*Chance to hear them romping overhead,*"

and none the less sleep well.

END.

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Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

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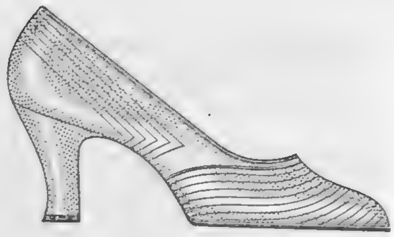

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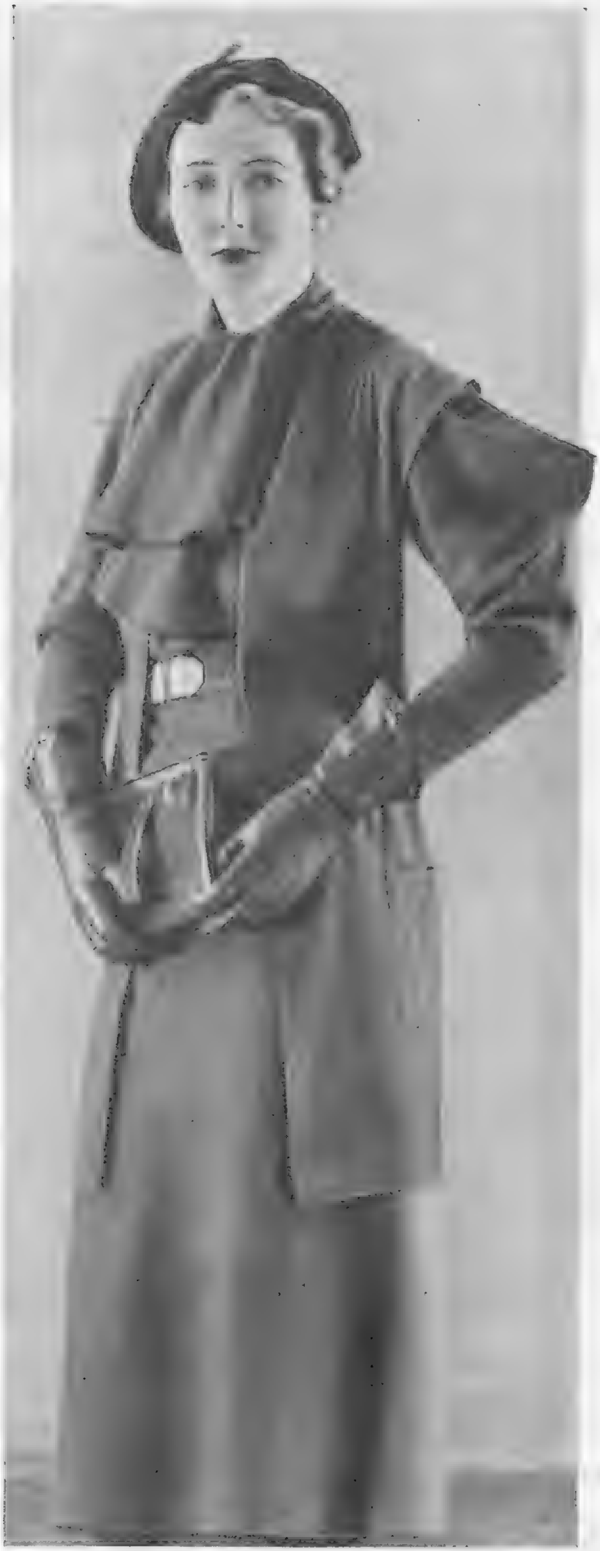

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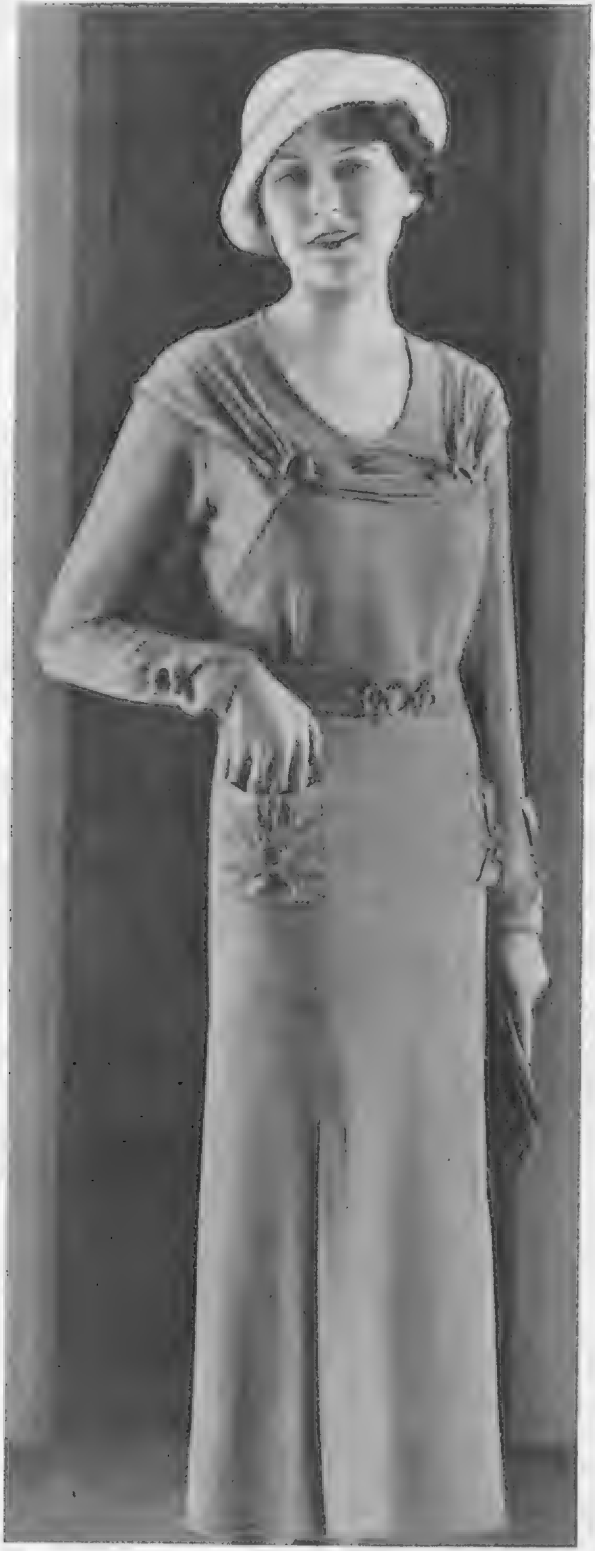

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People of moderate means to whom summer out of season is an unattainable dream have been specially catered for by the Cunard Line, and cruises have been planned costing from nine guineas. And especially for those who have only fourteen days' holiday in the year a most enticing selection of early summer cruises has been thought out by the Cunard Line.

Four famous Cunard liners will be engaged up till October for cruising round the pleasure coasts of the world on trips that will take from six days to six months. The *Laconia* leaves Southampton on Wednesday, March 28th, for a twenty-nine days cruise to Palestine and Egypt.

No fewer than twenty-four cruises will be made by the *Lancastria* and the *Samaria* between April 7th and October 6th, plying as far North as Iceland, where you may see the midnight sun and get ice-pure air in your lungs, or South to the white walls of North Africa.

Fourteen of these cruises will be made by the *Lancastria* from Liverpool and the remainder by the *Samaria* from London. The rates are from nine guineas and the cruises will vary in length from six to seventeen days.

In addition, the *Carinthia* is to make a special de luxe cruise from Southampton on August 4th to the Baltic and Russia, whilst for those who wish to explore the New World a 6,000 miles voyage to and from the United States and Canada will provide a novel and exhilarating holiday.

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Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, o either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346 *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOURTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best letter of excuse in connection with an unwanted invitation.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post March 14th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—March 14

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a poem of eight lines ending thus:—light, night, there, sphere, west, nest, flies, dies.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post March 28th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—March 28

Results of 168th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to F. Peel.

Hon. Mention: B. Gibbs, "J. A. B.," "G. G.," E. G. Robins, N. Pollok, Gertrude Pitt, Enid M. Norman, "Ro," "Radio," E. Young, M. Walker, G. M. Hudson.

Prize-winning Entry:

WHY?

That suns will ever rise and set,—
That dust is dry and water wet,—
That these and other natural laws
Result from some specific cause,
We've not the slightest doubt;
But *why* the water's wet, and why
Dust will persist in being dry;
Why daily, and at whose behest,
The sun, without a moment's rest,
Pursues its course from East to West,
As if engaged in endless quest,
Or bent on some endurance test;
And why the cuckoo—charming pest!—
(Though possibly the thing's a jest,
We cannot doubt but it is best)
Assumes, with loud and shameless zest,
The role of uninvited guest
And lays in someone else's nest;
Why fishes thrive where men would drown,
Why smoke ascends and rain comes down,
Why Autumn turns the bracken brown,
And frost robs Nature of her gown,
Why some men laugh while others frown,
And why those born and reared in town
Describe the rustic as "a clown,"
We're very vague about.

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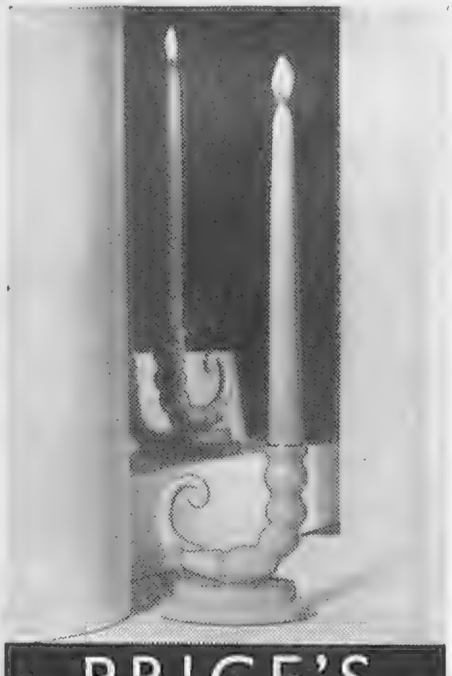


PRICE'S
Venetian candles

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best six quotations, from classical sources, exhibiting egoism.

Awarded to J. H. G. Gibbs.

Hon. Mention: Kathleen Smyth, E. G. Robins, May Belben, "G. G.," Gwendolen Whitcombe.

Prize-winning Entry:

1. "Alone I did it."—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 5, 1, 117.
2. "God, I thank thee I am not as other men are."—The Pharisee in the Temple. St. Luke xviii, 11.
3. "Know then that men like Benevenuto, unique in their profession, stand above the law."—Saying of the Pope, *repeated by Cellini himself* in his Autobiography.
4. "L'Etat c'est moi."—Louis XIV.
5. "What an artist perishes in me."—Nero.
6. "I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains
   And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about."
—Tamburlane, Pt. I, Act I, Sc. 2.

Results of 169th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best carol.

Awarded to G. B. Binnall.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," Penelope Bowers, A. Middleton, Nancy Pollok, N. Henderson, May Belben, Isabel Smart, M. Palmer, E. McGowan, Gwendolen Whitcombe, Z. Forster-Brown, H. M. Hancock, V. Tyrrell, F. Peel, Vivien Jameson, M. Aldred, B. Gibbs.

Prize-winning Entry:

God our Father hath looked down
From the courts of Heaven,
His beloved only Son
Unto us hath given.
Sing merrily,
Sing cheerily,
God is with men.

See Him now a little Child,
Sleeping in a manger,
With the arms of Mary mild
Shielding Him from danger.
Sing merrily, etc.

Shepherds rude and sages wise
Feel they are His creatures,
Their Creator recognise
In those tiny features.
Sing merrily, etc.

Hold your striving, greedy men
After gold and glory,
Peace and wealth lie now as then
Round this simple story.
Sing merrily, etc.

Kneel before the crib to-day
Cease from fret and labour;
Cast all thought of self away,
Love both God and neighbour.
Sing merrily, etc.

God the Son now looketh down,
Evermore He liveth,
His own Self to everyone
Without stint He giveth.
Sing merrily, etc.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description of a naughty child at a party.

Awarded to A. V. Williamson.

Hon. Mention: "G. G.," E. G. Robins, "Lweno Notwali," "Chop," "S. A. V."

Prize-winning Entry:

It was one of those children of whom the fond parents were proud. It was so intelligent for its age, and didn't Mrs. Thomas think it showed character when the little brat refused to play any games at her Christmas party?

"You could *make* most children do as they're told," said Mrs. Manners, proudly. But you couldn't force Willie. No, Willie was far too intelligent.

Willie, in fact, was like most people's fox terriers: he did exactly as he liked, when and where he liked, and in so doing managed to annoy anyone with whom he came in contact. And Willie's mother—she was like the owner of a fox terrier: she thought it showed intelligence and independence when the little beast disobeyed because it did not know any better.

So Willie continued to sit by himself at Mrs. Thomas's party, obstinately refusing to join in the games. Mrs. Manners apologised for her son, at the same time managing to infer that it was a highly superior thing to have a boy like that.

And Willie remained sturdily upon a chair.

"Won't you come and play this nice new game, dear?" his hostess inquired desperately for the fifth time.

Willie did not reply.

"What would you like to do?" she asked at last.

Willie scowled. "I'm a dog," he growled. "Wow, wow!"

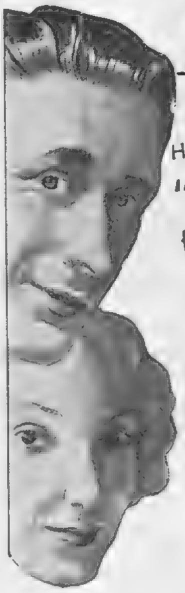
"But, dear! Not at a party, surely?" murmured his mother, who had had trouble with him before when he pretended to be someone or something else. "You can't be a dog just now."

A light came into the child's eye; he looked blithely round, then getting deliberately off his chair he crawled round the room on all fours and said: "Bow, wow!"

Why they like the

AGA COOKER

(Regd. Trade Mark)



HUSBAND:
"Because the Fuel bill's less than £1 a quarter"

WIFE:
"Because my kitchen's smarter and cook is happy"

COOK:
"Because my cooking's better and my work easier"

The cash price of the Aga Cooker is 59 Guineas plus a small charge for delivery and erection. The Aga can be installed for a first payment of £5 10s. and the balance paid by monthly payments of £2 1s. 4d. out of the savings in fuel which the Aga will effect.

SPECIFICATION

The Aga Cooker measures 2′ 10″ high, 2′ 4″ deep and 3′ 3″ wide. The Aga comprises Boiling Plate (left), Simmering Plate (right), each with insulating lid (as illustrated)—keep shut when not in use to prevent heat escaping; Roasting Oven (top), Large Slow Cooking Oven (bottom); Ten-Gallon Hot Water Tank within the cooker which is insulated with Bell's Asbestos. Glazed, non-cracking enamel sides and front and top plate. Chromium plated metal parts. Thermostat controlled fuel consumption.

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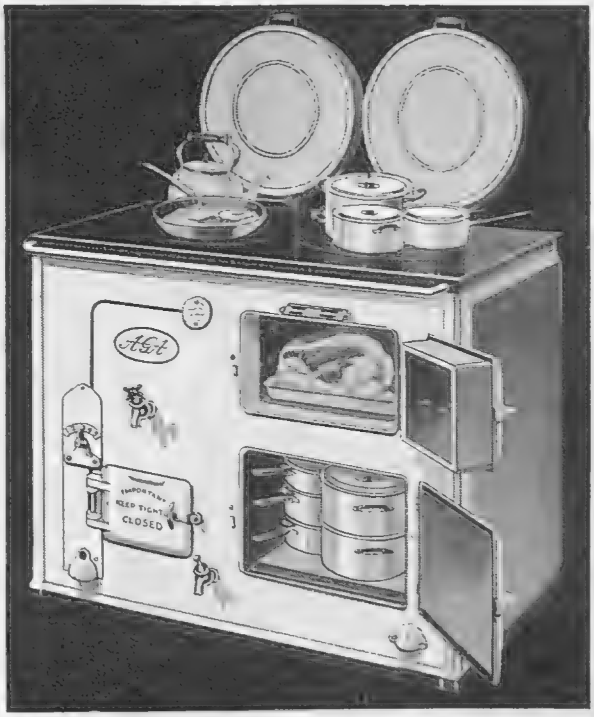
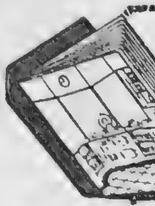


The Aga isn't in the kitchen long before everyone's contented. It burns only £4 worth of anthracite a year—burning night and day. It needs stoking only once and riddling only twice a day. The Aga is cleaned in a moment. It is delightfully cool to work with, compact, 'reachable' and cooks every kind of dish to perfection. It gives every oven and hot plate temperature—and no waiting. Find out more about the Aga—send for the free Aga book.



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The Children's SALON

AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Royal,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890.

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon,* 346, Strand, W.C.2.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, December 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4525; Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5005; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Alice Janes, G.C.S. 5996. Hon. Mention: Jane Castle, G.C.S. 5902; Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845; Desmond A. Hart, G.C.S. 5999; S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S. 5855; S. C. Straker, G.C.S. 5960; Arnold Parkin, G.C.S. 5946.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772. Hon. Mention: Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4585.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Christmas Card. Prize 10s Awarded to Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, M.C.S. 3405; Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281; Mary L. Pockson, M.C.S. 3438; P. W. Rowe, M.C.S. 3454.

Literature Competition.—A Christmas Letter to a Friend Abroad. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187. Hon. Mention: Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368; J. Lawes, M.C.S. 3319; Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Betty Stafford, A.C.S. 1607. Hon. Mention: Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462; V. Price Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

Literature Competition.—A Letter to a Friend, etc. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472. Hon. Mention: Leila Mackover, A.C.S. 1596.

Children arriving at The King's Theatre for their Annual Pantomime Treat, producing their tickets and receiving money for fares to and from their homes

Award of Prizes, January 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523, Eveline Payne, G.C.S. 5983.

Literature Competition.—Leader entitled "New Year." Prize 10s. Divided between Gwendoline Allen, G.C.S. 5969, and B. Gardner, G.C.S. 5925. Hon. Mention: Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Margaret Barrett, G.C.S. 5993. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3316. Hon. Mention: Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242.

Literature Competition.—Paper entitled "That New Leaf." Prize 10s. Awarded to J. M. Skinner, M.C.S. 3271. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Heaney, M.C.S. 3364.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ellen Allen, A.C.S. 1602. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227; Margaret Recaldin, A.C.S. 1435; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072. Hon. Mention: Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462.

RESULT OF £5 QUARTERLY PRIZE for August, September and October, 1933

Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524.

Next in order of Merit: Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472, Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845, A. Tressider-Wills, G.C.S. 5841, Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217, Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3285, Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140.
*

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* This prize is awarded every quarter to the competito who shows the most progress and regularity of entry. Age taken specially into account.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS
(March—April)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, March 15th. Poster Advertising Soap. No. II. Closing date, April 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. An Illustration to "Jane Eyre."

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, March 15th. A lyric. No. II. Closing date, April 2nd. An Argument between Two Irate People. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competitions. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, April 2nd. Anything in Wool. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. A Pincushion.

Members Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, April 2nd. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. A Design for a Piece of Furniture.

Literature Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Leader on a Topical Subject. No. II Closing date, April 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. A Short Poem.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, April 2nd. A Landscape Sketch. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. A Design for an Embroidered Traycloth.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You Like. No. II. Closing date, April 2nd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, April 16th. A Paper entitled "In the Spring Woods."

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, April 2nd. Subject left to Competitor.

NEWS *of the* MONTH

YET one more pantomime occasion of the jolliest order has to be recorded. Strictly according to programme, Cinderellas lined up on January 15th outside the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, for an afternoon of unclouded gaiety. They were quite undismayed by the showery weather—well, aren't we all at such times? All that mattered was, *what* would Dick Whittington look like and *how* big would be the Cat? And it proved to be a huge Cat with the most delicious *miaou* in the world. A handful of Cinderellas had the great good luck to be taken behind the scenes to stroke him and to make an acquaintance at first hand with Miss Ivy Tresmand (who played Dick) and the Fairy Queen. Yes, the Salon Cinderellas are lucky children, and no one knows it better than they do on Pantomime Day. Our grateful thanks to the following further subscribers to the Fund:—

Betty Metchim (second donation), Margaret Roberts, Elizabeth Martin, Kathleen Benning, Una M. Wood, Betty Perry, Jessie Wilkes, M. Joyce Lambert, Mrs. Harris and Joan and Seymour, Michael J. Howarth, Miss P. Bowers, Olwen Lawton, Olive M. Price, Alice Janes, Joan Gibling, Jean C. H. Crawford, Miss D. U. Hamby, Joan Bailey, Betty Crowther, Yvonne Earle, G. M. Kaye, Marjorie Naylor, Constance Pultz, Joan Colyer, Amy G. Haydon, G. Christabel Richens, Veronica Harris, Lilian Cowell, Anne and Penelope Burra, Nora Reed, Dorothy and Joan Guillaume, Romola Erskine, Sylvia and Nora Reed, Martha Walker, Molly Sweeny, M. G. Pillary, Ivy Gooding, Pleasance Warren and Dorothy and Joan Guillaume.

(*Continued on page* 124)

Some of the Children's Salon guests waiting for the doors to open at The King's Theatre, Hammersmith

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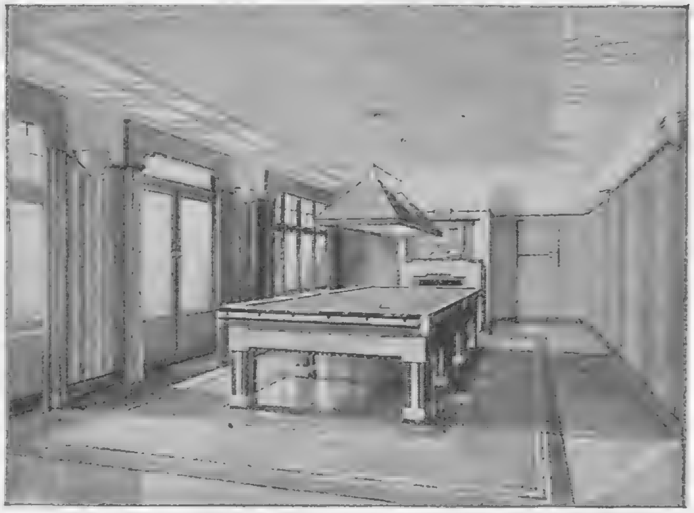

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The Children's Salon
COUPON

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*December* 15)

Mary Gordon.—Perhaps rather too much space is given to the universal topic and too little to personal details, but the letter is written with considerabe charm, particularly towards the end.

S. C. MacLeod.—Your rambling method suits the theme and your natural manner makes the whole thing alive and interesting. Still, a little more care would make it a lot better.

Desmond Hart.—Is this a personal experience or re-written from another account? Anyhow it is good stuff although the excellent, effective, sharp, short sentences need longer ones to balance them and vary the effect.

Doreen Hamby.—I prefer the second review, but even for a short notice it ends a trifle too abruptly. Still, good analysis, clearly set out.

Rachel Cunningham.—Lively and interesting. I think " Copper " would certainly reply in the affirmative. Take more care with the construction of your sentences. The syntax is a bit " wobbly " at present.

Yvonne Earle.—In criticism of a remarkably good study, too much surface hurts rather than helps, and the focus is too photographically unselective in a highly detailed subject. None the less, a real feat of realisation, excellent in technical quality.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Perspective of ellipses and circles needs adjustment; rather crisper handling would help; pleasant colour though a bit dull. The landscape note at back is excellent. Don't make too sweeping statements. There is some clever work in this paper on " Guests," but at a careful second reading I think you would see the necessity for using the blue pencil in places.

Marjorie Naylor.—Delightful distance and sky; aerial colour and modelling first rate. The surface and reflection not quite there, and the composition more curious than pleasing, with its too central foreground object.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full Name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

May W. Harrison.—Your pastel study is a strong and artistic bit of work, slightly vague in exactitudes, but very full of quality and force of tone and colour. Capital work.

Ethel Joan Pyatt.—Many good points in your study though the glaze does not glisten. Your imaginary drawing with the big mass of cumulus is hurt by the colour below, and the trees need the form and effect of Nature, and are a bit repetitive, but the idea is good.

Anne Casswell.—Your gloomy nightfall effect is decidedly good, and the general idea shows imagination if not realism, and the composition is good. Adventurous and interesting.

Stephanie Weir.—Straightforward and plucky, but you must remember that shadows are transparent, and with strong cast shadow strong high lights exist. Lots of good points and strong in feeling.

Betty Stafford.—A remarkably strong and promising sketch, very mature and daring and well grasped in effect. You must draw a bit more precisely, but don't lose your courage of attack. You should do first-rate work.

Ellen Allen.—There are many bright touches in your sketch and some grasp of effect. Don't use body colour and pen line in full effect. Leave the lights and rely upon brushwork. You should do well.

M. Wallace-Brown.—A delightful letter, perhaps a little too stiff in manner for these days, but otherwise very well done indeed.

S. Curtis.—This has none of the distinction and ability of your work as a rule. Perhaps it is an early effort. If not, I think you would be well advised to stick to the type of story which you do so well.

Florence Cook.—The correct jovial note is struck and, in spite of some little lapses of an unnecessary character with regard to the construction of sentences, this is exactly the sort of letter that I wanted. A more subtle approach, however, is better for the purposes of a competition.

B. Gardner.—A good beginning, but a bit lacking in variety later. Some smart invention is needed to sustain the interest over this number of pages. The method—excellent.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Florence McCoy.—Get a better last line; the rest is charming and its original treatment and outlook make very pleasant reading. With more attention to technique your work would be very good indeed.

Jane Castle.—Whether true or cleverly invented, this is an arresting little effort. The simple, straightforward method is exactly right for the subject. Altogether a convincing piece of work.

S. Christine Straker.—The rhymes are most cleverly managed. The little drama is a bit weak at the climax, however. Still, a most praiseworthy and interesting effort.

Irene McCoy.—The subject, by itself, is rather thin. If you could have linked it up to some bigger idea, then this pleasant essay in versification would have scored much more heavily.

Leila Mackover.—Your writing is the weakest part of your work at present. A clever person once said clear writing means clear thinking, so have a shot at better penmanship. Your composition never lacks interest.

Arnold Parkin.—A most amusing little effort. One of the best things you have sent in. It has point and style.

Mary Champion.—A most lovely little garment, charming both in design and workmanship. Thank you so much.

Alice Janes.—A noteworthy little study, very well put together and interesting all through. Your work is entirely on the right lines and promises well.

I. A. Weir.—This runs very gracefully but the ideas in the second verse are in a rather awkward sequence. A little further attention would soon improve matters.

W. M. McCarthy.—An historical survey of the subject such as this is of considerable interest. A little more personal bias, one way or the other, would have been a valuable addition, however.

J. L. White.—An interesting situation, but you fail to weave in all the threads which you have laid. Some hint that Lydia discovers what truth there is in her mother's story should be given. The ending as it is now leaves the reader somewhat unsatisfied.

Beryl White.—I must praise your handwriting. It is exceptionally good for your age. The letter itself lacks spontaneity but is well composed. You could have " let yourself go " a little more.

Hilda Barrow.—Very well knitted and dainty in pattern. Your work seems to improve with every entry. My many thanks for these most useful items.

May McCoy.—This hasn't the conviction which I usually find in your work. Perhaps the fact that it is fragment, only, has something to do with it. Of course, there is no type of theme more difficult to carry off successfully.

G. M. Cumpstey.—You could, I think, develop this to more purpose. It is a fragrant morsel, but it might be a much bigger thing. What has happened to Baby John's mother?

Doris Seth-Smith.—Your facile pen sometimes runs away with you. " Plans " and " hands " do not rhyme! It is easy, of course, to make such slips. You have a real flair for this type of verse and with a little more care it would be very good indeed.

Margaret Roberts.—The subject is an interesting one, but I question whether this method is severe enough for it. The repetitions are effective, but they should follow lines moulded on less lilting lines, I feel.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—A sensitive and moving piece of writing. You are at your best in it, and with a very little further attention it would be well armed against any sort of criticism.

Mabel Sanders.—Very well written as a whole, but the analogies need stricter handling. A better word than " backwater," seeing the use it has been made of earlier, should adorn the last sentence. . . . I was delighted with this novelty, so well executed and so cleverly thought-out.

J. Lawes.—A very pathetic little document, very ably done. It is intended, I suppose, to limn a somewhat neurotic type, and if that is so it certainly achieves its purpose. Sincere, interesting work.

Gwendoline Moss.—The method is admirably sure and broad. Of course the jar is wrong in colour—the blue not nearly purple enough, and the whole thing a bit out of tone with the rest. Aim at more delicacy of detail while retaining this breadth and you will do excellent work.

Peter Recaldin.—A little more white left round the smaller lettering would have been a great assistance to the effect. Otherwise very well planned and ripe for treatment in colour.

Jean Weir.—Cleverly invented and put together. It lacks experience and more considered drawing would be a great improvement, but the scheme is interesting and would develop well.

Anne Burra.—Charming in its arrangement and very dainty in colour. The hands of the girl are the weak spot, as I dare say you know, and the figures are just a trifle large for their setting. More margin would have been valuable.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—Perspective is a bit astray in spite of an attempt to be accurate. As a picture the little sketch is pleasantly composed and artistic, as all your work is. If you would make studies, first, of the subjects you employ for your designs you would soon overcome the present weakness in drawing.

Diana Seth-Smith.—Although weak, architecturally, through lack of knowledge, this is attractively designed and very well carried out for your age. You have a distinct flair for art and if you cultivate your talent should do very well. Try to compete more regularly.

Desmond A. Hart.—The invention displayed is very good, but there is not sufficient point in any of the sketches to justify the length of the fantasy as a whole. This is a pity, as there is considerable charm in individual bits and plenty of talent is shown.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Foreground and background are not sufficiently considered in relation with the rest, and the detail is too " scribbled." The match rest is otherwise well suggested. . . . It is rather risky to assume that Londoners do not care for their city. Otherwise this paper has plenty of merit, even if there is too much harping upon one note.

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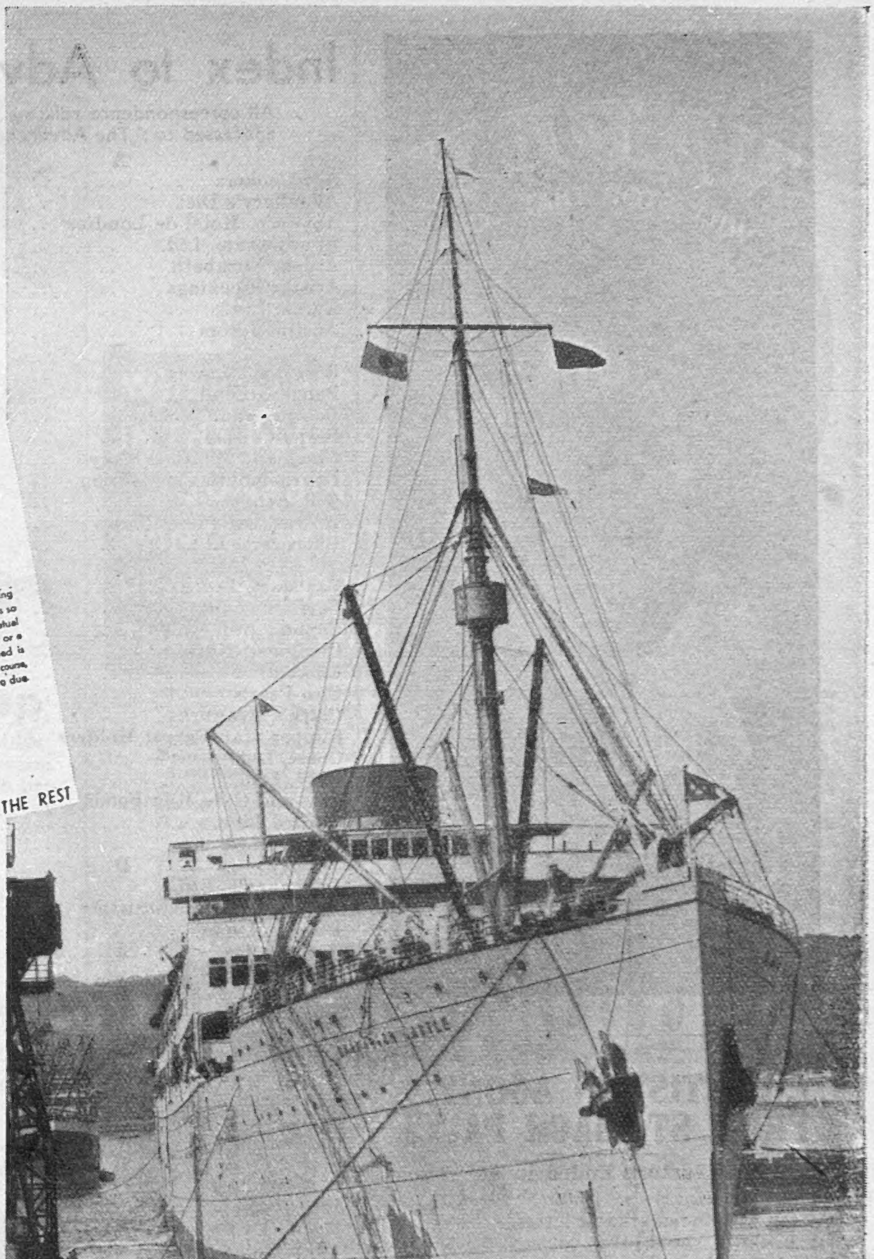

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MARCH, 1934

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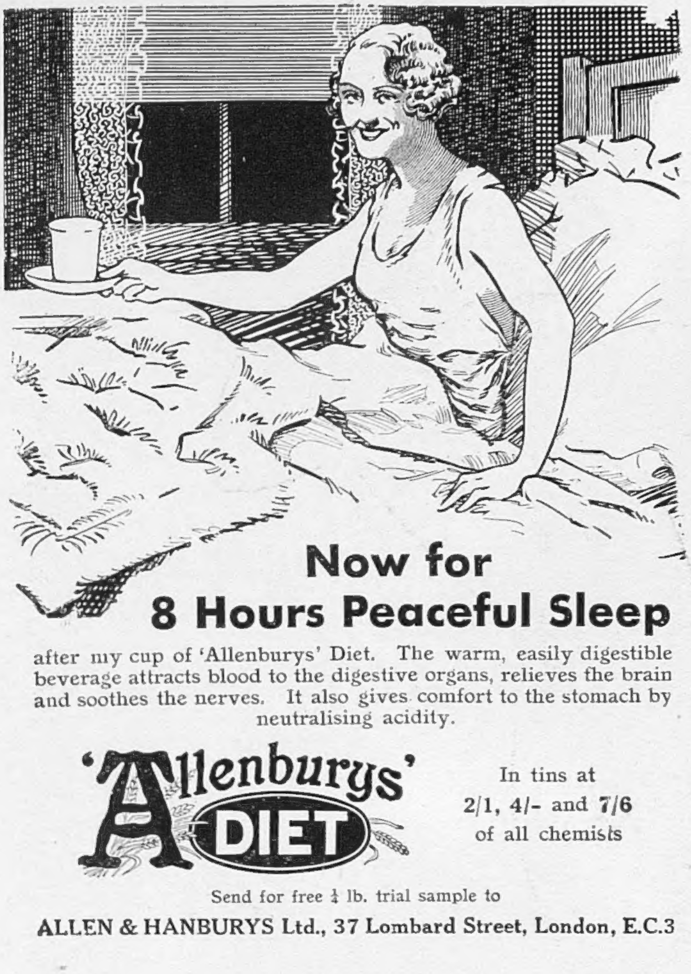

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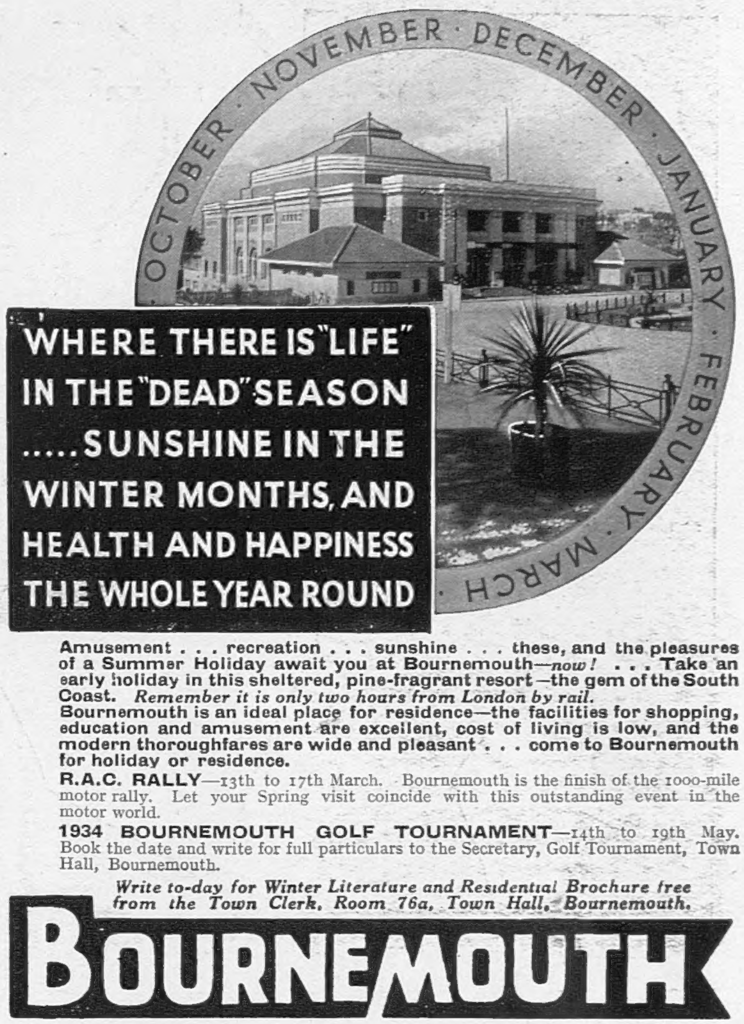

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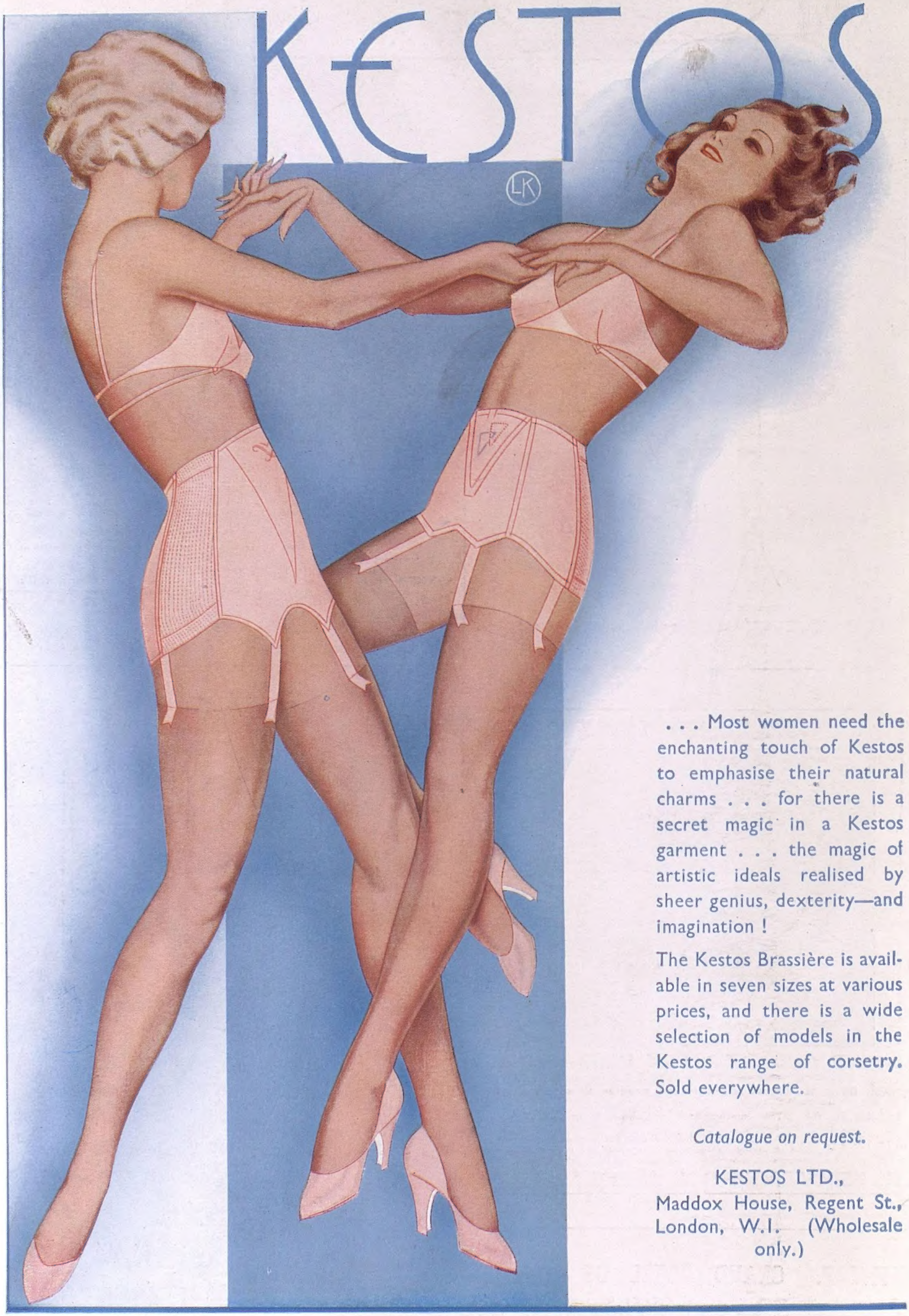

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